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Of heart and soul, of strength and pleasure,
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And life was larger than before:
Nor sequent centuries could hit,
Orbit and sum of SHAKESPEARE'S wit.

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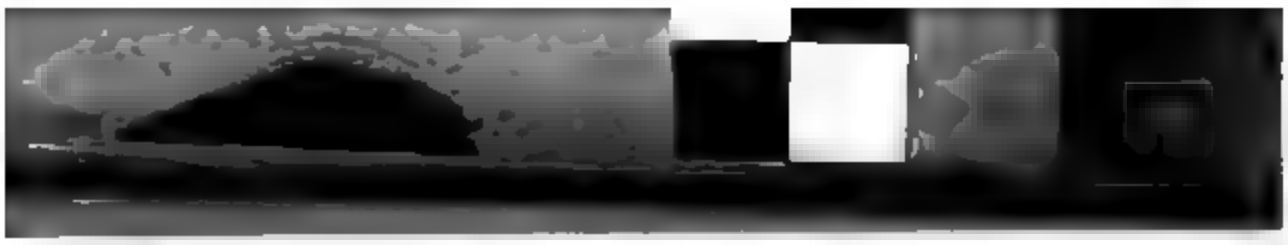

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THE STORY OF A GREAT BIOGRAPHY.

In the year 1881 Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps issued a small octavo volume of not quite two hundred pages entitled, *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.** But a limited number of copies was printed, and these were designed "for presents only." Its object — to use the words of the author — was "to construct in plain and unobtrusive language, a sketch of Shakespeare's personal history strictly out of evidences," and in order that the book might be a pure recital of fact — and it was this that distinguished it from all previous attempts on the subject — "all gratuitous assumptions will be rigidly excluded, and no conjectures admitted that are not practically removed out of that category by being in themselves reasonable explanations of concurrent facts." On this basis, and there is nothing stranger than that such a plan had not been carried into execution long before, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps sketched the life of William Shakespeare in the briefest and exactest manner, with the hope of eliciting the opinions of his literary friends and correspondents on his novel treatment of the subject before expanding it into a larger volume.

A life-time of study rendered the author peculiarly fitted to his task. As early as 1848 he had issued a *Life of William Shakespeare*,* which he based upon a number of documents not before printed, and which was the first Life of Shakespeare based exclusively upon positive data. All previous Lives — and not a few subsequent ones — were more or less fanciful and picturesque, but Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps introduced a new method into this particular branch of Shakespeare research, and to-day no biography of Shakespeare is to be commended that does not follow, more or less closely, the lines laid down by him nearly forty years ago. This Life was afterwards reproduced by him in his monumental Folio edition of 1853.

Twenty-one years later, in 1874, he published another work on Shakespeare's biography entitled *Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare.*†

The book was, in many respects, a very remarkable one. The author had hoped to begin printing it as early as the autumn of 1872,

* *The Life of William Shakespeare.* Including many particulars respecting the poet and his family never before published. By James Orchard Halliwell. London: John Russell Smith, 1848.

† *Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare.* Part the First. London; Longmans, Green & Co., 1874.

but in October of that year he had not begun work on it. In the following spring it was under way, and in July, the paper, which would require three months for manufacture, was ordered, but it was not until January, 1874, that it really began to go to press.* Finally, it appeared late in the year. It was published by Longmans, Green & Co. in the usual way, not by subscription, the author feeling "too old to encounter the fatigue attending another large subscription work." His subsequent labors, however, showed how completely he underestimated his own powers of activity. The First Part only was issued, and it will never be continued. Two hundred and fifty copies were printed, and of these only about one hundred and fifty were offered for sale, the remainder being reserved as presents for friends and for libraries. The price was fixed at two pounds and two shillings, which did not, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillips himself remarks, barely cover one-twentieth the expenses.

The distinctive aim of the book was "a critical investigation into the truth or purport of every recorded incident in the personal and literary history of Shakespeare; but it is proposed to add notices of his surroundings; . . . of the members of his family; the persons with whom he associated; the books he used; the stage on which he acted; the estates he purchased; the houses and towns in which he resided and the country through which he travelled." Much of the material included in it was afterwards worked up in the later editions of the *Outlines* which comprised a number of important documents never before printed. Some of the matter here placed in the body of the work was transferred to the Appendix in the *Outlines*. This was noticeably the case with the history of the Theatre and the Curtain, the Mulberry Tree, and New Place. The Preface is reproduced almost entire in each of the five editions of the *Outlines*, and the Appendix also, in most part.

But the studies involved in the preparation of these volumes were not deemed by their author sufficient for his new work. In fact, since Mr. Hallowell-Phillipps first gave his attention to Shakespearian history, upwards of forty years ago, he has scarcely for a moment suspended his researches in Shakespeare's biography. Yet the investigations made in the interval elapsing between the appearance of the *Life* and the *Outlines* were wonderfully complete, and exhibited an attention to the minutest observable details never before attained by any biographer. One of the most remarkable illustrations of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's untiring energy in the search for Shakespearian information is to be found in his personal exhaustive examination of the records of the towns that might have been visited by Shakespeare in his provincial tours. No less than thirty-three are enumerated in the

* These facts are derived from a series of letters from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, a well-known Shakespeare scholar of Philadelphia, between the dates April *1872, and* October 10th, 1874.

edition of the *Outlines*:—Warwick, Bewdley, Dover, Banbury, Shrewsbury, Maidstone, Faversham, Southampton, Newport, Bridport, Weymouth, Lewes, Coventry, Bristol, Kingston-on-Thames, Lyme Regis, Dorchester, Canterbury, Sandwich, Queenborough, Ludlow, Stratford-on-Avon, Leominster, Folkestone, Winchelsea, New Romney, Barnstaple, Rye, York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leicester, Hythe and Cambridge. Thirteen additional ones—Oxford, Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Rochester, Guildford, Hastings, Gravesend, Eversham, Droitwich, Kidderminster and Campden—were examined between the appearance of the first edition, in April, 1881, and of the second, in April, 1882.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the excellence of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's invaluable collections of Shakespeariana beyond the bare reminder of their extent. No collection in England can compare with the multitude of books, papers, maps, drawings, manuscripts, relics of all kinds that would in the slightest manner illustrate any phase of Shakespeare's life, works and times, which he has gathered at the "quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs." With such vast material at his command, and with his ability to reduce such a seemingly inchoate mass to order, it is not strange that Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's *Outlines* is to-day the most satisfactory and complete biography of Shakespeare in existence.

The first edition, as has been said, fell a few pages short of two hundred. Of these, less than half were devoted to the biography proper, the remaining pages—one hundred and fifteen in number—being devoted to the Preface and the Illustrative Notes. The latter comprised much valuable matter, illustrative and conjectural, which, while aiding the student to a fuller comprehension of the subject, was not immediately necessary in a personal sketch of the poet.

The second edition was printed within a year from the issuance of the first. Its appearance was very different from the earlier one. The one hundred and ninety-two pages were extended to no less than seven hundred and three; the sketch of the poet occupied nearly a hundred pages more than it had done before. The Illustrative Notes were not increased, but, in addition, a quantity of new matter was added that rendered the book the most complete and valuable one on the subject that had appeared up to that time.

In the text—in the Outlines proper—the new matter introduced is so great, and treats of such a variety of subjects, both general and in detail, as to forbid an enumeration of even its chief points. Nor is it necessary, for the second edition was the first one placed before the general public and the first, having had but a limited circulation, is never referred to in print. The later editions however, are constantly referred to, and a brief summary of their differences will not be without value.

The Appendix in the second edition is very voluminous; the subjects treated include "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*," "The Spurious Plays," "Early Notice of *Hamlet*," "Lord Pembroke's Actors," "The Coventry Mysteries," "The Theatre and Curtain," "Shakespeare's Neighbors," "The New Place," "The Chapel Lane," "The Mulberry Tree," "The Ratsey Episode," "The only Shake-scene," "The Later Theatres"—copies of documents which relate to the Blackfriars and Globe—"The Davenant Scandal"—a chronological arrangement of the various versions—"Contemporary notices"—of Shakespearian performances—"The Copyright Entries," "Life-Time Editions," "The First Folio," and, lastly, a bulky Documentary Appendix containing no less than fifty documents, deeds, mortgages, wills and legal papers, relating to Shakespeare and his family. The whole collection embraced, as will be inferred from this very swift glance at its contents, almost everything that would render the book complete in all the details of the subject.

The Preface of the third edition of the work is dated December, 1882, scarcely nine months having elapsed since the appearance of the second edition. Its size was much the same, the number of pages reaching seven hundred and thirty-six. Yet a number of changes had been made in the contents and in the arrangement of the appendices. The Outlines proper now occupy two hundred and forty-four pages, instead of one hundred and seventy-one as before. The Birth-Place itself is briefly sketched ;* Shakespeare's early destination as a butcher is discussed ;† considerable new matter is added concerning his marriage;‡ the inimitable performance of the celebrated Richard Tarlton, of the Queen's servants,§ and the popular taste for horrible tales‖ are all mentioned. Shakespeare's horticultural ventures and his knowledge of fruits and flowers are touched upon,** and his correspondence with Quiney is treated at length, occupying seven pages,†† while previously it had been dismissed in eleven lines. A brief notice of Sir W. Davenant is inserted,‡‡ and another of Elizabeth, Susanna Hall's daughter,§§ Shakespeare's famous drinking bout at Bidford is noted,‖‖ and, lastly, the conditions of the will are much more fully treated than before.*** In addition, a separate Chapter is added on "Records of Affection." The volume also contains a few illustrations and some facsimiles that had not appeared in the earlier edition. The views included two sketches of the Cellar of the Birth Place, and one of Stratford-on-Avon made in 1749; the facsimiles comprised a list of holders of corn in the Ward of Stratford-on-Avon in which New Place was situated, from the original manuscript return dated February 1598, in which Shakespeare's name is introduced as the holder of te quarters of corn, being the earliest notice of him in the capacity of

* p. 34. † p. 58. ‡ pp. 64–67. § p. 85. ‖ p. 99 ** p. 119. †† p. 139. ‡‡ 1
§§ 191. ‖‖ 205. *** 221.

[illegible] XLVII of the
[illegible] XIV–XVII, XIX,
[illegible] of Domestic Records";
[illegible] XXII, XXVIII, XXX–
[illegible] XLVIII–L under Biogra-
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[illegible] needed line of demarkation
[illegible]-Phillipps has adhered to
[illegible] subjects treated in the appen-
[illegible] earlier edition; a few of these
[illegible] are unimportant. The will of
[illegible] included among the papers relating
[illegible] chief new matter in this portion of

[illegible] edition — the fourth — of this great
[illegible] of pages were diminished to four
[illegible] been increased in size, and the ap-
[illegible] different from its predecessors. But
[illegible] is filled with illustrations, — reproduc-
[illegible] sketches — and a very large number of
[illegible] scripts.

[illegible] reprint of that of the third edition, the
[illegible] lighter than had been made in that of
[illegible] matter was added, consisted of a
[illegible], a paragraph on Shakespeare's occu-
[illegible] and eighteenth years;† another on the
[illegible] pages on Shakespeare's art;§ the entry
[illegible] of the Chamber proving that Shake-
[illegible] Elizabeth, is quoted in full for the first
[illegible];‖ a paragraph is inserted on Shakespeare's
[illegible] of the Globe Theatre is very much more
[illegible] either of the two earlier editions;†† and,
[illegible] to Shakespeare's domestic sympathies
[illegible] by his will.‡‡

[illegible] were more numerous. The Estate
[illegible], as are two of the Domestic Records
[illegible] II, and six of the Theatrical Evi-

§ p. 93. ‖ p. 103. ** p. 119. †† p. 152. ‡‡ p. 213.

dences, chiefly legal documents. Shakespeare's will is now given a place by itself, instead of being included in the chapter on Records of Affection. The only addition to the later Theatres is a facsimile of those portions of the Lord Chamberlain's MSS.—in which Burbage mentions Shakespeare. Several new appendices are introduced, including one on "The Fool and the Ice." "*The Passionate Pilgrim*," "Shakespeare's Grave," and a very brief note on a freshly discovered fact in Shakespeare's ancestry.

It is the illustrations and facsimiles, however, which chiefly distinguishes this edition from its predecessors. Most of them had, indeed, appeared in the *Illustrations*, but the list includes a number that were not published in that costly volume.

In the following year, in April, 1885, the fifth edition of the *Outlines* was issued. Its shape was similar to the fourth edition, but it was much stouter. The text is almost an exact reprint of that of the fourth, the new matter—which does not, of course, include some slight verbal changes—being limited to two pages on Shakespeare's law-suit, as a partial owner of the Stratford tithes,* and a paragraph on the conveyance-deed of the Blackfriars estate.† The Appendix of the fourth edition is also reproduced with but few changes. The will of John Hall is inserted in the Domestic Records, and two new biographical notices, one from Heywood, and one from Rowe, are added. But while these changes have been insignificant, a number of new appendices have been added on "The Stratford Register," "The Rother Market"—with three illustrations;—"Plays at Court 2, James I;" "The Lineage of William Shakespeare until its extinction in the year 1670." A number of valuable "Notes on the Birth-Place," and some new illustrations of the Cellar are also given. Three appendices that appeared in the second edition, but were omitted from the others, are now given again. These are on "The Spurious Plays," "The Mulberry Tree," and "The First Folio." The appendix on Estate Records, which was omitted in the fourth edition, although it had appeared in the preceding ones, is also reproduced here together with a new document, "A Deed transferring the Legal Estate of the Blackfriars property, 10 February, 1617–8, in trust to follow the directions of Shakespeare's will, subject only to the remaining terms of a lease granted by the poet to one John Robinson," the original of which is preserved in Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's own library at Hollingsbury Copse. In an appendix entitled "Pecuniary Litigations," two documents—XXVII and XXIX—are reproduced from the second edition. The volume is very much richer in illustrations and facsimiles than any of its predecessors.

Such is the history of the growth and development of this wonderful biography of Shakespeare. It is a book so nearly perfect, so nearly

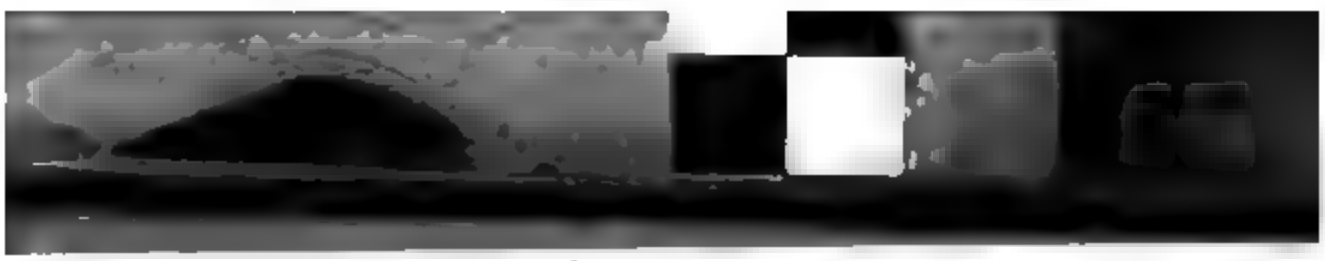
* p. 191–2. † p. 202.

less, that of it may be said that it contains no error, and that its are, as far as our present knowledge permits, the most reliable in t. If there is a single fault to be found with it, it is that it con- s no Index, or rather, but one so brief as to do little more than cate the general contents of the volume. This does not, however, act from the merits of the book, which is to-day the most complete trustworthy storehouse of Shakespearian biography and contemp- y history that is accessible to most readers. It is a book that no lent of Shakespeare can afford to be without, and though there are ny documents in the Appendix that are very tiresome reading, the tlines proper while devoid of rhetorical elaboration, can be read h much profit and enjoyment. The size of the book must not im- idate the would-be student, for he need not read it through, from e-page to index, to get at the main facts of Shakespeare's life. leed, one of the most remarkable and most commendable features the book is that the author has given his authorities for his facts d his deductions in the Appendix, and has not left the advanced dent to search through rare books or wish for inaccessible manu- ipts to verify his statements.

It is doubtful if a life of Shakespeare will ever be written that will pplant Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's. All subsequent biographers must opt his method, but no one can take greater care than he has done, r be more accurate. Only some unexpected and valuable discovery l call for any material change in his work. In his *Outlines* he has en the best and latest fruits of a life-time devoted to Shakespearian earch, and he has laid the students of Shakespeare under deep igations to him for his admirable summary of widely separated and herto unascertained facts.

THE DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The fact, that "Drury Lane" has been known from time immemorial the National Theatre seems to have given a section of the public prescriptive right to interfere in its management, and even to tate to its proprietors and lessees the bill of fare which they uld provide for its gratification. This benevolent intervention usually taken the form of a more or less imperious demand for exclusive performance at all risks of what its patrons are pleased designate the legitimate drama, and a vigorous attempt to declare intrusion of all other classes of entertainment little less than the nton desecration of a time-honoured shrine. It is difficult to ine what is meant by this cry for the "legitimate." Some would



limit the application of the term strictly to Shakespeare; others, more liberally inclined, would extend it to any of the standard works of the old masters of the stage. The history of Drury Lane for the past century and a half is not altogether uninstructive. It may be briefly described as a perpetual struggle between the advocates of the legitimate and successive generations of managers who have always come sooner or later (often, alas! to their cost) to realise the truism which Mr. Irving aptly expressed when he said that the drama "must thrive as a business before it can flourish as an art." In a word, the standing conflict at Drury Lane has been between theatrical theory on the one hand, and theatrical practice on the other.

The annals of Drury Lane commence with the migration, in 1662, of Killigrew's Company, styling themselves the "King's Servants," from the neighbourhood of Clare Market to a building which occupied the site of the present house. Ten years later their theatre was burned to the ground. The event was considered little less than a public calamity, and vicars and curates throughout the country were employed in collecting by brief a national subscription for the relief of the sufferers. Sir Christopher Wren designed the new theatre, which was opened in 1674. As a rule, the managers never seemed to have prospered greatly. Rich, the apostle of pantomime, was forced to close his doors by order of the Lord Chamberlain; Cibber retired with only a modest competence; while Higmore and Fleetwood each lost a fortune. The glorious reign of David Garrick over the destinies of Drury Lane extends from 1747 to 1776. It is true that he revived Shakespeare and became wealthy, but he was far too able a man to immolate himself entirely on the altar of "the legitimate." It stands on record that he even gave the public the tight-rope dancers they wanted, and paid one of them at least, higher wages than the combined salaries of the rest of the company. In addition to this he produced many of his own plays, which were written to suit the taste of the time, filled successfully the triple *rôle* of author, actor, and manager, and enjoyed the inestimable privilege of composing his own criticisms. These were indeed palmy days for Drury Lane, and David Garrick, censured though he was by some of his contemporaries, left a magnificent legacy to his successor. It is important, however to remember that his exceptional managerial triumph was achieved in a comparatively small theatre, which proved wholly inadequate to the ambition of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who pulled it down and erected an enormous building on its site, which comprised every possible improvement, from a fireproof iron curtain to a tavern and private residence for the employés. In 1809 Sheridan's structure fell a victim to the flames, and the House of Commons considerately adjourned to see the sight and allow the unlucky director to come home to the bystanders that he was not permitted to warm himself at his own fireside. Out of Sheridan's calamity came the present

which was designed by Wyatt, and for which the patrons of the drama, with praiseworthly liberality, found more than a quarter of a million sterling, undeterred by the fact that the outstanding debts amounted to nearly twice as much.

Its inauguration was auspicious. Byron wrote a prologue for the opening night—an occasion which was afterwards immortalised by the appearance of the Rejected Addresses. The people came in thousands to admire the beautiful lines of the new building with its gorgeous decorations, and over £75,000 was taken in the course of some two hundred nights. Before the excitement had died away an unprecedented stroke of good fortune was in store for the shareholders. An unknown and hitherto unappreciated country actor entered the stage door one evening, with his wig-box in one hand and his properties in the other, to leave it at midnight as the famous Edmund Kean. For two years at least the lovers of the legitimate were satisfied, but the average receipts never came anywhere near those of the opening season. The sequel is interesting. Kean continued to draw large houses with a series of fresh characters, in which he never failed to delight and astonish the town, but at last his *repertoire* was exhausted. The bottom of the list of Shakespeare's acting plays was reached, and the public, having seen him in all his parts, clamoured in vain for novelty according to their wont. It was Kean in Shakespeare, or rather Kean as Richard III. or Shylock, they came to see, and not Shakespeare alone. The income of Drury Lane fell lower and lower, until a catastrophe could be no longer avoided. On a sad Saturday in May, 1818, the committee, represented by the Duke of Bedford, Lord Essex, Lord Yarmouth, and Mr. Peter Moore, met the actors in a saloon, and made them an appeal *ad misericordiam* to accept a considerable reduction of salary.

The blandishments of Lord Yarmouth were in vain, and his threats only elicited a sturdy refusal from the company, a member of which went so far as to offer the discomfited noblemen pecuniary assistance to the extent of £500 from his own pocket. Notwithstanding the signal victory of Shakespeare, Kean, and the votaries of "the legitimate," it soon transpired that all the capital of the company was expended, and that its debts amounted to the astounding sum of £80,000. The noble patrons adjourned the meeting and Drury Lane soon closed its doors. The next period of its existence is an epoch of litigation, inflammatory placards, recrimination, injunctions, and pamphlet warfare. Reduction in the charges of admission were proposed and adopted; the price of the pit at once descended from 4s. to 2s., and "the trial of any experiment, however novel, to improve the state of the property" was assiduously advocated. It is true that the theatre opened again, but only to court, if possible, a still more ignominious disaster. When the announcement of each new drama became synonymous with the proclamation of a failure, a

total change of administration became unavoidable, and the era of lessees was restored in the person of Mr. Elliston.

Drury Lane began to draw once more, but this time it was not with undiluted Shakespeare, as in the early days of Kean. The waterfall effect in the *Cataract of the Ganges* attracted its thousands, and has attained the high dignity of a special record in Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*. Between 1819 and 1879 Drury Lane can boast of a long list of managers. Some, whose names are now almost forgotten, have buried their fortunes in the enterprise. Mr. Bunn will be remembered for his silver keys, which admitted the gilded youth of London behind the scenes. Mr. Macready put an end to the scandals which disgraced the saloon; but in spite of such magnificent productions as *Acis and Galatea* and *King John*, he left the theatre a poorer man than he entered it. Where Macready failed it was not to be expected less talented persons would succeed.

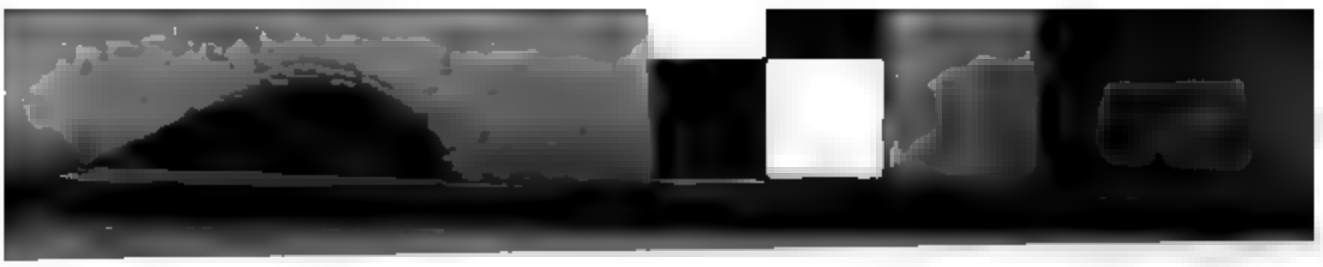
Theatrical speculators had already come to look on Drury Lane as almost a drug in the market. Circus horses had pranced sacriligiously in its precincts, and three administrations had lasted just three weeks, when Mr. E. T. Smith, in 1853, managed to secure it at a very low rental. Mr. William Beverly about this time invented transformation scenes, and his beautiful effects made the annual pantomime the sheet anchor of the new manager. The success of the *Peep o' Day* at the Lyceum persuaded by Mr. Edmund Falconer (who like many authors before and since fondly imagined that a solitary triumph gave him almost oracular authority), that he had a special mission to regenerate the drama, and he lent a willing ear to the proposals of Mr. Smith, who was anxious to dispose of his lease on conditions favourable to himself. A bargain was struck, but Mr. Falconer's illusions were of short duration. His experience was dearly purchased. Mr. Chatterton first became his partner, and then replaced him as sole lessee. Mr. Chatterton (wise in his generation) trusted to Mr. Andrew Halliday and Mr. Dion Boucicault, who understood the public taste, and catered for it accordingly. *The Great City*, *Formosa*, *Amy Robsart* and *Ivanhoe* drew large houses; and these successes, coupled with the burning of Her Majesty's, which brought the Italian company on remunerative terms to fill up the dullest part of the year at Drury Lane, the popularity of the Vokes family, and the talents of the leading member of that troupe, who admirably united the qualities of a clever contortionist and capital comedian, all combined to convert the old show into a transitory "El Dorado."

It was not, however, to last. The opera went back to its home in the Haymarket; the public, wearying of the Vokes, began to wan' some fresh features in the pantomimes; and, to make matters wor the patrons of the "legitimate" were as ungrateful for the revival the *Winter's Tale*, with Mr. Dillon as Leontes, as they had be blind to the beauties of Mr. Halliday's modernisation of *Antony*

Cleopatra, and the declamatory force of Mr. Anderson in the principal *rôle*. History at last once again repeated itself, and another melancholy meeting took place in the saloon of Drury Lane. The appeal to the tender mercies of the actors to accept a reduced salary met with the same result as a like request did some sixty years before; and on a dismal evening in February the pantomime-goers from all parts of the metropolis found themselves confronted with the comfortless announcement, "Theatre closed in consequence of unavoidable circumstances." The proprietors took possession, and the gloomiest rumours were current as to the future. The doors remained shut, and the speedy absorption of the site in a projected enlargement of Covent Garden Market was confidently predicted. It was at this juncture that I conceived the bold idea of becoming the lessee of Drury Lane. My temerity was, perhaps, not excusable, but I was firmly convinced that the theatre might be made what is described, in common parlance, "a paying concern;" and having obtained a promise of financial support, I answered (not without misgivings, the advertisement of the committee for a tenant. My age told terribly against me, and the negotiations which ensued were long, tedious, and difficult. At last, to the astonishment of everybody, the lease in my favour was signed. My best friends only gave me a month's respite from discomfiture; some of my enemies said I should not open at all; while others, more charitably disposed, foretold the certain addition of my name to the list of administrators who had held sway for a single week.

Six years have elapsed since then; the prophecies of friends and foes alike remain unverified, for my most sanguine hopes have been more than realised. The policy I have pursued at Drury Lane from the commencement has undergone no change. It was planned before I asked the proprietors for the lease, it was adopted from the time I took possession of the theatre, it is maintained to-day. My constant aim has been to gauge the taste of the theatre-going public with the greatest possible accuracy, and to follow intelligently in the matter of dramatic entertainment the unerring law of supply and demand. To carry out my programme, certain experiments were necessary. Fortunately for me, Mr. George Rignold, fresh from his triumphs in America and Australia, decided to revive *Henry V.* at Drury Lane. I let him the theatre. The critics treated him with generosity, but a deficit was the result. I thus learned by experience at the outset the dangers of the "legitimate." *Blue Beard* restored pantomime to its old home, and in the following autumn the charming performances of Marie Litton in *As You Like It* fared no better than *Henry V.*

By this time I had become more and more convinced that popular drama was best suited to the public taste, and the triumph of *The World* proved my surmise to be correct. No such success had been scored at Drury Lane for many years; the play was eagerly



sought for in every country where the English language is spoken, and is even now making money for the fortunate purchasers of its acting rights. Its strong situations and striking spectacle was, I believe, a relief to the great mass of playgoers satiated with the ceaseless dialogue and unimpassioned acting of the "cup and saucer" school. They wanted drama, but a powerful class amongst them once more clamoured for the "legitimate." Mr. John McCullough's anxiety to gain in London, on the historical boards of Drury Lane, the same successes as had attended his performances in the United States, enabled me to make arrangements for the production of *Virginius* and *Othello*. He reaped golden opinions on all sides, but he failed to fill the house. A week after the curtain fell on the last representation of *Othello*, the company of German actors maintained by the Duke of Meinengen, and admirably stage managed by Herr Ludwig Chronegh, made its appearance in *Julius Cæsar* under the personal patronage of the Prince of Wales. The archæological knowledge and exquisite taste of the Grand Duke, the wonderful *mise-en-scene* of Herr Chronegh, and the perfect training of every class of the actors, excited the most profound sensation. The expert handling of the crowds in their most important plays revolutionised the functions of the super for the future in this country. Managers flocked to Drury Lane along with the general public to learn all they could from these talented foreigners. Nevertheless these famous classical revivals were, as far as the treasury of Drury Lane is concerned, but a magnificent *succès d'estime*.

The next drama I placed on the stage was *Youth*, which crowded the house and gave a large profit. If my opinion as to the only policy possible at Drury Lane needed any further confirmation, I found it in the following year in the disasters of the German opera, the cold support given to the splendid genius of Madame Ristori, and in the delicate flattery administered to me by the imitation of my tactics by some of my colleagues. Since then the presence each year in the national theatre of Mr. Carl Rosa's Company has been the only tribute I have paid to what is commonly described as high art, and I trust that our joint efforts have a little contributed to the increased appreciation of English opera in London.

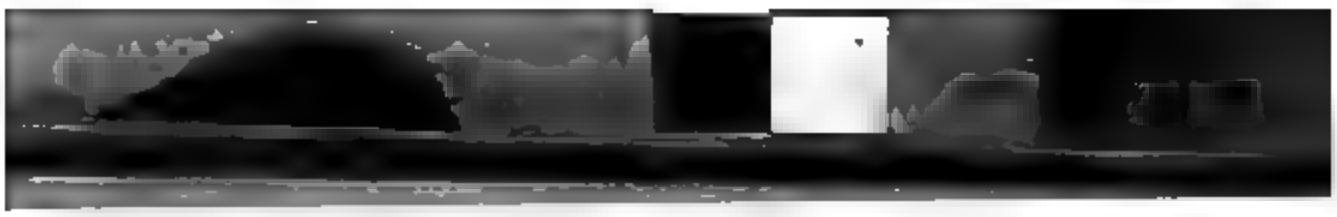
For the financial success of Drury Lane I am more than ever convinced that my guiding-star must be wholly and solely the taste of those I endeavour to please. If the public at large really wanted to see Drury Lane the home *par excellence* of the "legitimate" they would have given a far more constant support to the various effor of my predecessors and myself in this direction. They have fai' to do so, and the only inference to be drawn from past events is the demand in question comes rather from the dissatisfied min than from the great mass of British playgoers. Experience i unerring master, and experience teaches precisely what the r

ask for at Drury Lane. Leaving the ever-popular yearly pantomime out of the question, the requirements of an average Drury Lane audience are sufficiently clear. They demand a performance which must be, above all things, dramatic, full of life, novelty, and movement; treating, as a rule, of the age in which we live, dealing with characters they can sympathise with, and written in a language they can easily understand. It must be well mounted, well acted, and should appeal rather to the feelings of the public at large than to the prejudice of a class.

The successful drama of to-day must be realistic, for to be realistic is to be true to nature, and to be natural is to be artistic. If the powerful minority still insists on a national theatre (in their sense of the word) at Drury Lane I am ready, nay, more, it will be my greatest pleasure, to oblige them, but I am unwilling to ruin myself in satisfying their caprice. If they are in earnest a sufficient subsidy would render my daily task—the constant gauging of the public taste—superfluous; or perhaps they may be influential enough to secure the realisation of their hobby at the expense of the State. I am far from treating lightly the wishes of the supporters of the "legitimate," but I desire to indicate the real extent of the demand they create. Mr. Irving succeeds admirably in supplying their wants; he is the tragedian who seriously commands the attention of London audiences, and the dimensions of his theatre are exactly suited to his requirements.

Tragedy, like the town of Brentford, never acknowledged but one king. When Fechter and Phelps played on alternate nights, during my father's management, at the Princess's, the one filled the house, while the other emptied it, although the relative merits of the two actors are still a matter of controversy. The limited extent of the demand, the success of Mr. Irving, the great space to be filled at Drury Lane, and the annual productions of pantomime, are sufficient to make any further experiment of the kind, under existing circumstances, almost out of the question.

But I must not for a moment be supposed to admit that the modern drama, which the majority prefers to pay for, is either missionless or devoid of merit, or that it needs any apology to justify the place it now occupies. Lessons of honesty, thrift, and generosity may be taught by its means. Men may learn, from what they see on the stage, to know one another, and to sympathise with the sufferings of their fellows. The visitors of the stalls, transported in imagination to the homes of the poor, may understand, more forcibly than they otherwise would do, the terrible hardships and struggles which are constantly undergone, as well as the anguish of the starving and the trials of the wronged. On the other hand, the occupants of the gallery may realise the fact that masters and employers have



also their troubles, and that the rich and the powerful have also their trials to contend with and their duties to perform.

Literati and antiquarians may long for Shakespeare, æsthetes may fail to enjoy alike the jests and glories of pantomime, and bishops may denounce the ballet, but the practical and prudent theatrical manager will ever learn a lesson from the eventful history of Drury Lane, and carefully frame his programme in accordance with the tastes of the majority of his paying patrons and the old law of supply and demand. I have, I think, said enough to show that, as a matter of fact, the National Theatre during the last few years has, on the question of high art production, done something more than its share. The material results, however, have been invariably discouraging. The time may possibly arrive when a change of public opinion will justify a revolution in the class of entertainment the managers of Drury Lane are called on to furnish. Till then we must be content to wait, but the causes which will bring such a state of things into existence must arise from the march of education and other influences entirely outside the drama, and will not depend, at any rate directly, on the theatrical manager, who is, after all, only the servant of the public.

AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

AS YOU LIKE IT AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Practical Englishmen are often inclined to ridicule the sentiment that prompts lovers of Shakespeare to make pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon. They glibly assert that the dramatist is for all time and place. They are content to take what they assume to be his own word for it, that he was "of imagination all compact," and owed little or nothing to his temporary personal environment. The spirit of the historian rightly rebels against so unsatisfactory a solution of the Shakespearian problem. Great and small men alike are in great degree the creatures of circumstances, and to ignore the fact that Shakespeare lived and died at Stratford is to neglect a very possible opportunity of accounting for a part of his unique characteristic. Stratford life in Elizabethan times may appear to many of us very petty and very uninspiring; but even if, after full study, that be our final conclusion, the interval that separates the life of Stratford from the life portrayed in Shakespeare's dramas—more particularly in the very early ones—exactly measures the transmuting force of Shakespeare's genius. In the life of his neighbors and relatives at *Stratford,* Shakespeare's "fine frenzy" undoubtedly found its earliest *sustenance.*

The general reader rarely perceives how large a part rural life plays in Shakespeare's early comedies, and how large a claim Shakespeare there asserts to be regarded as the poet of living pastoral — of pastoral which bears little relation to the airy nothings of the professed pastoral poet. For the Shakespearian student, no play better repays careful study than *Love's Labour's Lost*, and it is of evil omen for Shakespearian criticism that no play is less valued by him or his teacher. Without dogmatizing as to its date, all internal evidence proves *Love's Labour's Lost* to have been Shakespeare's earliest essay in comedy — his first endeavor, after arriving in London, to produce a play that should be all his own. And what is the method pursued by the lad who has spent his score or so of years almost entirely in a country village — first at the free grammar-school, and afterwards in the service of his father, a woolstapler? Naturally enough, he seeks in his own rural experiences, narrow as they have been, the chief substance for his experiment. He produces a play defective in plot, and very colorless in its characterization of court ladies and gentlemen; in his leading theme he brusquely jumbles together the fact and fiction of contemporary political and social life, and gives his comedy the flavor of a political extravaganza.* But artistic faults are atoned for by the humorous fidelity with which the writer depicts the chief dignitaries of a contemporary village — the curate, the schoolmaster, and the constable — and the honest fun which he extracts from the misadventures of a country clown and village wench. Stratford-on-Avon and Shakespeare's observation of his father's friends there in his school days, could alone have served to endow his work with such characteristics as these.

The wariest of critics may prove this inference for himself by examining the schoolmaster, Holofernes. It should be borne in mind that the Stratford schoolhouse, which still survives by the Guild Chapel in Church Street, was in Shakespeare's time attended by every burgess's son for a term (as a rule) of seven years. Founded in the fifteenth century as an adjunct of the mediæval guild of the Holy Trinity — a religious friendly society whose records date as far back as the reign of Henry III, — it was restored and re-endowed by Edward VI, a few years after the dissolution of the guild in 1547, and had attained before the end of the century notable efficiency. It is an all but recorded fact that, between 1571 and 1580, Shakespeare, the son of Alderman John Shakespeare, creeped thither daily, "with satchel and shining morning face," from his father's house in Henley Street. Elizabethan schoolmasters pursued a constant system of education. From the Latin accidence they led their pupils through Lilly's grammar, through vocabularies and conversation books — the chief of which was the *Sententiæ Pueriles* — up to Mantuanus,

* See my paper entitled "A New Study of *Love's Labour's Lost*" in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1880.

Ovid, Horace, Seneca, and Plautus. It is this mode of tuition with which Holofernes is alone familiar, and his acquaintance with it is remarkably thorough. As soon as he appears on the stage, he pompously quotes from Lilly's grammar, "*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.*" From the *Sententiæ Pueriles* he borrows his not very apt remarks, "Sanguis, blood . . . Cœlum, the sky, the welkin, the heaven . . . Terra, the soil, the land, the earth." and thus illustrates the schoolmaster's practice of inviting boys to supply English synonyms to the Latin words proposed by himself. In most of the early conversation books formal dialogues with no particular application are frequently met with, and Holofernes engages in one of these with the curate, Sir Nathaniel:

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: anne intelligis?
Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.
Nath. Videsne quis venit?
Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Nor does this exhaust Shakespeare's avowed debt to the Stratford schoolhouse. He especially ridicules the conversation which the schoolbooks recommend for use between the boys and the master. The master is there credited with such remarks as:—

He speaks false Latin. Diminuit Prisciani caput.
It is barbarous Latin. Olet barbariem.

and Holofernes burlesques the phrase in his criticism of Sir Nathaniel's Latin as "Priscian a little scratched," and the second in his remark that he smells false Latin when Costard misreads "ad dunghill" for "ad ungeum." As striking reminiscences of the contemporary rural grammar school are Holofernes' citation of a line and a half from the eclogues of the good old Mantuan (or of the mediæval poet Mantuanus), which was the ordinary reading-book of Elizabethan fourth forms; his vain attempts to recall his Horace; and his praises of Ovid when he finds not the apostrophes, and so misses the accent in the curate's verses.*

Anthony Dull the constable is every whit as literal a transcript from the life as Holofernes. The office of constable in an Elizabethan village was of some dignity. Shakespeare's father held it at Stratford for two years, and the occupier of the house adjoining his father's house in Henley Street during his childhood was similarly honored. There is a Dogberry-like sound in the Stratford municipal bye-law which directed that once every month from Michaelmas to Candlemas, or oftener,, "as the case requireth it," the constable was "to call to him certain of the council and some other honest men, and keep and have a privy watch for the good rule of the town." The journey, too, between Stratford and London must have given Shakespeare

* See my *Stratford-on-Avon from the earliest times to the death of Shakspeare* (Seeley & Co. 1885), pp. 49–52.

every opportunity of studying the eccentricities of village constables and watchmen. According to Aubrey, the dramatist "happened to take the humour of the constable in *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Grendon, Oxford;" but since there is no constable in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, we may interpret the antiquary to refer either to Dogberry or Dull. Lord Burghley, writing to Walsingham in 1586, when Shakespeare was traveling (in all probability) for the first time to London, described how on a long journey he saw the watch at every town's end standing with long staves, under alehouse pentices, and how at Enfield they stated that they were on the look-out for three young men whom they would surely know because "one of the parties hath a hooked nose." Lord Burghley makes the humorously prudent comment on this expectation that "if they be no better instructed but to find three persons by one of them having a hooked nose, they may miss thereof." It is clearly to such ludicrous inefficiency that Shakespeare is bearing witness out of his own experience in *Love's Labour's Lost* in the person of "goodman" Dull.

Many other are the glimpses that Shakespeare affords us of his early Warwickshire life in his earliest comedy. Nowhere else (as we might expect) has he made reference to so many rustic games. The whipping of tops, hide-and-seek, more sacks to the mill, push-pin, and nine men's morris, all receive grateful recognition. For the first of many times he pays tribute to "the noble art of venery," and makes merry over the numberless titles granted by huntsmen to the deer. The village pageant is presented to us in the show of the Nine Worthies, and is the first rough sketch of the rural play at which "hard-handed men" labor in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. And finally Shakespeare sets before us in the concluding songs of Spring and Winter all the delights of painted meadows and all the troubles with which winter and rough weather infest country life —

> When all aloud the wind doth blow,
> And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
> And birds sit brooding in the snow,
> And Marian's nose looks red and raw.

From most of the early comedies we could extract almost as convincing examples as from *Love's Labour's Lost*, of Shakespeare's readiness to draw upon his rural experiences. A Pentecost village play is fully described by Julia in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Horses and hounds are noticed by Theseus in the detail dear to the country-bred in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Records prove the country tinker of the *Taming of the Shrew* to have been a character well known in Stratford by name. Nor did Shakespeare cease to turn his schoolhouse experience to account on the stage when Holofernes was turned adrift. He gives us a glimpse

of a less amiable type of schoolmaster of which many villages could furnish examples, in the Pinch of *Comedy of Errors*, and returns to the more attractive type with full and accurate detail in Sir Hugh Evans.

Such points illustrate a part of Shakespeare's debt to Stratford-on-Avon, and still throw upon his native place the reflection of his genius. And there is every reason to suppose that he wished that it should be so. Little as we know of his biography, there is ample proof of his anxiety to maintain unbroken his intimacy with Stratford and Stratford people. As soon as he could afford it, he bought a house there. The extant letters of his fellow-townsmen show that when in London, he was ready to use his influence there in their behalf. The first land he contemplated purchasing was at Shottery, his wife's native place, within a mile or two of his own, and all the purchases of land that he completed later lay within a short walk of Henley Street, his birthplace. As his years increased, his temporary withdrawals from Stratford grew rarer. He educated his children there; he married his daughters to residents there; and, like all the members of his family, he died and was buried there.

And when Shakespeare's powers had reached their zenith and he could depict life under any aspect that he chose, he still acknowledged in his dramatic work the attractions that rural life had for him. The sheep-shearing feast of the *Winter's Tale*—one of his latest productions—is a Warwickshire pastoral, and all Perdita's flowers grow near the banks of the Avon. But before all should it be realized that the most thoughtful of his comedies, *As You Like It*, which seems to stand midway between his greatest efforts in tragedy and his greatest efforts in comedy and history, is almost in its entirety a Warwickshire idyl. And Shakespeare here seems to make less concealment of the fact than in any other play excepting *Love's Labour's Lost;* he lays the scene in the forest of Arden, and there can be little doubt on *à-priori* grounds that Shakespeare's Arden was the Arden of South Warwickshire, and not, as some have imagined, the Ardennes of Luxemburg. There is but one iota of evidence to be urged on the other side. Grown wiser than when he wrote *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare did not depend for the plot of *As You Like It* on his own invention. He borrowed it freely from Thomas Lodge's novel of *Rosalynde*. Lodge introduces us to an elder brother (Saladyne), who ill-treats a younger brother (Rosader); to a sovereign (Torismond) who exiles a rightful ruler (Gerismond); to a daughter of the sovereign (Alinda), and to her dear friend and cousin, the exile's daughter (Rosalynde). But Lodge lays his scene in France; the exiled king (Gerismond) lives as an outlaw in a *French* forest of Arden, and he is joined there by Alinda, Rosalynde, and Rosader. Similarly among numerous other resemblances, Lodge brings the

[illegible] Arden [illegible]
[illegible] coaching
[illegible] green and gilded
[illegible] be furnished by the
[illegible] disposition" of lion or
[illegible] Nevertheless we are quite
[illegible] that Shakespeare's Arden
[illegible] the lioness, he undoubtedly
[illegible] his own warranted. But he
[illegible] situation to bring about the
[illegible] Lodge's device as the least
[illegible] unsatisfactory incident. Many
[illegible] the construction of *As You Like*
[illegible] among them all that concerns
[illegible] this solitary instance, we believe
[illegible] carefully anglicised, from his own
[illegible] French forest of Arden.

[illegible] has introduced into his play two
[illegible] English birth. Audrey, "a country
[illegible] fellow," are beyond the suspicion
[illegible] "born i' the forest here." Lodge's
[illegible] simple homely English villagers, and
[illegible] of them there. The former is a
[illegible] and ignorant of the meaning of so
[illegible] burdened with "no dishonest desire,"
[illegible] very practically minded, she looks for-
[illegible] readily exchanges a suitor of her own
[illegible] mettle. William, her rejected lover,
[illegible] twenty. Very respectful to a stranger,
[illegible] his own "pretty" wit, and he has an
[illegible] days when contentment was rare with his
[illegible] exceptional share of business talent, or of
[illegible] realize the ground for his neighbors'
[illegible] not learned, and is not capable of much
[illegible] words delivered with mock deter-
[illegible] him to resign to another his claim on

[illegible] accepted Lodge's suggestion of another
[illegible] to contrast the amorous adventures of
[illegible] has wholly metamorphosed Lodge's actors
[illegible] and his Corin and Silvius owe very
[illegible] Montanus. The latter are invariably
[illegible] pleasant tunes, and from musicke and

melodie falling into much amorous chat." They are never happy unless engaged in discussing "a pleasant eglog," which, in one case, extends to one hundred and thirty-six lines, and concludes with an extract from Terence. Montanus's love-frenzy is at other times assuaged with sugared sonnets, and in one instance he "felt his passions so extreame" that he fell into "a very graceful piece of French verse." Surely such accomplished herdsmen never tended sheep in any mundane wood or dale before. It is these refined gentlemen that Shakespeare has transformed into business-like rustics like Corin and Silvius, who are noticeably free from formal airs and graces, and Shakespeare has abandoned Lodge's spruce verse for such unaffected melodies as "It was a lover and his lass." There is, however, no versifying capacity in Corin; he is capable of offering a little practical advice to a love-sick youth, but attempts no accompaniment on the pipes. He is far from the bliss and contentment of Lodge's Coridon; he has very real grievances which are historically true of South Warwickshire and the rest of Elizabethan England. He is very poor and is not his own master.

> "But I am shepherd to another man,
> And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
> My master is of churlish disposition,
> And little recks to find the way to heaven
> By doing deeds of hospitality.

We have here a glimpse of the grasping English capitalist, who, in the sixteenth century, was depriving the native shepherds of their independence up and down the country. Corin's complaint finds very voluminous illustration in contemporary literature. As early as 1550 Richard Crowley attacked these "gredy guttes, yea, men that would eat up menne, women, and chyldren. . . . They take our houses over our heades, they bye our growndes out of our handes, they rayse our rentes . . . . we know not whyche waye to turn us to lyve . . . In the country we can not tarrye, but we must be theyr slaves, and laboure tyll our hertes brast, and then they must have al."* Thomas Becon similarly pointed out the evil influence of "the gredy gentylmen, whyche are shepemongers and grasyers." Thomas Lupton writing in 1580 denounced with Corin their niggardliness to their neighbors, and Stubbes mercilessly denounces the capitalist graziers—"worse than the caterpillars and locusts of Egypt"—who devour all the poor men's fields and force beggary upon them. The attempt of the rich William Combe in 1614 to enclose the Stratford common lands in order to turn them to his own profit, and the excitement caused in the town by his action, show that Corin's grievance found many sympathizers in the Warwickshire Arden.

It will be well at this point to determine what the name of Ard

*R. Crowley's *The Way to Wealth*, Early English Text Society, pp. 1; *see Furnivall's* edition of *Stubbes's Anatomie*, i. 290.

conveyed to a South Warwickshire man in the sixteenth and earlier centuries. The forest of Arden—a Celtic word from *ard*, high or great, and *den*, a wooded valley—was for very many years the designation of all Warwickshire within ten miles or so of the north bank of the Avon. As in other parts of England and the Continent, the history of the forest is chiefly a record of the decay and removal of trees—of the transformation of woodland into corn and pasture land. In prehistoric days, it was a link in the chain of wood that covered all the midlands, from Byrne Wood in Buckinghamshire, through Abingdon and Wych Woods in Oxfordshire, to the forests of Dean, Cannock, and Sherwood, and the Derbyshire Wolds. But as early as the eleventh century, evidence is not wanting that wide clearings had been made in Arden, and that only poetical license could then figure the forest as a wood-nymph with one hand touching "Trent, the other Severn's side." The agriculturist had made much of "her rough woodland" his own, and a map of the district at the time would have to represent it freely dotted with "ploughlands." Some six or seven villages which had grown up in the heart of the forest are described in the statistical Doomsday survey. They were of very small dimensions and the woodland far outstripped their pastures, but they marked the development that was overtaking the district. Preston, one of the largest of them, had only two ploughlands, and these were encircled by a wood two miles long and one mile broad. A forest three miles square environed the hamlet of Hampton-in-Arden. But between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries Arden diminished steadily. It was still known as a forest, and could boast enough thickets and sylvan retreats to make Shakespeare's forest of Arden a faithful representation of it. But as in *As You Like It* it was as famous for its shepherds and its sheep as for its foresters and its trees. Viewed as a district, it doubtless very closely resembled the Epping forest of modern Essex.

Fairly detailed accounts of Arden by sixteenth-century travellers are not wanting. "Marke," writes Leland who visited the country about 1533, "that the waste parte of *Warwyckeshire* that standithe on the left hand, or banke, of *Avon*, as the ryver dessendethe, is called *Arden*, and this countrye is not so plentiful of corne, but of grasse and woode. Suche parte of *Warwikeshire* as lyethe by sowthe the lefte hand, or banke, of *Avon* is baren of woode, but plentifull of corne."* William Camden, the great antiquary and Shakespeare's contemporary, writes, "Let us now take a view of the woodland which lies north of the Avon, occupying a larger extent, being the most part covered with woods, though not without pastures, cornfields, and iron-mines. As it is still called the woodland, so it had antiently the much older name of *Arden*, but, as I take it, to the same purport, for *Arden* seems to have signified a *forest* among the

*Leland's *Itinerary, 1774; viii. 31.*

ancient Britons and Gauls, the largest forest in Gaul being called *Arden*, a town in Flanders near another forest *Ardenburgh* and that famous forest in England we see is called by abbreviation *Den*."*

But by far the most picturesque and fullest description of Arden given by any of Shakespeare's contemporaries is that by the poet Michael Drayton. Drayton, a native of Warwick, devotes the chief part of the thirteenth song of his *Poly-olbion* to the Warwickshire forest. He regrets that so much of Arden has been brought under cultivation, and makes "the ancient forest" in her own person lament her decline: —

> . . . when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
> The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
> My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds enclose:
> By which in little time my bounds I came to lose.

Other forests may excel Arden "for pleasantness of shade," but Arden yields to none of them in the variety of its attractions.

> We equally partake with woodland as with plain,
> Alike with hill and dale: and every day maintain
> The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes,
> That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.

There the birds of every hue sing "hunts up to the morn" — the throstle with shrill sharps, the woosel of the golden bill, the mournful nightingale, the warbling linnet, the woodlark, the red sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, the wren, the yellow-pate, the goldfinch the "tydy," the laughing "hecco," and the counterfeiting jay. On the lawns are "both sorts of season'd deer."

> Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there;
> The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals strew'd,
> As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

"The most princely chase" of the hart most fitly belongs, according to the poet, "to our old Arden here," and Diana herself would be content with the tall and lusty red stag, of "goodly shape and stateliness of head," which she would meet at every turn in the forest. Drayton then proceeds to paint a very vivid picture of an Arden stag hunt. As soon as the "bellowing hounds" drive the quarry from his lair, he rushes madly through the thickets, shakes the tender saplings with his branch'd head, and after vain displays of "state," "with unbent knees upright expressing courage," leaves his usual walk, and "o'er the champain flies." The huntsmen follow as if "footed by the wind." The "noble stately" deer beats the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil; makes among herds of sheep to foil the scent; ploughmen and shepherds seize goads and hooks, and join in the chase. At length "this noblest beast" yields to destiny,

*Camden's *Britannia*, ed. Gough; ii. 329.

and stands at bay; then dealing deadly wounds on the hounds with his sharp-pointed head, he finally

> Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall,

and so dies. ("The hart weepeth at his dying," states a friend of Drayton who wrote prose notes on the passage; "his tears are held to be precious in medicine.") In such a forest of Arden, too, Drayton continues, all that sorts with solitude is at hand. Here one who knows the vileness of the world may lead a sweet retired life, on homely fare, far from "the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns." Here

> The man that is alone a king in his desire,
> By no proud, ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
> Nor his false praise affects; nor of a pin he weighs
> What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies raise.
> His free and noble thought ne'er envies at the grace
> That oftentimes is given unto a bawd most base;
> Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile
> Who, seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile
> The sottish, purblind world; but absolutely free,
> His happy time he spends the works of God to see.

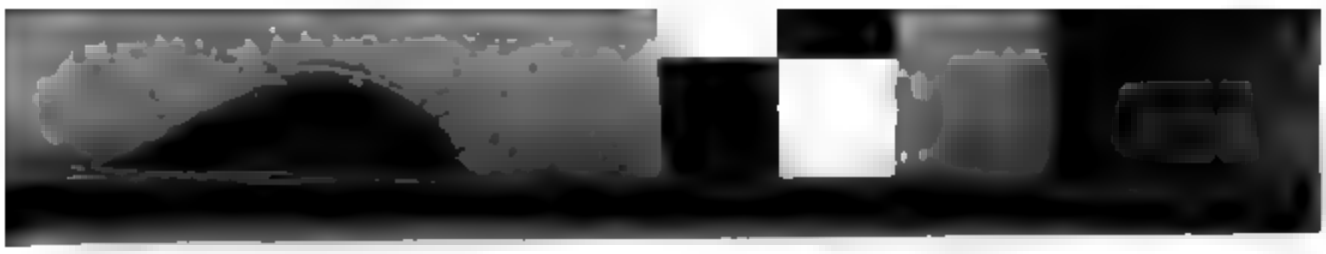
Drayton concludes his account of Arden with a list of the medicinal herbs that grow there, and cure all ailments, not all of which (he states) were known even to skilful Gerard.

Drayton's *Poly-olbion* is a geographical survey of England in verse, and the writer, in his account of Arden and elsewhere, is endeavoring to record the literal results of his observation. But his real Arden bears in almost every detail an instructive likeness to Shakespeare's Arden: the real forest suggests to Drayton almost the same reflections as the dramatist places in the mouth of the dwellers in his forest. It is, therefore, only just to regard it as a very important piece of evidence in support of the contention that *As You Like It* is of South Warwickshire origin. Dayton's argument prefixed to his song of Arden suggests to every ear the spirit of much of Shakespeare's comedy:—

> This song our shire of Warwick sounds
> Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
> Through many shapes the muse here roves:
> Now sporting in those shady groves,
> The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:
> Then finding herds of lusty deer
> She, huntress-like, the hart pursues.

His careful and sympathetic description of the stag hunt can be paralleled at every point by the speeches of the exiles of *As You Like It*. "Come, shall we go and kill us venison?" is their constantly recurring refrain. The duke may regret that the "poor dappled fools"

> Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
> *Have their round haunches* gored;



but he, no less than Jacques or Drayton, is delighted to honor him "that killed the deer." The melancholy Jacques, like Drayton and Drayton's friendly commentator, makes the most of "the big round tears" that coursed one another down the innocent nose of the poor sequestered stag; and Jacques had watched the wretched animal as carefully as the geographical poet, when it was driven by the hunters to "the extremest verge of the swift brook." The duke in exile finds in Shakespeare's Arden the very solitude and the very happiness that Drayton promises the hermit of the Warwickshire Arden. Corin laments with Drayton's wood-nymph the conduct of "the gripple wretch" who narrows the forest's bounds, and testifies, by his references to his master's cote, his flocks and bounds of feed, to the truth of Drayton's picture of the mingling of woodland and pasture in Arden. Rosalind's own allusions to the brambles and hawthorns much in Drayton can be found to illustrate, "and the sweet birds' throat" sounds as sweetly in both poets' verses.

We can safely assert that neither poet owed aught to the other in these descriptive passages. Drayton was undoubtedly the friend of Shakespeare. Tradition has, indeed, charged him and Ben Jonson, while guests at New Place, with engaging Shakespeare in a friendly drinking bout which caused the great dramatist's fatal illness. Whatever opinion we may hold of this story, we may be very sure that the contiguity of their birthplace created between them a very close bond of union. But in their literary work they were independent of each other and worked on different lines. Although some of Drayton's airy fancies bear a family likeness to those of Shakespeare, there is nothing to support the suspicion that the coincidence was other than accidental. Of *Poly-olbion* and *As You Like It*, the former was published in 1613, and written gradually in the preceding years; the latter, not published till 1623, was probably acted in the first year of the seventeenth century. There is nothing in the dates, therefore, to touch the question very nearly, and there is no need to press them in one direction or the other. A sane judgment can only see in the resemblances between *Poly-olbion* and *As You Like It*, convincing proof that their authors derived much of their inspiration from the same source—from the gentle rural life of the county of which each was a native. Shakespeare in the play, and Drayton in the poem, each paid grateful tribute to the hawthorns and brambles of the forest of Arden.

We have offered some very literal information about the scene of the greater part of *As You Like It*. But we have no desire to exaggerate the importance of the circumstance that the forest of Arden was for Shakespeare, as for all Warwickshire men, a geographical reality. We are quite ready to admit that Shakespeare—in the opening scene of the *Tempest* for instance—displays suc' *multiform power of* imaginative self-position that he *might* hav

depicted sylvan and pastoral life with equal faithfulness had he not lived almost habitually under the shadow of the greenwood tree. But since his home *did*, as a matter of unvarnished fact, lie within a mile or two of the really English forest of Arden, it is mere affectation to decline the invitation that Shakespeare offers us on the first page of his comedy to examine the source of his inspiration. And be it added, it only heightens our sense of Shakespeare's poetic power, here as elsewhere, to be able to compare his material before and after his genius had transmuted it.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

VII. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson, LL.D., was born in Lichfield, England, on September 18, 1709. His father was Michael Johnson, a bookseller, and Johnson's education was begun in the free school of that town. He displayed such evidences of a good mind that his father determined to send him to Pembroke College, Oxford. Here he went in October, 1728, and had a hard struggle to maintain himself, as his parents were poor and not able to help him much. His father died insolvent in 1731, and Johnson was compelled to leave college without taking his degree. He endeavored to support himself by accepting the position of usher in a school at Bosworth. He soon became dissatisfied with this, and went to Birmingham, where he occupied himself with the translation of *The Travels of Lobo*. In 1734 he issued proposals for a translation of the works of Politian, but met with no success. In 1736 he married Mrs. Porter, a widow, residing in Birmingham. She was older than Johnson, but had some money. With her help he opened a school at Edial, near Lichfield. He only obtained three pupils, two of whom were David Garrick and his brother. Being compelled to abandon this project, he determined to move to London, whither he went with David Garrick in March, 1737. Here he became acquainted with Mr. Cave, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The same year he finished his tragedy of *Irene*, which he offered to the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, but it was rejected. His main source of support was reporting the parliamentary debates. He also contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* a series of articles on the lives of eminent personages. In 1744 he published his Life of Richard Savage, and in 1747 issued his plan for his *English Dictionary*. He accepted proposals from certain booksellers who agreed to pay him £1575 for his work, and rented a house in Gough Square, London, where he employed six amanuenses. The Dictionary,

which occupied him for eight years, appeared in 1755. In 1750 he commenced *The Rambler*, and about this time his tragedy of *Irene*, which had been produced under Garrick's protection proved a failure. *The Idler* appeared in the columns of the *Universal Chronicle*, a weekly newspaper, from April, 1758 to April, 1760. *Rasselas*, which was written to pay for his mother's funeral, brought him £100. In 1762 he was granted an annual pension of £300 by King George III. The University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1765; and in 1775 the University of Oxford gave him a like degree. In 1773 he went to Scotland, and wrote *A Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland.* His last work of importance, *The Lives of the English Poets*, was commenced in 1777, and completed in 1781. He died December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near David Garrick's grave.

Johnson intended to publish an edition of Shakespeare as far back as 1745, and in that year issued *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir T[homas] H[anmer]'s Edition of Shakespear, with a Specimen.* Not meeting with any encouragement he abandoned the project, but in 1756 he again took it up. In that year he issued *Proposals for printing, by subscription, the Dramatick Works of W. Shakspear, corrected and illustrated by Sam. Johnson.* Of these Proposals Boswell says: "He showed that he perfectly well knew what variety of research such an undertaking required, but his indolence prevented him from pursuing it with that diligence which alone can collect those scattered facts that genius, however acute, penetrating, and luminous, cannot discover by its own force." Johnson got a number of subscribers, and appears to have received money from them, but the book was unreasonably delayed in its publication, and was not issued until 1765. In the meanwhile Churchill had written his keen satire, which probably caused Johnson to hasten the publication of his work:

> He for subscribers baits his hook,
> And takes your cash, but where's the book?
> No matter where; wise fear you know,
> Forbids the robbing of a foe,
> But what, to serve our private ends,
> Forbids the cheating of our friends?

The progress of the preparation and printing of the work was very slow, and yet Johnson had expected, when he commenced in 1756, that he would have it finished during the next year. Boswell tells us that some of the volumes were printed in 1758, but time rolled on and still the book did not appear. Johnson's bad eye-sight may have had much to do with this delay, but his indolence was probably more chargeable with it.

He had announced that his edition would be founded on a collation of the old copies, and he made use of Garrick's library, which con-

tained many of these rarities. When his edition finally appeared, instead of acknowledging his indebtedness to Garrick in this particular, he makes the following remark in his preface: "I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative." Johnson was very careless in his treatment of books, and this unenviable reputation which he had acquired probably had much to do with the matter of which he complains.

The work was however finally finished, and was published in eight volumes octavo. The first title-page of Volume I, reads thus:

> The Plays of William Shakespeare, in Eight Volumes, with the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; to which are added notes by Sam. Johnson. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson, H. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clark and Collins, T. Longman, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, C. Corbet, T. Lownds, and the Executors of B. Dodd. M,DCC,LXV.

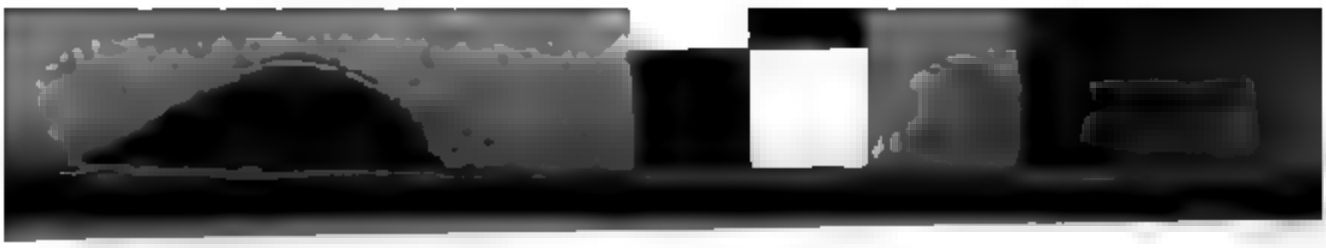
In addition to the above title-page in the first volume, there is a second one, which reads: "The Plays of William Shakespeare. Volume the First. Containing *The Tempest, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure, The Merchant of Venice.* London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson," etc., as in the former title-page. Similar title-pages to the latter are in all the volumes, with the names of the plays changed to suit those contained in each volume. The first title-page, however, is not given in any of the other volumes but the first.

The paper on which it is printed is of poor quality, and the printing not at all good. The notes are arranged in double columns at the bottom of the page. Prefixed to the first volume is an engraving by G. Vertue, from the Chandos portrait.

Johnson printed his edition from Warburton's. A preface of seventy-two pages follows the second title-page in the first volume, and is undoubtedly the best part of the work. It is exceedingly well written, and few writers on Shakespeare have produced a better essay than Johnson's preface. His criticisms on the editors who preceded him in editing the poet are, on the whole, very just, and he clearly points out the merits and faults of each. He is however unfair in what he says about Theobald, and somewhat too laudatory in his remarks concerning Warburton. Posterity has not agreed with the learned Doctor in his estimate of these two editors.

Of his notes he says:

> The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which deprivations are corrected.
>
> The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.
>
> After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to



facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many who before were frighted from perusing him, and contributed something to the publick, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

Of conjectural criticism he very truly says:

The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused. . . . . It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who only read it by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity. . . . .

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day increases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture, and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe. . . . .

That a conjectural critick should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of errour is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistable. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Never have the dangers of conjectural criticism been more forcibly or better set forth. And what he says about notes in general is also very true:

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet u acquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highe pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the la with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the win let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engage let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and Pope. Let him rus on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him prese

his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness; and read the commentators.

This is certainly wise advice. The whole of his preface is, however, admirable, and is by far the most valuable part of his edition.

After the preface comes the dedication and preface of Heminge and Condell from the First Folio; then the prefaces of Pope, Theobald and Warburton, and Rowe's life of Shakespeare. Following these are the grant of arms to John Shakespeare, the poet's will, a short account of a story concerning Shakespeare's life furnished to Pope by Rowe, and Ben Jonson's lines commencing

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name.

Then come the plays, which are not printed in the order that they occupy in the First Folio, nor do they seem to be arranged in any chronological order either, for first is printed *The Tempest*, then *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, followed by *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Measure for Measure*. The comedies, histories and tragedies, are, however, grouped together.

The Sonnets and Poems are not given. In this Johnson followed the example set by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, and Warburton, in their edition of the poet's works.

Johnson printed many of the notes of Pope, Theobald and Warburton entire, and gave the names of their writers, thus making his edition practically the first which partook of a variorum character. This plan seems to have been a very popular one for it was followed by many succeeding editors, and finally developed into the regular variorum edition wherein one line of text often suffices for many pages of notes.

His text is better than Warbuton's, because he relegated many of the latter's emendations to the notes, and gave more readings from the old copies; but still it is not a good text, and some of his proposed emendations are ludicrous. In *As You Like It*, III, v, 7, Silvius says to Phebe,

Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Johnson proposes to read:

Will you sterner be
Than he that dyes his lips by bloody drops?

Certainly this was not worthy of Samuel Johnson.

At the end of many of the plays Johnson has a short note giving his opinion of the merits of the drama he is discussing. Concerning *Cymbeline* he says:

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity.

To remark, the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

No word of praise for Imogen, one of Shakespeare's loveliest creations!

At the end of the eighth volume there is printed an appendix, giving additional notes by Warton, Hawkins, Gray, Holt, Steevens, Heath, Goldsmith, and others; and there is also given a list of editions of the plays.

Johnson received £480 for his editorial work on his Shakespeare. It is fortunate that his literary reputation does not depend upon his edition of the poet. It is not worthy of so great a man as Samuel Johnson undoubtedly was.

In 1765 W. Kenrick published *A Review of Doctor Johnson's New Edition of Shakespeare*, in which great bitterness is shown in discussing the work under consideration.

In 1768 a second edition of Johnson's Shakespeare appeared. It is better printed than the first edition, and the paper is better, but it is a mere reprint of the latter. Even the appendix, containing additional notes, which appeared in the first edition is reprinted *verbatim* in this second one, without taking the trouble to insert them in their proper places.

J. PARKER NORRIS.

ANNALS OF THE CAREERS OF W. HOUGHTON, WADESON AND PETT.

1597, November 5th.—Henslow advanced ten shillings to buy a book of "young Harton."

1598, February 17th, May 2nd–6th.—Harton receives two pounds in part payment of *A Woman will have her Will.* This was published in 1616 with the alternative title of *Englishmen for my Money.*

1599, August 20th, 25th.—Hawton receives thirty shillings for *The Poor Man's Paradise.*

1599, October, December 19th, 26th, 28th, 29th.—Chettle, Dekker and Harton receive ten pounds ten shillings for *Patient Grisell*, an unusually high price. This was entered S. R. March 28th, 1600, but not printed till 1603. On March 18th, 1600, Henslow paid two pounds to the printer to stay the publication. The first production on the stage lies between January 26th and this March 18th. It is worth notice that this date of February 1599–1600 is in the play

alluded to as "leap year." This shrew-play is partly a satire: Emulo the "line and hair" gallant is certainly Jonson, whose phrases "Sinthesesis of the "Soul," "compliment," "projects," "fastidious," "capricious," "misprision" are ridiculed in II, i: his encounter with Sir Owen is taken from that between Lucalento and Fastidious Brisk in *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV, iv. Brisk (Sir Owen) is probably Drayton; certainly not Dekker as commonly supposed. Dekker is Carlo Buffone who is generally supposed to be Marston.

1599, November 1st, 14th.—Haughton and Day receive five pounds in full for the tragedy of *John Cox of Collinster* (Collumpton).

1599, November 21st, 27th, December 5th, 6th.—Haughton and Day receive five pounds in full for the tragedy of *Thomas Merry*.

1599, December 13th 17th—Chettle and Harton receive fifteen shillings in earnest of *The Arcadian Virgin*.

1600, February 2nd.—Harton borrows five shillings of Henslow, p. 93.

1600, February 13th.—Dekker, Harton and Day receive three pounds in part payment of *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy* which was published in 1657 as *Lust's Dominion* or *The Lascivious Queen*.

1600, March 1st, 2nd, 8th.—Chettle, Dekker, Haughton and Day receive six pounds in full for *Seven Wise Masters* on which Henslow expended thirty-eight pounds for properties and dresses.

1600, March 10th.—Henslow lends Harton ten shillings to release him out of the clink a prison for such as "brabble, fray, or break the peace" (Stow) situate close to the Rose Theatre on Bankside.

1600, March 18th.—Harton receives ten shillings in earnest of *Ferrex and Porrex*, probably an alteration of the early play of *Gorbudoe*.

1600, April 16th 24th.—Haughton receives thirty shillings in earnest of *The English Fugitives*.

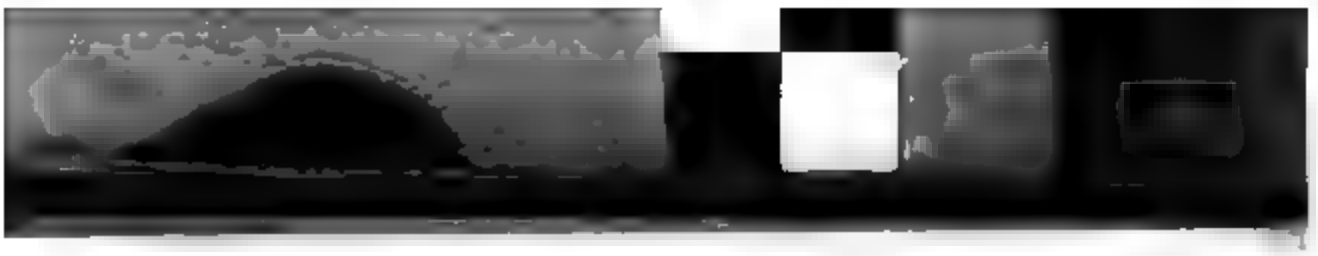
1600, May 6th, [March 6th in H. D.]—Harton receives five shillings in earnest of a book "which he would call" *The Devil and his Dame* (not *Dam* as usually printed). This was published in 1662 as *Grim the Collier of Croydon*. Robbin Goodfellow in this play is in my opinion a caricature of Drayton and Belphegor of Lodge.

1609, May 17th.—Haulton and Pett receive six pounds in full for *Strange News out of Poland*. Of Pett no other dramatic work is known. In 1599 was published *Time's Journey to Seek his daughter Truth* by P. Pett.

1600 May 27th,—Harton receives ten shillings in earnest of *Judas (or Indes.)*

All the above were written for the Admirals' men at the Rose: the remainder at the Fortune.

1600, December 20th, 27th, January 4th, 13th.—Harton receives four pounds on account of *Robin Hood's Pen'orths*. The play of *Look about you* was printed in 1600–1 as "lately acted" by the Admiral's men. It should therefore appear in Henslow's *Diary*. It



cannot possibly be identified with any other play than this one. Gloster's statement near the end that he will fire the unchristian Saracens out of Portugal, undoubtedly refers to the then forthcoming play of *The Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloster and his Conquest of Portugal*, (Wadeson's* only known play) which was written in June–July 1601. It is quite possible that *Look about you* was printed in March 1600, immediately after its performance in February; but more likely that, being a surreptitious edition not entered on S. R., the publisher dated it 1600 instead of 1601: a common device in such cases to avoid the payment of the registration fee.

1601, January 29th, February 10th, March 10th.—Haughton and Day receive six pounds in full for the second part of *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.*

1601, April 4th, 11th, May 2nd, 21st, August 5th, 11th, 26th, September 1st.—Day, Haughton and Smith receive six pounds fifteen shillings for *The Conquest of the West Indies.*

1601, May 20th, June 4th, 6th, 8th.—Haughton and Day receive five pounds in full for *Six Yeomen of the West.*

1601, May 21st, July 18th, 25th, 30th.—Haughton and Day receive six pounds in full for the third part of *Thomas Stroud.*

1600, July 4th, 14th, September 31st, [October 1st], November 9th, 29th.—Day and Haughton receive five pounds in full for *Friar Rush and the Proud Woman of Antwerp.*

1601, July 30th, September 3rd, 11th.—Haughton and Day receive four pounds in part payment of the second part of *Thomas Dough*, who was probably a character in one of the last plays in the preceding list.

1601, October 12th–22nd.—Haughton, Hathaway and Smith receive five pounds for *The Six Clothiers*, in part payment: on November 8th five pounds for the second part of the *Six Clothiers.* As this story is the same as that of *The Six Yeomen* all these entries probably refer to the second part of that play.

This is our last notice of "young Harton's" three years' career: a genial, neglected author, whose plays being published anonymously have never received the attention they deserve. Indeed his authorship of them in several instances is now for the first time proved. They ought to be collected and published in a separate volume.

F. G. FLEAY.

* *The Widow's Charm* 1602 July 9th, August 26th, September 2nd, 11th, by "Antony the poet" may have been by him.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

"LAW" IN *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

I cannot agree with my friend Morgan (SHAKESPEARIANA, Oct., 1885, p. 492) that the *Merchant* could not have been written by one acquainted with law. "Single bond" seems to mean "individual bond, or one without sureties," as I have explained it in my edition of the play. The term is used in its popular sense, not in a technical one. It would perhaps be refining overmuch to suppose that Shylock craftily employs it in the latter sense because he wants to make the "condition" appear like none at all—merely the "merry sport" he calls it; as if he had said, "Give me your bond without any condition—at least, none worthy of the name, or to be legally enforced—though for the joke of the thing we will say that I am to have a pound of your flesh if you fail to pay up at the appointed time." I have sometimes been inclined to explain the passage in that way. Observe that, a moment later, Shylock refers to the "condition" as only a nominal one:

> If he should break his day, what should I gain
> By the exaction of the forfeiture?

He implies that he has no intention of exacting it—so the bond is virtually "single," or to be treated as such.

As to the obviously "bad law" in the trial scene, we must bear in mind that Shakespeare took it from the familiar story on which the play was partly founded, and that it was too effective on the stage to be omitted. But it is a significant fact—to me at least, for I believe that no commentator or critic has referred to it—that the dramatist, after using this "bad law" from the old tale, makes Portia go on to say:

> Tarry, Jew;
> *The law hath yet another hold on you.*

namely, on account of his having *sought the life* of Antonio. Note

at what length this is dwelt upon, and how much stress Portia lays upon it. Note also that this is *not in the various forms of the old story*, but is Shakespeare's own addition thereto. I have no doubt that he added it solely because he knew that the original "law" was "bad," and was not willing to rest the case upon it, as a writer unfamiliar with legal matters would naturally have done. He kept the "bad law" for stage effect, but added the "good law" to satisfy his conscience or his sense of justice.

Mr. Morgan is unfair in his treatment of Portia, whose management of the case is in all respects worthy of her head and her heart. An inferior woman, "coached" for the occasion by the learned Bellario, would have been very likely to overdo the part in the endeavor to carry it out successfully and effectively. She would have behaved more like a young pleader in all the pride of his first case in court, who felt that the advice and aid of his experienced senior had ensured his success. But Portia throughout maintains the quiet dignity of a truly great lawyer, who is tempted by no affectation of learning, no display of legal acumen, but states his case clearly, strongly, and briefly. Mrs. Jameson has done her better justice than Mr. Morgan; but the readers of SHAKESPEARIANA do not need that I should quote her familiar tribute to the lady as lawyer and judge.

The court was not "packed against" Shylock. No other dramatist of the time would have allowed a Jew so fair a trial; and in the end he gets more mercy than the strict letter of the law would have granted, and more than he deserved. He *meant murder*, but he got off with half the penalty.

W. J. ROLFE.

CAMBRIDGE.

ON THREE PASSAGES IN *2 HENRY IV*: III, i.

(2) It is a trite observation that Shakespeare's characters are natural men and women, not wooden puppets made to move according to the exigencies of the situation. But it is useful to point out how this naturalness is preserved in minor matters, where it is apt to be overlooked. Where Falstaff after a few words of salutation says, lines 88–9—"Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen—Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?"—Not merely do we see the fat old knight mopping his face and his head, and making his remark about the heat, as such a traveler would, but we see this prefacing in the most natural way his cunning attempt to cheat. He asks for *six* "sufficient men," though the rating of that part of the county as given in Shallow's instructions, and of course in his own, which he bears with him, grant him but four (line 177). Whence arises this apparent slip? It may

ntered his head on catching a glimpse of the assembled men
: he entered the hall, and his seeming mistake would be explain-
s an off-hand mode of speech while it was calculatingly made on
nance of obtaining more "let off" money.

) There is another passage, which though it has hardly and only
iciently been noticed, seems to require a stage action that adds
to the effect, much as does Malvolio's partly carried out intent
aying, through habit, with his steward's chain, while, in fancy,
posing in the dignity of Olivia's husband. Mouldy, bribing
olph, says at the end of his speech, line 220,—"You shall have
, sir." Forty of what? There is no antecedent or explanatory
tantive nearer than Bullcalf's "French crown's," and forty four-
ing pieces from a Mouldy is an absurdity. The phrase as it stands
:plained is not even the English of a foreigner, much less the idio-
c phraseology of an Englishman very much in earnest. Is there
an accidental omission, as has been supposed of "forty [shill-
]?" It does not, I think, require so unnecessary a supposition,
ldy puts his hand in his pocket, and drawing out a shilling, or it
be sixpence, slily shows it to Bardolph, thus saying in most elo-
nt terms—"You shall have forty [of these], sir."

say "a shilling, or sixpence" because forty sixpences exactly make
with Bullcalf's "from Harry ten shillings" the three pounds spoken
y Bardolph, line 231, and because Mouldy is not likely to be able
fford as much as did Bullcalf, who, as shown by the names and
riptions of both, was slightly higher in the village social scale.
e, I know, think that Bardolph in his turn kept back some of the
ey for his private pocket. But this supposition is only founded
he fact that he was a rogue. He knew however his master to be
nquisitive and cunning rogue—who would not bate an ace of his
uisites, he himself was also a cowardly and commonplace rogue who
v he would get his share of the plunder. Hence, though it matters
I incline to think that a sixpence was exhibited. I have also said
ly" because, though I admit that the sequence of the three
ches of Bullcalf, Mouldy, and Feeble apparently—though by no
ns necessarily—show that they each saw and heard the speeches
acts of the former, yet I think it more natural that these spoke
e and offered secretly. Mouldy's and Feeble's speeches may
ely be due to the inferences they drew from the asides, from
lolph's outspoken and significant reply—"Go to; stand aside"
for the joyful countenances of the officers. It is true that no
e direction "He speaks apart" is given, but it is notorious that
ssary stage directions are often omitted. Moreover Bardolph was
self too experienced a rogue, too wide-awake, and too great a cow-
to run the chance of an unwilling chosen one saying, even to a
llow or a Slender "these fellows bribed him to let them off and so
nd I are obliged to go."

BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, M. D.

THE DRAMA.

November and December have been much alike in dramatic matters, and their resemblance to October has been almost distressingly similar. No novelties — save Salvini in *Coriolanus* and Miss Anderson in *Romeo and Juliet* — have been presented, and the record of the plays is just the same as in the earlier month. The only variation has been the revival of *Much Ado About Nothing* by Mr. Lawrence Barrett on Christmas afternoon in Philadelphia. And speaking of Christmas, it is interesting to note the popularity of Shakespeare's plays for the special Christmas performances. No less than nine are recorded in our Dramatic Chronicle, several of which were presented out of the usual programmes of the companies.

The Dramatic Chronicle for November shows that *Romeo and Juliet* has been acted oftener than any other play, having been presented continuously by Miss Mather in New York, and seven times elsewhere by other actresses. *The Comedy of Errors* comes next, Messrs. Robson & Crane having acted without intermission throughout the month. *Hamlet* comes next, having been given nineteen times; then follows *As You Like It* seventeen times, *Richard III* sixteen times, *Othello* nine times, *Macbeth* and *Twelfth Night* seven each, *Merchant of Venice* five, *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar* three times, *King Lear* twice, and *Katharine and Petruchio* once.

Of actors, Miss Mather and Messrs. Robson & Crane lead in the number of performances, but are closely followed by. Mr. T. W Keene, of whom twenty-five performances are recorded. Then come Modjeska and Miss Anderson, with twelve performances each, Edwin Booth and Frederick Warde with seven each, Miss Moore with five, Geo. C. Miln and the Redmund-Barry Co., with four each, Salvini with three, Lawrence Barrett with two, and Jaunauschek, W. E. Sheridan, and the Boston Comedy Co. with one performance each. In addition there was one amateur performance by the Rival Dramatic Club of *Richard III*, and a three weeks' season of *Macbeth* in San Francisco. Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann has acted almost continuously at the Dime Mnseum, and Miss Pomeroy embarked in the same class of entertainment towards the end of the month.

* * *

Philadelphia can boast of having the oldest Shakespeare Club in the country and the only Shakespearian Magazine in the world, and New York can lay claim to the most energetic Club in America, but it almost seemed, in the early part of the season, that Chicago was

the most Shakepearian city on the continent. From the middle of August, up to the end of October, the Chicago theatres have been occupied almost continuously by actors who may justly be called Shakespearian. First came Mr. T. W. Keene, who has enjoyed such a great popularity in the west, and whose style of acting has, with more or less truth, and in a more or less complimentary manner, been considered as peculiarly and characteristically western. His most severe critic, even, deplores this as an incontestible fact, and admits, that, like Aubrey, he is "an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own." This comparison, unkind though it be, is not altogether without its truth. Mr. Keene is undeniably boisterous in many of his parts, and in others he falls much below the standard attained by his contemporaries, but he does his best, and if the result does not always equal that reached by others, we must not be too hard upon him for what is not his own fault. But while, even in Chicago, he did not altogether escape criticism, there was little that was not friendly, and his season of two weeks was the most successful and brilliant one he has had. He had the advantage, and it was not an inconsiderable one, of playing in a new theatre, the Chicago Opera House. The performances themselves were of sufficient merit to fill the house, and Mr. Keene has every reason to be satisfied with his engagement.

Two weeks after Mr. Keene had taken his departure, he was succeeded by Mr. W. Sheridan. This actor had not visited the city for upwards of four years, and his brief stay of one week scarcely permitted a thorough acquaintance with his powers. He made, however, a good impression in his successful interpretation of two such very different characters as King Lear and Louis XI, and while his season cannot be called a brilliant one, it was fair. Then came Robson & Crane, with their wonderful revival of *The Comedy of Errors*. It was a genuine revelation of what careful and painstaking artists can accomplish with a generous expenditure of time and money. The Opera House was crowded at each performance, and the production was a brilliant success, both financially and artistically.

Lawrence Barrett followed. His engagement was in many respects a remarkable one. It was chiefly noteworthy for the non-Shakespearian parts, and in the entire season of three weeks, Shakespeare's plays were given but five times. These were *Hamlet*, which was presented twice and *Julius Cæsar*, given three times. It was in the latter play that Mr. Barrett achieved his greatest success. His Cassius is by far the best of his Shakespearian parts. His Hamlet has many good points, but the Prince of Denmark, with his calm intellectual philosophy does not accord with his temperament as readily as does the nervous irascible Roman. Mr. Barrett's audiences, it must be confessed, were not, at first, numerous, but they increased before his time expired, and he was so well satisfied with the result as to arrange for a season of six weeks in the early part of 1887.

While Mr. Barrett was playing at the Grand Opera House, Mme. Modjeska opened at the Columbia Theatre. She too, like him, adhered more to non-Shakespearian parts than to Shakespearian ones, and during her two weeks' engagement only played *As You Like It* twice, and *Twelfth Night* once. The exquisite grace with which she played Rosalind and Viola would certainly have have permitted a more frequent repetition of the parts. As it was, however, her season was so thoroughly successful, that a return engagement has been arranged for.

Chicgo has, in truth, every reason to flatter herself for the success of her Shakespearian season. It is doubtful if, in so short a time, Shakespeare has been given so frequently in any western city, and it speaks much for the culture of the city that it has been so uniformly successful. T. W. Keene, W. E. Sheridian, Robson & Crane, Lawrence Barrett, and Mme. Modjeska all within a period of ten weeks is a showing of which any city may be more than satisfied.

* * *

The Shakespearian season in Boston has opened brilliantly with Miss Anderson and Signor Salvini. Both have enjoyed large audiences, and if receipts be the criterion, both were eminently successful. Artistically the results have been very different. Miss Anderson is always beautiful, always careful, always does her best, but she cannot always satisfy an exacting critic. Even as Galatea, which has been universally conceded to be her most successful part, she has been criticised as being more a living statue than a living woman, and while the criticism may be too severe, it is not altogether uncalled for. Miss Anderson is nothing if not statuesque, and her most ardent admirer is forced to admit that at times she carries it to extremes. Her Rosalind, notwithstanding, that it was a new part, did not attract as much attention as did her Juliet. As Rosalind, as in other characters, she exhibited the same coldness, the same lack of warmth, of true, live womanhood, as has been so often taken exception to. But her Juliet was eagerly anticipated. It was the part in which she had been best known prior to her departure to Europe, and the public was anxious to see the improvements, the alterations, the new features that her sojourn abroad must have made in her interpretation. On the whole they were disappointed, for Miss Anderson's Juliet is much the same now as it was two years ago when she was last seen here in it. But, after all, there is a very great deal of difference between the criticism to which she is now subjected and that which she has previously received. When she first appeared upon the stage, her wonderful beauty carried all before her. Criticism was at a discount, and few were wise enough to study the artist apart from the beauty. But now, after a lengthy absence, during which we have seen much, and learned much that we had not seen before; points that were not noticeable

previously are sufficiently evident. In a word, the first criticism Miss Anderson met with was friendly criticism, now she receives judicious criticism. The former was, in large measure artificial, the latter is more real, and the results cannot, therefore agree. Yet it must not be inferred that because she is more severely criticised than before, because faults are being found in her style which had never been found before, that her powers of acting have retrograded. On the contrary they have very materially increased, but she is now being assigned her proper rank in the dramatic world. In this connection, it may be added that the scenery and costume used in *Romeo and Juliet* attracted almost as much attention as did Miss Anderson herself. They were, indeed very successful, and the measure of their success may be judged from the fact that hitherto Miss Anderson has thrown everyone and everything so much in the background that all such matters were overlooked.

Signor Salvini's engagement was in every way a success. Interest naturally centered in *Coriolanus*, but his other parts, with their magnificent interpretations, were received with equal enthusiasm. Indeed, Salvini is so overwhelmingly superior to most of the actors now upon the stage, that one constantly finds food for new thought in his familiar interpretations of Othello, of Lear, of Niger, in *The Gladiator*, or of Conrad, in *The Outlaw*. *Coriolanus*, however was the most noteworthy incident of his brief season. It was, without doubt, a brilliant success and exhibited the great actor's genius in a new light and merits the warmest praise. Messrs. Robson & Crane, with their revival of *The Comedy of Errors* followed Salvini at the Boston Theatre, opening on November 14th. Their season has been characterized by the same great success that it has attained in every city to which the popular comedians have taken their gorgeous production.

* * *

Miss Margaret Mather reached her fiftieth performance of Juliet in New York on November 15th; the seventy-sixth will be reached on December 26th, which will also be the young actress's three hundred and twenty-fifth performance of the part, a record that few actresses can lay claim to, and it is doubtful if there has been a similar instance in all the history of the Shakespearian drama. While this particular revival would be noteworthy from the acting alone, it has been so magnificently put upon the stage that a more detailed account of the scenery and the costumes than has been given will not be inappropriate nor without interest.

The opening scene, the Market Place and Bridge of Verona is exceedingly well designed. The Bridge springs from the centre of the stage to the Prince's palace on the right. The river winds to the left, and in the background the domes and towers of the city are

in full view. A special feature in this scene is the street fight between the adherents of the Montagues and the Capulets, in which over a hundred participate, and the effect is surprisingly realistic. The Ball-room scene is the most successful of the series. It is a picture of great beauty. To the right a staircase leads to the musicians' gallery, underneath which a high-backed sofa is placed. The background is closed in by a series of arches supported on columns of varied-colored marble, and the canal is visible in the distance. The arches are continued on the left of the stage, which is also occupied by the elevated and canopied seat of Lord Capulet. Balconies and windows occupy the upper part of the walls. The general tone of the color is light and pleasing, and the effect of the whole, the room crowded with guests, the balcony of musicians, the servants looking down upon the dancers below, with the hundred of tapers lighting up the rich and superb costumes is indescribably fine. Much of the interest of this scene lies in the dance called "Coranto," for which a number of ladies and gentlemen have been specially trained.

In the second act, the wall that surrounds Juliet's garden, and which forms the background when the curtain rises, disappears through the stage after Romeo has climbed it. The garden scene is of great beauty. The balcony is on the left, and through the open windows stream curtains of the richest stuffs. Solitary trees stand in the background, and beyond them a stream winds its way in the distance. The scenes in the next act are remarkable not alone for their beauty, but for the mechanical arrangements whereby they open one into the other. The Tavern, which forms the first scene, is placed upon a street with a fine perspective, and, revolving, shows an alcove in Juliet's garden, with a fountain on the left of the stage, and the house on the right. Then, the canvass of this scene falling in front, the third one, Friar Lawrence's cell and cloister with the lovers kneeling at the altar, is revealed.

The most important scene in the fourth act is Juliet's chamber. It has been prepared with exquisite taste. The room has a high-arched ceiling. The balcony opens on the left, the entrance, which is reached by four steps covered loosely with a black and yellow mottled drugget, is covered with curtains of green satin brocade. At the back, in a recess, is Juliet's bed. A silver white fabric is thrown on it, and a drapery of red and gold is festooned over it. A topaz silk covering is thrown on a sofa in the centre of the room, and the rich effect is heightened by some superb curtains of heavy orange silk. The whole effect is gorgeous in the extreme. The last act opens with a street in Mantua, with the apothecary shop to the left reached by a staircase. The final scene, the churchyard and the tomb of the Capulets, shows the tomb in the centre of the stage, reached by a long flight of steps. The interior of the tomb is exceedingly rich, and is the only part in the entire series to which exception may be taken.

Of the other scenes, the approach to Capulet's palace, the public square in Verona, a room in Capulet's palace, Friar Lawrence's cell, and another room in Capulet's palace, do not call for special mention unless it be the public square in Verona, with which the fourth act opens. On one side is a tavern, on the other an ancient Roman fountain, while in the background a trellis-covered roadway leads along a height from whence the city is viewed as a panorama. The entire scenery was painted by Messrs. William Voegtlin, Hughson Hawley, George Heinaman, and William Shaefer from drawings made by Mr. Alfred Thompson, who designed the entire production. The costumes exhibited the same richness and care as did the scenery. Indeed they were undoubtedly the richest ever seen upon the New York stage. They were all designed with great care by Mr. Thompson who ransacked the British Museum and studied the most noted Italian frescoes for models. The entire production is, as has been before remarked, the most superb ever attempted in this country, and it is doubtful if it has ever been excelled abroad.

* * *

A new Juliet, in the person of a young woman named Bianca appeared under the management of Mr. Garrett W. Owens at the Academy of Music, New York City, on November 19th. It was altogether one of the most surprising performances ever seen in New York, and for the sake of the "legitimate" drama it is to be hoped that the like is never to be seen elsewhere. The star's capability to play her part seemed to be based upon the fact that, like Juliet, she had been born in Florence. She was also a pupil to Mr. Garrett W. Owens; but this fact, as her audience was painfully aware, did not appear to increase her abilities in the least. She had memorized the words of her part, and that is all that can be said in praise of her. She introduced several new features; a song in the balcony scene that had a most disastrous effect upon the orchestra, and in Friar Lawrence's cell a scene was run into her and upset the unhappy damsel in the most unceremonious manner. Her fall in the potion scene was a surprising exhibition of thoughtfulness. The support was, if anything, worse. Tybalt had to be audibly coaxed on to the stage to be dispatched by Mercutio. This latter character was assumed by Mr. Garrett W. Owens himself, and it is doubtful if it has ever been so injudiciously done. The performance, however, was altogether amusing, but it will never be repeated.

* * *

A new prologue to *Othello* by Arnold Krug was performed for the first by the Philharmonic Society at their opening concert on November 14th. It cannot be said that it was altogether successful. A writer in *The Keynote* ably criticizes it as follows: — "It opens lugu-

briously in C minor, with some uninteresting phases in double thi for clarionets and bassoons interspersed with some *pizzicato* n for strings leading to a sustained chord of the tonic major, the h meanwhile executing a series of *arpeggii*, after which the open bars are repeated. Some broad phases follow for strings in unis which prepared the way for the Allegro in the same key. The gloc thoughts of which this introduction is typical now give place to pangs of jealousy expressed in the opening portion of the moveme which is built on a two-bar syncopated phrase principally for strir which is repeated *ad nauseum* in its primitive form, in the course that which does duty for subsequent development wherein, howe occurs one remarkably good series of progressions. The 'Des mona *motif*' in E flat, first assigned to the oboe is not devoid of in est, although its effect is marred by the wearisome prolixity w which it is forced on the attention, in conjunction with subsidi contrapuntal material that is not by any means specially notewort After the reappearance of the principal subject, which has been led to by the prosy use of the opening phrase in different departments the orchestra, and the exposition of the second theme—this time A flat—a chromatic chaos, after the manner of Liszt, reigns supre until the coda in 6–8 is reached, which introduces a new figure the violin, supported by harmonic phrases for the bass, the w finally closing with the 'Desdemona Subject' in the tonic major."

* * *

John McCullough is to have a monument worthy of a great act And it is fitting that he should. He had never, it is true, attai the most exalted rank on the stage, but there were few at this that surpassed him, and he did much good work in his time. friends, therefore,—and it is an interesting fact that of the thi nine contributors but three, Stuart Robson, James Collier, and Willi J. Florence, are actors—have resolved to perpetuate his fame b costly monument. The selected design shows a Roman arch of N Scotia granite. Within, on a pedestal of black marble, will b statue in bronze of McCullough in the character of Virginius, desig by Mr. Henry J. Ellicott. Bronze reliefs, exhibiting Mr. McCullo in his most famous parts, will be placed on the pedestal of the stat Four flights of steps, of twelve each, will lead to the arches enclos the statue. A figure of Fame will be placed on the roof of the ar and the total cost will be nearly $25,000. No name will be placed the monument, the figure of the great actor in his *rôles* as Virgini and the reliefs representing his best known parts, being deem sufficient.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.

NOVEMBER.

Nov. 16	Milwaukee, Wis.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
19	Rockford, Ill.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Grand Rapids, Mich.	T. W. Keene.	*Hamlet.*
20	Louisiana, Mo.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Hamlet.*
	Richmond, Va.	Frederick Warde.	*Richard III.*
	Kalamazoo, Mich.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
23	Minneapolis, Minn.	T. W. Keene	*Hamlet.*
	Fitchburg, Mass.	Redmund-Barry Co.	*Mer. of Venice.*
	Louisville, Ky.	Modjeska.	*As You Like It.*
25–30	Philadelphia, Pa.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
24	Lynchburg, Va.	F. B. Warde.	*Richard III.*
	Reading, Pa.	W. E. Sheridian.	*King Lear.*
	Minneapolis, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Macbeth.*
	Worcester, Mass.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Edwin Booth.	*Othello.*
25	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Edwin Booth.	*Hamlet.*
	Milford, Mass.	Redmund-Barry Co.	*Mer. of Venice.*
	Minneapolis, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Macbeth.*
	Boston, Mass.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
26	Boston, Mass.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Minneapolis, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
	Louisville, Ky.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Galveston, Texas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
27	Galveston, Texas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Edwin Booth.	*Macbeth.*
	Raleigh, N. C.	F. B. Warde.	*Richard III.*
	Minneapolis, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
28	Boston, Mass.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	New Haven, Conn.	Redmund-Barry Co.	*Mer. of Venice.*
	Louisville, Ky.	Modjeska.	*As You Like It.*
	Minneapolis, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Hamlet.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Edwin Booth.	*Hamlet.* / *Kat. & Pet.*
	Cleveland, Ohio.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.*
30	St. Paul, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
	Natick, Mass.	Boston Comedy Co.	*Mer. of Venice.*
	Cincinnati, Ohio.	Modjeska.	*As You Like It.*
	San Antonio, Texas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
30	Boston, Mass.	Mary Anderson.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
1–5	Philadelphia, Pa.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
1–5	Boston, Mass.	Mary Anderson.	*Romeo & Juliet.*

DECEMBER.

Dec. 1	Boston, Mass.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
	St. Paul, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Macbeth.*
1–31	New York City.	Margaret Mather.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
2	St. Paul, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Othello.*
3	Boston, Mass.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Fort Worth, Texas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
5	St. Paul, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
4	Wichita, Kas.	Jaunauschek.	*Macbeth.*
	Marshall, Texas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.* / *Romeo & Juliet.*
	St. Paul, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Merchant of Venice.*
	Boston, Mass.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Austin, Texas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	St. Paul, Minn.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
	Cincinnati, Ohio.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
7	Atlanta, Ga.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Hamlet.*
	Indianapolis, Ind.	Modjeska.	*As You Like It.*
7	Milwaukee, Wis.	T. W. Keene.	*Hamlet.*
8	Milwaukee, Wis.	T. W. Keene.	*Macbeth.*
	Boston, Mass.	Salvini.	*King Lear.*
	Indianapolis, Ind.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Atlanta, Ga.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Macbeth.*
9	Fort Scott, Kas.	Jaunauschek.	*Macbeth.*
	Americus, Fla.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Hamlet.*
	Milwaukee, Wis.	T. W. Keene,	*Richard III.*
	Boston, Mass.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
10	Boston, Mass.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Detroit, Mich.	Modjeska.	*As You Like It.*
	Milwaukee, Wis.	T. W. Keene.	*Othello.*
	Columbus, Ga.	F. B. Warde.	*Richard III.*
11	Boston, Mass.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Boston, Mass.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Sedalia, Mo.	Jaunauschek.	*Macbeth.*
	Jacksonville, Fla.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Hamlet.*
	Milwaukee, Wis.	T. W. Keene.	*Mer. of Venice.*
12	Milwaukee, Wis.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
	Detroit, Mich.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Little Rock, Ark.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Vicksburg, Miss.	F. B. Warde.	*Richard III.*
	Wheeling, W. Va.	W. E. Sheridan.	*Mer. of Venice.*
	Oshkosh, Wis.	T. W. Keene.	*Macbeth.*
	Providence, R. I.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
24–31	Boston, Mass.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*

15	Madison, Wis.	T. W. Keene.	*Hamlet.*
	New Haven, Conn.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Philadelphia, Pa.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Kemble Dram. Club.	*Merry Wives.*
	Hartford, Conn.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	La Crosse, Wis.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
17	Philadelphia, Pa.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Worcester, Mass.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Dubuque, Iowa.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
18	Philadelphia, Pa.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Syracuse, N. Y.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Cedar Rapids, Iowa,	T. W. Keene.	*Othello.*
	Springfield, N. Y.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
19	Troy, N. Y.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Baltimore, Md.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Philadelphia, Pa.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Cedar Rapids, Iowa.	T. W. Keene.	*Hamlet.*
21	Charleston, S. C.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Hamlet.*
22	Peoria, Ill.	T. W. Keene.	*Hamlet.*
	Oil City, Pa.	W. E. Sheridan.	*Othello.*
	Evansville, Ind.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
23	Peoria, Ill.	T. W. Keene.	*Mer. of Venice.*
	Canandaigua, N. Y.	Helen Bancroft.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
	Buffalo, N. Y.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
24	Syracuse, N. Y.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Des Moines, Iowa.	T. W. Keene.	*Richard III.*
25	Wilmington, S. C.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Hamlet.*
	Philadelphia, Pa.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Much Ado.*
	Hartford, Conn.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Milford, Mass.	Claire-Scott Co.	*Macbeth.*
	Utica, N. Y.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Des Moines, Iowa.	T. W. Keene.	*Othello.* / *Richard III.*
26	Lancaster, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*As You Like It.*
	Lancaster, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*Hamlet.*
	Albany, N. Y.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
	Des Moines, Iowa.	T. W. Keene.	*Hamlet.* / *Macbeth.*
28	Quincy, Ill.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*

MISCELLANY.

Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard, will read *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Henry V*, and possibly *Twelfth Night*, with his classes this year. Last year the course consisted of *King Lear*, *Macbeth* 1 and 2, *Henry IV*, *Julius Cæsar*, *All's Well that ends Well*, and *The Tempest*.

The London *Graphic* of October 24th contains several views of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon, showing where the proposed alterations and restorations will be made. It states, in addition, that four thousand pounds have been raised for the purpose, of which one thousand has been contributed by C. E. Flower, Esq.

Mr. Appleton Morgan reviews some of the latest theories in regard to the Sonnets in an article entitled "Much Ado About Sonnets" in *The Catholic World* for November. He remarks, first, on the extreme inequality of the Sonnets themselves, and asks if any other reason than their poetic form can be assigned for their having been bound up together. In the second place, he thinks "the student of these sonnets would very quickly become satisfied that they are not either autobiographical of their authors or biographical of anybody else." He does not, however, put forth a theory of his own, but concludes as follows: — "We may open William Shakespeare's grave. We may find the inventory of all the world's goods of which he died possessed — the catalogue of his library, the disposition of his first-best bed. We may even dispose for ever the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. But neither with any nor with all of these may we lay the question as to what these sonnets mean. That catena will go on for ever! As to every other human tangle there is somebody somewhere to be subpœnaed. We can dive to find the submerged Atlantis; trace the suecessors of the lost tribes; supply the matter of the stolen books of Livy; we can import experts from Siam to testify as to the color of white elephants; but the sonnets will yet and for ever remain Sibylline leaves. As to the thread that will tie these together neither ghost nor Daniel shall ever rise to dispose."

The author takes altogether too gloomy a view of this very intricate problem. It is only too true that many unsatisfactory and useless attempts to decipher hidden meanings in the Sonnets. It is true that up to the present time no solution, no explanation, no interpretation has been proposed that has met with even tolerable support. But it is certainly too much to say that they can never be interpreted. Human ingenuity has supplied much information, devised many contrivances, made many discoveries that only a short time previous to their being made known, and it is a very unsafe thing to place arbi*trary* limits to the powers of human advancement.

The *New York Mirror* of November 14th, is accompanied by a superb chromo-lithograph representing the ball-room scene in Mr. J. M. Hill's gorgeous revival of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is an excellent reproduction of one of the most splendid scenes ever seen upon the stage, and forms a pleasing and valuable souvenir of this great revival.

The Cornhill Magazine for October contains an interesting article on "Lear's Fool." The author alludes to the constant misrepresentation that the fools of Shakespeare have been subjected to until they were finally omitted altogether from the acting versions of the plays. He then traces the reinstatement of Lear's Fool by Macready, until, at present, he is regararded as an integral part of the play, Lear without him loses half the force; he is Lear's Fool from the beginning to the end. The author does not think he was a boy, as did Macready, but maintains that he was a full-grown man, as King's jesters usually were. Had the Fool been present in the first scene he might have marred the whole plot of the play; his bitter taunts might have stopped Lear on the brink of the act of dividing the kingdoms. In the storm scene of the third Act, the sight of his poor shivering Fool is the only thing that moves the old King to take shelter. The presence and influence of the Fool in each scene of the play is admirably traced by the writer, who insists on the importance of the part. His reward, he concludes, was that of being the earliest of those loving storm-tossed souls to gain that rest denied them here, and find his peace "in another and a better world." The paper is one that will richly repay reading.

The Chicago *Current* has been making manful efforts to prove the genuineness of Mr. Gunther's much-talked of alleged autograph of Shakespeare. As far back as the 23rd of May it published an elaborate article on the subject, with facsimiles. Lately it has taken new interest in the matter, and the issues for October 24th and November 21st both contain editorial comments on it. The question of authenticity, of course, depends in some degree, upon the authenticity of the autograph of the Rev. John Ward, who was Vicar of Stratford beginning forty-six years after Shakespeare's death, and whose autograph is alleged to be on the fly-leaf of the volume. The supposed signature of Shakespeare, written in full, "William Shakespeare," is on a strip of paper pasted above the signature of Mr. Ward. On this the *Current* remarks, "If Ward wrote the Ward inscription, and if the autograph slip be of paper of Ward's time, then, whether Shakespeare wrote his name on it or not, the folio is doubtless worth $50,000 or more, because the probability of the poet's signature being authentic is enough for the generality of mankind—at least till a Ward folio shall appear with a slip written 'W. Shakespeare' instead of 'William' in full, according to the traditions first printed in 1839." The *Current* must

have a peculiar view of the gullability of mankind if it supposes that any such probability as it proposes would be at all satisfactory to any one. While pieces of paper were not so plentiful in Shakespeare's day as they are at present, Shakespeare's signature has come down to us on so few that the probability of one turning up in Utah two hundred and seventy-nine years after his death is very small indeed. The truth is, that while, of course, if the autograph is genuine it must be of Shakespeare's time, the main question to determine, the only one, in fact, is its pedigree; and all the time and labor spent on determining the date of the manufacture of the paper will be valueless while the pedigree is unknown or unsatisfactory. And yet *The Current* does not think this half so important as the necessity of passing upon the character of the Ward inscription. Its chain of title, it admits, can never be ascertained.

In its issue of November 21st *The Current* reverts to the subject again, this time to argue that as the condition of the book shows it could not have been rebound within the last century, it would "seem to prove beyond all reasonable doubt that the inscription on the fly-leaf, signed 'Jno. Ward,' was made prior to the year 1781, and any who may be disposed to think it a forgery will be compelled to admit that it is not a *modern* forgery at least." This is by no means so certain as *The Current* would have us suppose, for some of the most successful forgeries have been what it would probably designate as modern, and when one considers the enormous profit at stake, it may be accepted as certain that if it is a forgery, no stone would have been left unturned to make it a successful one. There can be no doubt but that Mr. Gunther entertains a thorough belief in its genuineness, but it is an open question whether he may not have been imposed upon himself. It must, however, be a satisfaction to all Shakespearians to know that the subject is being investigated by a committee of the Shakespeare Society of New York, and nothing definite can be said on either side until it has been made public. The standing of the Society and of the members of the committee leave no doubt of the thoroughness of the investigation.

Mr. Gunther visited England this summer and carried his precious volume with him. It is a pity that while there he did not visit Mr. J. O. Haliwell-Phillipps, whose exhaustive studies would have rendered his opinion of the autograph of great value. In a letter dated November 2nd, however, he says: "I have seen nothing of Mr. Gunther or the Ward-Shakespeare autograph. If the latter has arrived in England, let us hope that we shall have the opinion of our best judges, the experts at the British Museum, on the matter. So far from believing in its genuineness, the circumstances of the discovery are shady and point the other way." And with this opinion every one who has studied the subject dispassionately must agree.

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THOMAS MIDDLETON.

If it be true, as we are told on high authority, that the greatest glory of England is her literature and the greatest glory of English literature is its poetry, it is not less true that the greatest glory of English poetry lies rather in its dramatic than its epic or its lyric triumphs. The name of Shakespeare is above the names even of Milton and Coleridge and Shelly: and the names of his comardes in art and their immediate successors are above all but the highest names in any other province of our song. There is such an overflowing life, such a superb exuberance of abounding and exulting strength, in the dramatic poetry of the half-century extending from 1500 to 1640, that all other epochs of English literature seem as it were but half awake and half alive by comparison with this generation of giants and of gods. There is more sap in this than in any other branch of the national bay-tree; it has an energy in fertility which reminds us rather of the forest than the garden or the park. It is true that the weeds and briars of the underwood are but likely to embarrass and offend the feet of the rangers and the gardeners who trim the level flower-plots or preserve the domestic game of enclosed and ordered lowlands in the tamer demesnes of literature. The sun is strong and the wind sharp in the climate which reared the fellows and the followers of Shakespeare The extreme inequality and roughness of the ground must also be taken into account when we are disposed, as I for one have often been disposed, to wonder beyond measure at the apathetic ignorance of average students in regard of the abundant treasure to be gathered from this widest and most fruitful province in the poetic empire of England. And yet, since Charles Lamb threw open its gates to all comers in the ninth year of the present century, it cannot but seem strange that comparatively so few should have availed themselves of the entry to so rich and royal an estate. The subsequent labours of Mr. Dyce made the rough ways plain and the devious paths straight for all serious and worthy students. And now again Mr. Bullen has taken up a task than which none more ardous and important, none worthier of thanks and praise, can be undertaken by any English scholar. In his beautiful and valuable edition of Marlowe there are but two points to which exception may be taken. It was, *I think, a fault of omission* to exclude the apocryphal

play of *Lust's Dominion* from a place in the appendix: it was, I am certain, a fault of commission to admit instead of it the much bepuffed and very puffy rubbish of the late Mr. Horne. That clever, versatile, and energetic writer never went so far out of his depth, or floundered so pitifully in such perilous waters, as when he ventured to put verses of his own into the mouth of Christopher Marlowe. These errors we must all hope to see rectified in a second issue of the text: and meantime we can but welcome with all possible gratitude and applause the magnificent series of old plays by unknown writers which we owe to the keen research and the fine appreciation of Marlowe's latest editor. Of these I may find some future occasion to speak: my present business is with the admirable poet who has been promoted to the second place in Mr. Bullen's collection of the English dramatists.

The selection of Middleton for so distinguished a place of honor may probably not approve itself to the judgment of all experts in dramatic literature. Charles Lamb, as they will all remember, would have advised the editor 'to begin with the collected plays of Heywood:' which as yet, like the plays of Dekker, of Marston, and of Chapman, remain unedited in any serious or scholarly sense of the term. The existing reprints merely reproduce, without adequate elucidation or correction, the corrupt and chaotic text of the worst early editions: while Middleton has for upwards of half a century enjoyed the privilege denied to men who are usually accounted his equals if not his superiors in poetic if not in dramatic genius. Even for an editor of the ripest learning and the highest ability there is comparatively little to do where Mr. Dyce has been before him in the field. However, we must all give glad and grateful welcome to a new edition of a noble poet who has never yet received his full meed of praise and justice: though our gratitude and our gladness may be quickened and dilated by the proverbial sense of further favours to come.

The first word of modern tribute to the tragic genius of Thomas Middleton was not spoken by Charles Lamb. Four years before the appearance of the priceless volume which established his fame for ever among all true lovers of English poetry by copious excerpts from five of the most characteristic works, Walter Scott, in a note on the fifty-sixth stanza of the second fytte of the metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, had given a passing word of recognition to the 'horribly striking' power of 'some passages' in Middleton's masterpiece: which was first reprinted eleven years later, in the fourth volume of Dilke's Old Plays. Lamb, surprisingly enough, has given not a single extract from that noble tragedy: it was reserved for Leigh Hunt, when speaking of its author, to remark that 'there is one character of his (De Flores in *The Changeling*) which, for effect at once tragical, *probable, and poetical,* surpasses anything I know of in the drama of

domestic life.' The praise is not a whit too high: the truth could not have been better said.

The play with which Mr. Bullen, altering the arrangement adopted by Mr. Dyce, opens his edition of Middleton, is a notable example of the best and the worst qualities which distinguish or disfigure the romantic comedy of the Shakespearean age. The rude and reckless composition, the rough intrusion of savourless farce, the bewildering combinations of incident and the far more bewildering fluctuations of character—all the inconsistences, incongruities, incoherences of the piece are forgotten when the reader remembers and reverts to the passages of exquisite and facinating beauty which relieve and redeem the utmost errors of negligence and haste. To find anything more delightful more satisfying in its pure and simple perfection of loveliness, we must turn to the very best examples of Shakespeare's youthful work. Nay, it must be allowed that in one or two of the master's earliest plays—in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for instance —we shall find nothing comparable for charm and sincerity of sweet and passionate fancy with such enchanting verses as these.

> O happy persecution, I embrace thee
> With an unfettered soul! So sweet a thing
> It is to sigh upon the rack of love,
> Where each calamity is groaning witness
> Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard
> Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
> With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
> The leaves off the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
> Love, bred on earth, is often nursed in hell:
> By rote it reads woe, ere it learn to spell.

Again: the 'secure tyrant, but unhappy lover,' whose prisoner and rival has thus expressed his triumphant resignation, is counselled by his friend to 'go laugh and lie down,' as not having slept for three nights; but answers, in words even more delicious than his supplanter's:

> Alas, how can I? he that truly loves
> Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
> And when the lamb bleating doth bid good night
> Unto the closing day, then tears begin
> To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
> Shrieks like the bellman in the lover's ears:
> Love's eye the jewel of sleep, O, seldom wears!
> The early lark is wakened from her bed,
> Being only by love's plaints disquieted;
> And, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
> Being deep in love, at lover's broken sleeps:
> But say a golden slumber chance to tie
> With silken strings the cover of love's eye,
> Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
> Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent

Perfect in music, faultless in feeling, exquisite in refined simplicity of expression, this passage is scarcely more beautiful and noble than one or two in the play which follows. The *Phœnix* is a quaint and homely compound of satirical realism in social studies with utopian invention in the figure of an ideal prince, himself a compound of Harun al-Rashid and 'Albert the Good,' who wanders through the play as a detective in disguise, and appears in his own person at the close to discharge in full the general and particular claims of justice and philanthropy. The whole work is slight and sketchy, primitive if not puerile in parts, but easy and amusing to read; the confidence reposed by the worthy monarch in noblemen of such unequivocal nomenclature as Lord Proditor, Lussurioso, and Infesto, is one of the signs that we are here still on the debatable borderland between the old Morality and the new Comedy—a province where incarnate vices and virtues are seen figuring and posturing in what can scarcely be called masquerade. But the two fine soliloquies of Phœnix on the corruption of the purity of law (Act i. scene iv.) and the profanation of the sanctity of marriage (Act ii. scene ii.) are somewhat riper and graver in style, with less admixture of rhyme and more variety of cadence, than the lovely verses above quoted. Milton's obligation to the latter passage is less direct than to his earlier obligation to a later play of Middleton's from which he transferred one of the most beautiful as well as most famous images in *Lycidas*: but his early and intimate acquaintance with Middleton had apparently (as Mr. Dyce seems to think[1]) left in the ear of the blind old poet a more or less distinct echo from the noble opening verses of the dramatist's address to 'reverend and honourable matrimony.'

In *Michaelmas Term* the realism of Middleton's comic style is no longer alloyed or flavoured with poetry or fancy. It is an excellent Hogarthian comedy, full of rapid and vivid incident, of pleasant or indignant humor. Its successor, *A Trick to catch the Old One*, is by far the best play Middleton had yet written, and one of the best he ever wrote. The merit of this and his other good comedies does not indeed consist in any new or subtle study of character, any Shakesperean creation or Jonsonian invention of humours or of men: the spendthrifts and the misers, the courtesans and the dotards, are figures borrowed from the common stock of stage tradition: it is the

[1] Mr. Dyce would no doubt have altered his opinion had he lived to see the evidence adduced by the Director of the New Meltun Society that the real author of *A Game at Chess* was none other than John Milton himself: whose earliest poems had appeared the year before the publication of that anti-papal satire. This discovery is only less curious and precions than a later revelation which we must accept on the same authority, that *Comus*, was written by Sir John Suckling, *Paradise Regained* by Lord Rochester, and *Samson Agonistes*. by Elkanah Settle: while on the other hand it may be affirmed with no less confidence that Milton—who never would allow his name to be spelt right on the title-page or under the dedication of any work published by him—owed his immunity from punishment after the Restoration to the admitted act that he was the real author of Dryden's *Astræa Redux*.

vivid variety of incident and intrigue, the freshness and ease and vigour of the style, the clear straightforward energy and vivacity of the action, that the reader finds most praiseworthy in the best comic work of such ready writers as Middleton and Dekker. The dialogue has sometimes touches of real humour and flashes of genuine wit: but its readable and enjoyable quality is generally independent of these. Very witty writing may be very dreary reading, for want of natural animation and true dramatic movement: and in these qualities at least the rough and ready work of our old dramatists is seldom if ever deficient.

It is, however, too probable that the reader's enjoyment may be crossed by a dash of exasperation when he finds a writer of real genius so reckless of fame and self-respect as the pressure of want or the weariness of overwork seems but too often and too naturally to have made too many of the great dramatic journeymen whose powers were half-wasted or half-worn out in the struggle for bare bread. No other excuse than this can be advanced for the demerit of Middleton's next comedy. Had the author wished to show how well and how ill he could write at his worst and at his best, he could have given no fairer proof than by the publication of the two plays issued under his name in the year 1608. *The Family of Love* is in my judgment unquestionably and incomparably the worst of Middleton's plays: very course, very dull, altogether distasteful and ineffectual. As a religious satire it is so utterly pointless as to leave no impression of any definite folly or distinctive knavery in the doctrine or the practice of the particular sect held up by name to ridicule: an obscure body of feather-headed fanatics, concerning whom we can only be certain that they were decent and inoffensive in comparison with the yelling Yahoos whom the scandalous and senseless license of our own day allows to run and roar about the country unmuzzled and unwhipped.

There is much more merit in the broad comedy of *Your Five Gallants*, a curious burlesque study of manners and morals not generally commendable for imitation. The ingenious and humorous invention which supplies a centre for the picture and a pivot for the action is most singularly identical with the device of a modern detective as recorded by the greatest English writer of his day 'The Butcher's Story,' told to Dickens by the Policeman who had played the part of the innocent young butcher, may be profitably compared by lovers of detective humour with the story of Fitzgrave —a 'thrice worthy' gentleman who under the disguise of a young gull fresh from college succeeds in circumventing and unmasking the five associated swindlers of variously villainous professions by whom a fair and amiable heiress is beleagured and befooled. The play is somewhat crude and hasty in construction, but full of life and fun and grotesque variety of humorous event.

The first of Middleton's plays to attract notice from students of a later generation, *A Mad World, my Masters*, if not quite so thoroughly good a comedy as *A Trick to catch the Old One*, must be allowed to contain the very best comic character ever drawn or sketched by the fertile and flowing pen of its author. The prodigal grandfather, Sir Bounteous Progress, is perhaps the most lifelike figure of a good-humoured and liberal old libertine that ever amused or scandalized a tolerant or intolerant reader. The chief incidents of the action are admirably humorous and ingenious; but the matrimonial part of the catastrophe is something more than repulsive, and the singular intervention of a real live succubus, less terrible in her seductions than her sister of the *Contes Drolatiques*, can hardly seem happy or seasonable to a generation which knows not King James and his Demonology.

Of the two poets occasionally associated with Middleton in the composition of a play, Dekker seems usually to have taken in hand the greater part, and Rowley the lesser part, of the composite poem engendered by their joint efforts. The style of *The Roaring Girl* is full of Dekker's peculiar mannerisms: slipshod and straggling metre, incongruous touches or flashes of fanciful or lyrical expression, reckless and awkward inversions, irrational and irrepressible outbreaks of irregular and fitful rhyme. And with all these faults it is more unmistakably the style of a born poet than is the usual style of Middleton. Dekker would have taken a high place among the finest if not among the greatest of English poets if he had but had the sense of form—the instinct of composition. Whether it was modesty, indolence, indifference or incompetence, some drawback or shortcoming there was which so far impaired the quality of his strong and delicate genius that it is impossible for his most ardent and cordial admirer to say or think of his very best work that it really does him justice—that it adequately represents the fullness of his unquestionable powers. And yet it is certain that Lamb was not less right than usual when he said that Dekker 'had poetry enough for anything.' But he had not constructive power enough for the trade of a playwright—the trade in which he spent so many weary years of ill-requited labour. This comedy in which we first find him associated with Middleton is well written and well contrived, and fairly diverting—especially to an idle or an uncritical reader; though even such a one may suspect that the heroine here represented as a virginal virago must have been in fact rather like Dr. Johnson'a fair friend Bet Flint; of whom the Great Lexicographer 'used to say that she was generally slut and drunkard; occasionally whore and thief' (Boswell, May 8, 1781). The parallel would have been more nearly complete if Moll Cutpurse 'had written her own Life in verse,' and brought it to Selden or Bishop Hall with a request that he would *furnish her with a* preface to it. But the seventeenth century was *inadequate to so perfect* a production of the kind; and we doubt not

through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of girls are widened with the process of the suns.

The plays of Middleton are not so properly divisible into tragic and comic as into realistic and romantic—into plays of which the mainspring is essentially prosaic or photographic, and plays of which the mainspring is principally fanciful or poetical. Two only of the former class remain to be mentioned; *Anything for a Quiet Life*, and *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. There is very good stuff in the plot or groundwork of the former, but the workmanship is hardly worthy of the material. Mr. Bullen ingeniously and plausibly suggests the partnership of Shirley in this play; but the conception of the character in which he discerns a likeness to the touch of the lesser dramatist is happier and more original than such a comparison would indicate. The young stepmother whose affectation of selfish levity and grasping craft is really designed to cure her husband of his infatuation, and to reconcile him with the son who regards her as his worst enemy, is a figure equally novel, effective and attractive. The honest shopkeeper and his shrewish wife may remind us again of Dickens by their points of likeness to Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby; though the reformation of the mercer's jealous vixen is brought about by more humorous and less tragical means than the repentance of the law-stationer's 'little woman.' George the apprentice, through whose wit and energy this happy consummation becomes possible, is a very original and amusing example of the young Londoner of the period. But there is more humour, though very little chastity, in the *Chaste Maid*; a play of quite exceptional freedom and audacity, and certainly one of the drollest and liveliest that ever broke the bounds of propriety or shook the sides of merriment.

The opening of *More Dissemblers besides Women* is as full at once of comic and of romantic promise as the upshot of the whole is unsatisfactory—a most lame and impotent conclusion. But some of the dialogue is exquisite; full of flowing music and gentle grace, of ease and softness and fancy and spirit; and the part of a poetic or romantic Joseph Surface, as perfect in the praise of virtue as in the practice of vice, is one of Middleton's really fine and happy inventions. In the style of *The Widow* there is no less fluency and facility: it is throughout identical with that of Middleton's other comedies in metre; a style which has so many points in common with Fletcher's as to make the apocryphal attribution of a share in this comedy to the hand of the greater poet more plausible than many other ascriptions of the kind. I am inclined nevertheless to agree with Mr. Bullen's apparent opinion that the whole credit of this brilliant play may be reasonably assigned to Middleton; and especially with his remark that the only scene in which any resemblance to the manner of Ben Jonson can be traced by the most determined ingenuity of critical research is more *like the work of* a pupil than like a hasty

sketch of the master's. There is no lack of energetic invention and beautiful versification in another comedy of adventure and intrigue, *No Wit, no help like a Woman's:* the unpleasant or extravagant quality of certain incidents in the story is partially neutralized or modified by the unfailing charm of a style worthy of Fletcher himself in his ripest and sweetest stage of poetic comedy.

But high above all the works yet mentioned there stands and will stand conspicuous while noble emotion and noble verse have honour among English readers the pathetic and heroic play so memorably appreciated by Charles Lamb, *A Fair Quarrel.* It would be the vainest and emptiest impertinence to offer a word in echo of his priceless and imperishable praise. The delicate nobility of the central conception on which the hero's character depends for its full relief and development should be enough to efface all remembrance of any defect or default in moral taste, any shortcoming on the æsthetic side of ethics, which may be detected in any slighter or hastier example of the poet's invention. A man must be dull and slow of sympathies indeed who cannot respond in spirit to that bitter cry of chivalrous and manful agony at sense of the shadow of a mother's shame:

> Quench, my spirit,
> And out with honour's flaming lights within thee!
> Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood!
> I never shall have use of valour more.

Middleton has no second hero like Captian Ager; but where is there another so thoroughly noble and lovable among all the characters of all the dramatists of his time but Shakespeare?

The part taken by Rowley in this play is easy for any tiro in criticism to verify. The rough and crude genius of that perverse and powerful writer is not seen here by any means at its best. I cannot as yet claim to an exhaustive acquaintance with his works, but judging from what I have read of them I should say that his call was rather towards tragedy than towards comedy; that his mastery of severe and serious emotion was more genuine and more natural than his command of satirical or grotesque realism. The tragedy in which he has grappled with the subject afterwards so differently handled in the first and greatest of Landor's tragedies is to me of far more interest and value than such comedies as that which kindled the enthusiasm of a loyal Londoner in the civic sympathies of Lamb. Disfigured as it is towards the close by indulgence in mere horror and brutality after the fashion of Andronicus or Jeronimo, it has more beauty and power and pathos in its best scenes than a reader of his comedies—as far as I know them—would have expected. There are noticeable points of likeness—apart from the coincidence of subject—between this and Mr. Caldwell Roscoe's noble tragedy of *Violenzia.* But in the underplot of *A Fair Quarrel* Rowley's besetting faults of

coarseness and quaintness, stiffness and roughness, are so flagrant and obtrusive that we cannot avoid a feeling of regret and irritation at such untimely and inharmonious evidence of his partnership with a poet of finer if not of sturdier genius. The same sense of discord and inequality will be aroused on comparison of the worse with the better parts of *The Old Law*. The clumsiness and dullness of the farcical interludes can hardly be paralleled in the rudest and hastiest scenes of Middleton's writing: while the sweet and noble dignity of the finer passages have the stamp of his ripest and tenderest genius on every line and in every cadence. But for sheer bewildering incongruity there is no play known to me which can be compared with *The Mayor of Queenborough*. Here again we find a note so dissonant and discordant in the lighter parts of the dramatic concert that we seem at once to recognize the harsher and hoarser instrument of Rowley. The farce is even more extravagantly and preposterously mistimed and misplaced than that which disfigures the play just mentioned; but I thoroughly agree with Mr. Bullen's high estimate of the power displayed and maintained throughout the tragic and poetic part of this drama; to which no previous critic has ever vouchsafed a word of due acknowledgment. The story is ugly and unnatural, but its repulsive effect is transfigured or neutralized by the charm of tender or passionate poetry; and it must be admitted that the hideous villainy of Vortiger and Horsus affords an opening for subsequent scenic effects of striking and genuine tragical interest.

The difference between the genius of Middleton and the genius of Dekker could not be better illustrated than by comparison of their attempts at political and patriotic allegory. The lazy, slovenly, impatient genius of Dekker flashes out by fits and starts on the reader of the play in which he has expressed his English hatred of Spain and Popery, his English pride in the rout of the Armada, and his English gratitude for the part played by Queen Elizabeth in the crowning struggle of the time: but his most cordial admirer can hardly consider *The Whore of Babylon* a shining or satisfactory example of dramatic art. The play which brought Middleton into prison, and earned for the actors a sum so far beyond parallel as to have seemed incredible till the fullest evidence was procured, is one of the most complete and exquisite works of artistic ingenuity and dexterity that ever excited or offended, enraptured or scandalized an audience of friends or enemies: the only work of English poetry which may properly be called Aristophanic. It has the same depth of civic seriousness, the same earnest ardour and devotion to the old cause of the old country, the same solid fervour of enthusiasm and indignation, which animated the third great poet of Athens against the corruption of art by the sophistry of Euripides and the corruption of manhood by the sophistry of Socrates. The delicate skill of the workmanship can only be appreciated by careful and thorough study;

but that the infusion of poetic fancy and feeling into the generally comic and satiric style is hardly unworthy of the comparison which I have ventured to challenge, I will take but one brief extract for evidence.

> Upon thoseli ps, the sweet fresh buds of youth,
> The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
> Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn
> Upon a bashful rose.

Here for once even 'that celestial thief' John Milton has impaired rather than improved the effect of the beautiful phrase borrowed from an earlier and inferior poet. His use of Middleton's exquisite image is not quite so apt—so perfectly picturesque and harmonious —as the use to which it was put by the inventor.

Nothing in the age of Shakespeare is so difficult for an English-man of our own age to realize as the temper, the intelligence, the serious and refined elevation of an audience which was at once capable of enjoying and applauding the roughest and coarsest kinds of pleasantry, the rudest and crudest scenes of violence, and competent to appreciate the finest and the highest reaches of poetry, the subtlest and the most sustained allusions of ethical or political symbolism. The large and long popularity of an exquisite dramatic or academic allegory such as *Lingua*, which would seem to appeal only to readers of exceptional education, exceptional delicacy of perception, and exceptional quickness of wit, is hardly more remarkable than the popular success of a play requiring such keen constancy of attention, such vivid wakefulness and promptitude of apprehension, as this even more serious than fantastic work of Middleton's. The vulgarity and puerility of all modern attempts at any comparable effect need not be cited to throw into relief the essential finish, the impassioned intelligence, the high spiritual and literary level, of these crowded and brilliant and vehement five acts. Their extreme cleverness, their indefatigable ingenuity, would in any case have been remarkable: but their fulness of active and poetic life gives them an interest far deeper and higher and more permanent than the mere sense of curiosity and wonder.

But if *A Game at Chess* is especially distinguished by its complete and thorough harmony of execution and design, the lack of any such artistic merit in another famous work of Middleton's is such as once more to excite that irritating sense of inequality, irregularity, inconstancy of genius and inconsequence of aim, which too often besets and bewilders the student of our early dramatists. There is poetry enough in *The Witch* to furnish forth a whole generation of poeticules: but the construction or composition of the play, the arrangement and evolution of event, the distinction or development of character, would do less than little credit to a boy of twelve; who *at any* rate would hardly have thought of patching up so ridiculous a

reconciliation between intending murderers and intended victims as here exceeds in absurdity the chaotic combination of accident and error which disposes of inconvenient or superfluous underlings. But though neither Mr. Dyce nor Mr. Bullen has been at all excessive or unjust in his animadversions on these flagrant faults and follies, neither editor has given his author due credit for the excellence of style, of language and versification, which makes this play readable throughout with pleasure, if not always without impatience. Fletcher himself, the acknowledged master of the style here adopted by Middleton, has left no finer example of metrical fluency and melodious ease. The fashion of dialogue and composition is no doubt rather feminine than masculine: Marlowe and Jonson, Webster and Beaumont, Tourneur and Ford,—to cite none but the greatest of authorities in this kind—wrote a firmer if not a freer hand, struck a graver if not a sweeter note of verse: this rapid effluence of easy expression is liable to lapse into conventional efflux of facile improvisation: but such command of it as Middleton's is impossible to any but a genuine and a memorable poet.

As for the supposed obligations of Shakespeare to Middleton or Middleton to Shakespeare, the imaginary relations of *The Witch* to *Macbeth* or *Macbeth* to *The Witch*, I can only say that the investigation of this subject seems to me as profitable as a research into the natural history of snakes in Iceland. That the editors to whom we owe the miserably defaced and villainously garbled text which is all that has reached us of *Macbeth*, not content with the mutilation of the greater poet, had recourse to the interpolation of a few superfluous and incongruous lines or fragments from the lyric portions of the lesser poet's work—that the players who mangled Shakespeare were the pilferers who plundered Middleton—must be obvious to all but those (if any such yet exist anywhere) who are capable of believing the unspeakably impudent assertion of those mendacious malefactors that they have left us a pure and perfect edition of Shakespeare. These passages are all thoroughly in keeping with the general tone of the lesser work; it would be tautology to add that they are no less utterly out of keeping with the general tone of the other. But in their own way nothing can be finer: they have a tragic liveliness in ghastliness, a grotesque animation of horror, which no other poet has ever conceived or conveyed to us. The difference between Michel Angelo and Goya, Tintoretto and Gustave Doré, does not quite efface the right of the minor artists to existence and remembrance.

The tragedy of *Women beware Women*, whether or not it be accepted as the masterpiece of Middleton, is at least an excellent example of the facility and fluency and equable promptitude of style which all students will duly appreciate and applaud in the riper and completer work of this admirable poet. It is full to overflowing of

noble eloquence, of inventive resource and suggestive effect, of rhetorical affluence and theatrical ability. The opening or exposition of the play is quite masterly: and the scene in which the forsaken husband is seduced into consolation by the temptress of his wife is worthy of all praise for the straightforward ingenuity and the serious delicacy by which the action is rendered credible and the situation endurable. But I fear that few or none will be found to disagree with my opinion that no such approbation or tolerance can be reasonably extended so as to cover or condone the offences of either the underplot or the upshot of the play. The one is repulsive beyond redemption by elegance of style, the other is preposterous beyond extenuation on the score of logic or poetical justice. Those who object on principle to solution by massacre must object in consistency to the conclusions of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*: nor are the results of Webster's tragic invention more questionable or less inevitable than the results of Shakespeare's: but the dragnet of murder which gathers in the characters at the close of this play is as promiscuous in its sweep as that cast by Cyril Tourneur over the internecine shoal of sharks who are hauled in and ripped open at the close of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Had Middleton been content with the admirable subject of his main action, he might have given us a simple and unimpeachable masterpiece: and even as it is he has left us a noble and a memorable work. It is true that the irredeemable infamy of the leading characters degrades and deforms the nature of the interest excited: the good and gentle old mother whose affectionate simplicity is so gracefully and attractively painted passes out of the story and drops out of the list of actors just when some redeeming figure is most needed to assuage the dreariness of disgust with which we follow the fortunes of so meanly criminal a crew: and the splendid eloquence of the only other respectable person in the play is not of itself sufficient to make a living figure, rather than a mere mouthpiece for indignant emotion, of so subordinate and inactive a character as the Cardinal. The lower comedy of the play is identical in motive with that which defaces the master-work of Ford: more stupid and offensive it hardly could be. But the high comedy of the scene between Livia and the Widow is as fine as the best work in that kind left us by the best poets and humourists of the Shakespearean age; it is not indeed unworthy of the comparison with Chaucer's which it suggested to the all but impeccable judgment of Charles Lamb.

The lack of moral interest and sympathetic attraction in the characters and the story, which has been noted as the principal defect in the otherwise effective composition of *Women beware Women*, is an objection which cannot be brought against the graceful tragicomedy of *The Spanish Gipsy*. Whatever is best in the tragic or in the romantic part of this play bears the stamp of Middleton's genius alike in the sentiment and the style. 'The code of modern morals, 'to

borrow a convenient phrase from Shelley, may hardly incline us to accept as plausible or as possible the repentance and the redemption of so brutal a ruffian as Roderigo: but the vivid beauty of the dialogue is equal to the vivid interest of the situation which makes the first act one of the most striking in any play of the time. The double action has some leading points in common with two of Fletcher's, which have nothing in common with each other: Merione in *The Queen of Corinth* is less interesting than Clara, but the vagabonds of *Beggars' Bush* are more amusing than Rowley's or Middleton's. The play is somewhat deficient in firmness or solidity of construction: it is, if such a phrase be permissible, one of those half-baked or underdone dishes of various and confused ingredients, in which the cook's or the baker's hurry has impaired the excellent materials of wholesome bread and savoury meat. The splendid slovens who served their audience with spiritual work in which the gods had mixed 'so much of earth, so much of heaven, and such impetuous blood'—the generous and headlong purveyors who lavished on their daily provision of dramatic fare such wealth of fine material and such prodigality of superfluous grace—the foremost followers of Marlowe and of Shakespeare were too prone to follow the reckless example of the first rather than the severe example of the second. There is perhaps not one of them—and Middleton assuredly is not one—whom we can reasonably imagine capable of the patience and self-respect which induced Shakespeare to rewrite the triumphantly popular parts of Romeo, of Falstaff, and of Hamlet, with an eye to the literary perfection and permanence of work which in its first light outline had won the crowning suffrage of immediate or spectacular applause.

The rough and ready hand of Rowley may be traced, not indeed in the more high-toned passages, but in many of the most animated scenes of *The Spanish Gipsy*. In the most remarkable of the ten masques or interludes which appear among the collected works of Middleton the two names are again associated. To the freshness, liveliness, and spiritual ingenuity of this little allegorical comedy Mr. Bullen has done ample justice in his excellent critical introduction. *The Inner-Temple Masque*, less elaborate than *The World Tost at Tennis*, shows no lack of homely humour and invention: and in the others there is as much waste of fine flowing verse and facile fancy as ever excited the rational regret of a modern reader at the reckless profusion of literary power which the great poets of the time were content to lavish on the decoration or exposition of an ephemeral pageant. Of Middleton's other minor works, apocryphal or genuine, I will only say that his authorship of *Microcynicon*—a dull and crabbed imitation of Marston's worst work as a satirist—seems to be utterly incredible. A lucid and melodious fluency of style is the mark of all his metrical writing: and this stupid piece of obscure and clumsy jargon could have been the work *of no man endowed* with more faculty of expres-

sion that informs or modulates the whine of an average pig. Nor is it rationally conceivable that the Thomas Middleton who soiled some reams of paper with what he was pleased to consider or to call a paraphrase of the *Wisdom of Solomon* can have had anything but a poet's name in common with a poet. This name is not like that of the great writer whose name is attached to *The Transformed Metamorphosis*: there can hardly have been two Cyril Tourneurs in the field, but there may well have been half a dozen Thomas Middletons. And Tourneur's abortive attempt at allegoric discourse is but a preposterous freak of prolonged eccentricity: this paraphrase is simply a tideless sea of limitless and inexhaustible drivel. There are three reasons—two of them considerable, but the third conclusive—for assigning to Middleton the two satirical tracts in the style of Nash, or rather of Dekker, which appeared in the same year with his initials subscribed to their prefatory addresses. Mr. Dyce thought they were written by the poet whose ready verse and realistic humour are both well represented in their text: Mr. Bullen agrees with Mr. Dyce in thinking that they are the work of Middleton. And Mr. Carew Hazlitt thinks that they are not.

No such absolute and final evidence as this can be adduced in favour or disfavour of the theory which would saddle the reputation of Middleton with the authorship of a dull and disjointed comedy, the work (it has hitherto been supposed) of the German substitute for Shakespeare. Middleton has no doubt left us more crude and shapeless plays than *The Puritan*; none, in my opinion,—excepting always his very worst authentic example of farce or satire, *The Family of Love*—so heavy and so empty and so feeble. If it must be assigned to any author of higher rank than the new Shakspere, I would suggest that it is much more like Rowley's than like Middleton's worst work. Of the best qualities which distinguish either of these writers as poet or as humourist, it has not the shadow or the glimmer of a vestige.

In the last and the greatest work which bears their united names —a work which should suffice to make either name immortal if immortality were other than an accidental attribute of genius—the very highest capacity of either poet is seen at its very best. There is more of mere poetry, more splendour of style and vehemence of verbal inspiration, in the work of other poets then writing for the stage: the two masterpieces of Webster are higher in tone at their highest, more imaginative and more fascinating in their expression of terrible or of piteous wrath: there are more superb harmonies, more glorious raptures of ardent and eloquent music, in the sometimes unsurpassed and unsurpassable poetic passion of Cyril Tourneur. But even Webster's men seem but splendid sketches, as Tourneur's seem but shadowy or fiery outlines, beside the perfect and living figure of De Flores. The man is so horribly human, so fearfully and wonderfully natural, in his single-hearted brutality of devotion, his absolute

absorption of soul and body by one consuming force of passionately cynical desire, that we must go to Shakespeare for an equally original and an equally unquestionable revelation of indubitable truth. And in no play by Beaumont and Fletcher is the concord between the two partners more singularly complete in unity of spirit and of style than throughout the tragic part of this play. The underplot from which it most unluckily and absurdly derives its title is very stupid, rather coarse, and almost vulgar: but the two great parts of Beatrice and De Flores are equally consistent, coherent and sustained, in the scenes obviously written by Middleton and in the scenes obviously written by Rowley. The subordinate part taken by Middleton in Dekker's play of *The Honest Whore* is difficult to discern from the context or to verify by inner evidence: though some likeness to his realistic or photographic method may be admitted as perceptible in the admirable picture of Bellafront's morning reception at the opening of the second act of the first part. But here we may assert with fair confidence that the first and the last scenes of the play bear the indisputable sign-manual of William Rowley. His vigorous and vivid genius, his somewhat hard and curt directness of style and manner, his clear and trenchant power of straightforward presentation or exposition, may be traced in every line as plainly as the hand of Middleton must be recognized in the main part of the tragic action intervening. To Rowley therefore must be assigned the very high credit of introducing and of dismissing with adequate and even triumphant effect the strangely original tragic figure which owes its fullest and finest development to the genius of Middleton. To both poets alike must unqualified and equal praise be given for the subtle simplicity of skill with which they make us appreciate the fatal and foreordained affinity between the ill-favoured, rough-mannered, broken-down gentleman, and the headstrong unscrupulous unobservant girl whose very abhorrence of him serves only to fling her down from her high station of haughty beauty into the very clutch of his ravenous and pitiless passion. Her cry of horror and astonishment at first perception of the price to be paid for a service she had thought to purchase with mere money is so wonderfully real in its artless and ingenuous sincerity that Shakespeare himself could hardly have bettered it:

> Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
> And shelter such a cunning cruelty,
> To make his death the murderer of my honour!

That note of incredulous amazement that the man whom she has just instigated to the commission of murder 'can be so wicked' as to have served her ends for any end of his own beyond the pay of a professional assassin is a touch worthy of the greatest dramatist that ever lived. The perfect simplicity of expression is as notable as the perfect innocence of her surprise; the candid astonishment of a nature ab-

solutely incapable of seeing more than one thing or holding more than one thought at a time. That she, the first criminal, should be honestly shocked as well as physically horrified by revelation of the real motive which impelled her accomplice into crime, gives a lurid streak of tragic humour to the lifelike interest of the scene; as the pure infusion of spontaneous poetry throughout redeems the whole work from the charge of vulgar subservience to a vulgar taste for the presentation or the contemplation of criminal horror. Instances of this happy and natural nobility of instinct abound in the casual expressions which give grace and animation always, but never any touch of rhetorical transgression or florid superfluity, to the brief and trenchant swordplay of the tragic dialogue.

> That sigh would fain have utterance · take pity on't,
> And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
> For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
> Beat at your bosom.

The wording of this passage is sufficient to attest the presence and approve the quality of a poet: the manner and the moment of its introduction would be enough to show the instinctive and inborn insight of a natural dramatist. As much may be said of the few words which give us a ghastly glimpse of supernatural terror:—

> Ha! what art thou that tak'st away the light
> Betwixt that star and me? I dread thee not:
> 'Twas but a mist of conscience.

But the real power and genius of the work cannot be shown by extracts—not even by such extracts as these. His friend and colleague Dekker shows to better advantage by the process of selection: hardly one of his plays leaves so strong and sweet an impression of its general and complete excellence as of separate scenes or passages of tender and delicate imagination or emotion beyond the reach of Middleton: but the tragic unity and completness of conception which distinguish this masterpiece will be sought in vain among the less firm and solid figures of his less serious and profound invention. Had *The Changeling* not been preserved, we should not have known Middleton: as it is, we are more than justified in asserting that a critic who denies him a high place among the poets of England must be not merely ignorant of the qualities which involve a right or confer a claim to this position, but incapable of curing his ignorance by any process of study. The rough and rapid work which absorbed too much of this poet's time and toil seems almost incongruous with the impression made by the noble and thoughtful face, so full of gentle dignity and earnest composure, in which we recognise the graver and loftier genius of a man worthy to hold his own beside all but the greatest of his age. And that age was the age of Shakespeare.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ÆSCHYLUS AND SHAKESPEARE.

THE *EUMENIDES* AND *HAMLET*.

"It is a dull play was the criticism which mroe than once met the ear of the spectator of the *Eumenides* as given at Cambridge this December, 1885. The music, the *mise-en-scène*, the spirit, grace, and beauty of the actors, all had their full meed of praise, but it was somewhat at the expense of the poet, who was felt to have kept his audience a long time listening to a story which contained very little incident, character painting, or fine poetry. The remark, together with the reminiscence which the play suggests of one which has never been thought dull, must have set more than one spectator pondering on the different kind of interest demanded by an Athenian and an English audience; and the question, how it is that human nature changes its demand for particular kinds of interest with the progress of the ages is a problem of perennial interest.

Perhaps we may imagine the difference between the kind of attention given to dramatic representation by Athenians and by modern Englishmen, if we conceive a child thinking he is to be taken to see Madame Tussaud's, and finding himself among the Elgin marbles. The demand for a story, as we understand the words, in connection with the drama, would probably impress a Greek much as the demand for the accessories of waxwork among sculpture would impress us. It was not that they were wholly without any conception of this kind of interest, there is a great deal of it in the "Iliad." The conversation between Helen and Priam on the walls of Troy, for instance, has much of the vivid expression of individual character which a modern playwright seeks to produce. But this kind of interest must have been deliberately renounced by the great dramatists. They *chose* that austere simplicity which is, to our taste, so undramatic. The play of various

human character is present in the poem which was to them at once their Bible and their Shakespeare, at least as unquestionably as it is in any modern poem, but the sharers in Homer's immortality reject his method, and if we look for that kind of interest in their work, we shall find none at all. The paradox involves the whole difference between the ancient and the modern view of this our human life, with all its issues of right and wrong, sweet and bitter, true and false. Much light is thrown on this difference by carrying out the comparison suggested above, and setting the *Eumenides* beside a play of Shakespeare's so similar to it in plot that we should certainly have credited the English poet with copying it, if he could have read Greek. The similarity of position between Orestes in the Greek and Hamlet in the English play brings out strikingly the radical divergence between the spirit of the two writers and the two nations.

The common elements are indeed remarkable.* Orestes and Hamlet have both to avenge a beloved father, who has fallen a victim to the guilty passion of an unfaithful wife; in each case the adulterer has ascended the throne; and a claim of higher than mere mortal authority demands his punishment; for the permitted return of Hamlet's father from the world beyond the grave may be set beside the command of Apollo to Orestes to become the executioner of the wrath of Heaven. These similarities—though they are probably quite accidental—are sufficiently important and specific to bring out in all its marked contrast the opposite feeling with which the two pictures, in their main outlines so similar, have been filled in. Observe, first, that Hamlet is complete in itself. We do not want to investigate the murder of Hamlet's father—unlawful passion is the adequate and declared temptation which has caused his murder; we have not to get behind that motive, or to have its genesis in any other. But the *Eumenides* is a manifest fragment. We begin in the middle, the first start of the play implies a past. Orestes appears flying from the Furies, the shade of his mother arises to quicken their wrath—a curious combination of the resemblance of the play to *Hamlet* with its extreme divergence of spirit. It may be answered that this is a mere question of nomenclature, and that the *Eumenides* should in fact be regarded as the last act of the "House of Atreus" (as a graceful translator has named the whole trilogy). It is true that we must take the "Eumenides" not as a play, but as the last act of a play, and the remarks which follow so treat it; but if we go back to the first act—the return of Agamemnon from the siege of Troy, and his murder by Clytemnestra—the

* A French translator of *Hamlet* (Ducis) puts in the mouth of the Prince what is almost a description of the murder of Clytemnestra, as something from which he recoils.

story still implies and needs a past. Guilty passion is the theme of the *Agamemnon* just as it is of *Hamlet*, but it is not merely by the singular purity of the tragic muse that the reader's attention is directed elsewhere; the guilty lovers have their wrongs to avenge; the daughter of Clytemnestra, the father of Ægisthus, each seem to call from their tombs for vengeance, as Clytemnestra herself does in her turn. We start with a record of sin, the *damnosa hereditas* is there from the start. The vicissitudes of an individual conscience and will are too slender a theme to bear the stress of the poet's genius, he must deal with a larger whole.

Here we have the modern point of view and the ancient in their most distinct contrast. To the Greek, the individual man is a fragment. To concentrate attention on *his* destiny was to shiver the snowy Parian block that the sculptor might have convenient material for carving isolated hands and feet. The ultimate object of all Greek attention was not an individual, but a group. Whereas we conceive the State as a collection of individuals, they conceived the individual as a fragment of the State. Our sympathies seek no larger resting-place than the desires and aspirations of an individual soul, theirs craved some corporate unity of which the individual was a mere member. We are accustomed to recognize this difference on the field of Politics; we feel that the ancient city was a more deeply felt reality than the modern nation, that patriotism was, in classical ages, available at a lower temperature than it is with us. But we do not recognize that the difference is as potent in art and in morals as in politics, that it created a different ideal of individual life,—that it set artistic attention in a different groove. And nothing ought so much to help us to realize this as a comparison of the two great dramatists severally of Greece and of England.

The Greek and the Englishman had something in common beside genius. The roseate glow that comes in the dawn of a nation's life was around them both. Æschylus lived in that brief gleam of splendour between the war which made Greeks discover that Greece was a unity, and the war in which they forgot it. Shakespeare lived in that steady, increasing radiance when England first awoke to feel her power and delight in her freedom. Both were animated by an awakening national life, both sung the glories of their country. But how strikingly the resemblance brings out the difference! We may take Henry V. as a sort of symbol of Shakespeare's pride in England; the hero king shines forth as a type of all that should gather up the loyalty, the patriotism of a subject of Elizabeth; his portrait is painted in Shakespeare's richest hues, and set in his clearest light. The whole play is full of a glowing pride in England, and defiance to her enemies, and this feeling finds its focus in the conqueror of Agincourt; the glory of England is summed up in the glory of an

Englishman. But, when we turn to the play in which the like sense of a nation's triumph bursts forth in the verse of Æschylus—like, but infinitely greater, for even the new sense of freedom, when the black thundercloud of the Armada rolled away, must have been feeble in comparison with the raptures that succeeded Salamis—when we turn to the play in which that rapture of relief is commemorated, we remark with surprise, that while it is filled with the names of Persians, real or invented, Æschylus has studiously avoided the name of a single Greek. That concrete embodiment of national pride, which was indispensable to the Englishman, was abhorrent to the Athenian. He is absorbed by a religious sense of the invisible bond which made his people one, of the Divine power which had fought on their side. "Who is their shepherd and their master?* who leads them to the fight?" asks the mother of Xerxes, and we can imagine what an overpowering thrill of emotion went through the crowd of spectators as they heard the answer given by the humbled foes of Greece, "They are subjects of no man." Loyalty was a feeling which would have roused nothing but dread in an Athenian. The subject of reverence was the city, the invisible would endure no rivalry on the part of the visible. Æschylus was recounting the events in which he had borne a part: and doubtless the honour of the warrior was dearer to him than the honour of the poet. Yet all the more he felt that the interest of the drama of the deliverance of Greece must centre in a throne filled by no visible form. Shakespeare makes the most of Henry V.; Æschlyus does not take cognizance of the very existence of Miltiades or Themistocles.

The different ideals which come out in these two national dramas are visible whenever we contrast the life of the modern and the ancient world. In some sense we are forced to realize this difference whenever we look backwards. We see not merely that the Greek was a different kind of being from the Englishman, but that he was trying to be something different. The ideal state of the wisest Greek would have revolted the practical moral standard of the least virtuous Englishman. Men are separated, not by their ideal of what is good, but by their ideal of what is best; for by the correlation of moral force the whole of life is altered when we alter its hierarchy of reverence. It is of no avail that two men should agree that individual life is sacred, and that membership in a State is sacred, if they differ as to which is to come first. From the ancient point of view goodness was invisible in the individual, the group was the smallest organism in which it could be discerned. Hence all that belonged to individual relation was comparatively uninteresting. The one strong emotion which forms almost the theme of modern art, which every one thinks he can draw from imagination and most people

* *Persæ*, 246.

have known by experience, had a subordinate place on the Athenian stage. The love of man for woman, so far as it ever appears there, is something quite secondary, something more or less to be kept out of sight. In the guilty love of Clytemnestra for Ægisthus there is indeed something pathetic and tender, but it is hardly allowed to appear at all; we are made to feel that she hates her husband much more than that she loves her paramour; the sense of destiny is a much stronger element in the murder than the sense of choice. In the classical ideal man's love for women is almost nothing. In the chivalric idea it is almost everything. In Hamlet we see the chivalric ideal stamped by the individuality of a great original genius. Hamlet thinks, on the tomb of the drowned Ophelia, that he loved her more than twenty thousand brothers. Ah, how like human nature! We seemed to have loved so passionately when we have lost. We *do* so love what is gone out of reach. While Ophelia was living, to be so chilled or warmed by Hamlet's love, he took very little thought of her. Other feelings were not stronger than his love of her, perhaps, but quite as strong, and there were many of them. What a wonderful knowledge of the human heart lies in that combination of the cool lover and the passionate mourner! We know no other delineation of man's love that can be put by its side. An inferior artist would have painted so slight a love as Hamlet's for Ophelia only in the portrait of a slight character. Shakespeare knew that a love may be indestructible, and rooted in a deep nature, and yet in itself may be a small thing; for he knew the heart of man. We fancy that those words are the mere equivalent of the statement that he was a great poet. But we are now comparing Shakespeare with a poet as great as he was, and surely more original, who did not know the heart of man, and did not care to know it. He was not studying the springs of individual character. He cared only for that which was universal.

What Æschylus was studying was not the heart of man, but the mind of God. What is the Power that rules the world? What is the law by which He rules it? How may man approach Him? These were the problems that filled the mind of the poet. Whatever were those lessons which he learnt at Eleusis of the hopes of immortality, we may see that they had deeply impressed him, that in imagination he was constantly piercing the dread barrier of the tomb. Whatever deeply interested him must be supernatural. And the ordinary course of history, in his day, may almost be called supernatural. He had fought at Marathon. He had seen the whole might of Asia shattered on the rock of Greek freedom. He had seen his country defended from arrogant power as by a miracle. Hence in his desire to comprehend the law by which the world was ruled, and which he knew as destiny, there was a profound faith in

ultimate righteousness, though the faith was not wholly dominant, and much that was there also was inconsistent with it. The Mysteries give the key-note to his music; we compare him with Shakespeare to discover difference, for resemblance we must turn to Dante. He saw that quality in sin which to the imagination of Dante created an endless hell, as an inheritance of guilt; or from another point of view, as the passing over of guilt to fate. Surely in this vision he is not less true to reality than Shakespeare is. Who does not know how the errors of life hover to the eyes of memory in some dim region between sin and calamity, and change with the parallax of life's movement from the one position to the other? We never seem to have begun at the beginning! Always there was a past that domineered over our present! And then, at last, we feel that our life is moulded by the lives that have gone before, and thus that the seeming separateness of life is in part delusive. This idea seems to have haunted the Greek mind with a recurrent insistence of perplexity. When the object of attention changed from the group to the individual, that which lies at the very core of the individual life—the will—came into a new distinctness. A new interest in human character is a new belief in human will, and we recover the old point of view only with a certain effort. We imagine that will is denied where it is hardly conceived. Till each man became a whole in himself Will was only dimly conceived as a moving force in human affairs: that law of moral evolution which they knew as *Fate* was a much more distinct element in human experience. Hence Guilt was something different to them and to us, and throughout all their grandest poetry they seem always seeking to answer the problem of what it really meant. Orestes is vindicated by Apollo, but the Furies have much to say for themselves. We do not feel that the last word rests either with the God of Day or the Daughters of Night. The Goddess of Wisdom harmonizes both views. But though there is balance here, there is no variety. The drama, and all his dramas, is full of a sombre, awful monotony. Divine Law leaves no room for human character.

Turn to the other side of the contrast and mark the change. What a wondrous gallery of rainbow-hued variety rises up before the mind's eye at the name of Shakespeare. When we make his name into an epithet we give a picturesque synonym for *various*. No one type of character, feeling, or belief occurs as *Shakespearian*; the word suggests what is vivid and many-sided, and nothing else. This efflorescence of a wealth of various beauty for all the ages chronicles the first awakening of modern Europe to the sanctities, the interests, the ideals of individual life. It is an expression, on the field of art, of the spirit which on the field of theology gave us the Reformation, setting the human spirit face to face with the

Divine, and bidding it trust to no intervening entity—no external citizenship in the City of God—but as the sole creature alone with the Creator learn what mystic channels are opened between the finite and the infinite within the "abysmal depths of Personality." It would not appear that Shakespeare had any special sympathy with the Reformation, it would even seem that so far as any religion had a bold upon his mind it was that of the ancient Church. At least, he, addressing the England of Elizabeth, the England which was ready to fight against all that was involved, for the men of that time, in the doctrine of Purgatory, makes a spirit from beyond the grave announce that he is

> Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
> And for the day, condemned to fast in fires
> Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
> Are burnt and purged away.

But however little of a Protestant was Shakespeare the poet, his was the artistic expression of the same spirit that made Protestantism. The City had passed away, and for a thousand years the Church had taken her place. Now the Church, too, was called upon to yield, and the *home* was lighted up with a new life: Man was interesting not only as the member of the State, called upon to serve her with his life or his counsels; not only as a son of the Church, called upon to partake in her rites and submit to her decisions, but as a son, a father, a lover, a husband—as a *man*. As a learned bishop was describing the earth as a *new star;* as men were learning to regard this dark centre of the universe as a radiant wanderer in the heavens, so human life was clothing itself in a new brightness, and taking its place in that clear, open realm of Nature to the study of which the intellectual world was awakening with a passionate activity. And the expression of this truly named Renaissance, in the world of Art, may be summed up in the name of Shakespeare.

If Shakespeare be the best representative of this new spirit, *Hamlet* may be taken as its best specimen among his works. It is perhaps the most various of Shakespeare's plays. A little biographical incident gives us a double reason for claiming it as the most Shakespearian of Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's only son was named Hamlet (or Hamnet—only a varied form of the same name). Nine years he experienced the wonderful fortune of having for a parent one who, if his works express his nature, must have been the most sympathetic of mankind, and then he went elsewhere and left, perhaps, a terrible spasm of longing in the heart of the poet for ever associated with a play consecrated to the love of a lost father. This surely is the dormant feeling in the play. Hamlet is much besides —the friend of Horatio, the lover of Ophelia, the patron of the theatre, the heir expectant of the kingdom. Something individual, something characteristic, comes out in all these characters. But he

is above all a son. What a profound filial tribute is there in his correction of the courtly eulogy of Horatio: "He was a [illegible] king." "He was a *man*." We fancy a double emphasis there: was a *man*, what matter whether he dwelt in a palace or a [illegible] "*He* was a man, unlike me his wretched irresolute son." [illegible] scorn marks, perhaps, the furthest point of Shakespeare from [illegible] The elder self is too simple, too small to leave any spac[illegible] conflict of opposing principles. Between the two poet[illegible] taken a development which makes room for a dualism w[illegible] as was undreamt of in the ancient world. There is no[illegible] swerving—none of that sudden glimpse of the self [illegible] mysterious point that seems at once beyond and within it[illegible] we have some examples from every modern writer who [illegible] heart, and so many in Shakespeare. Here the moral at[illegible] entirely monotonous. The Æschylean version of the [illegible] Hamlet unfolds the problem of inherited guilt, and [illegible] aside to mark a single trait of individual character. [illegible] certain grandeur in Clytemnestra and weakness in Ægisthus, but we cannot say that Orestes bears the mark of any quality whatever, good or bad. There seems a sort of curious carelessness in all that relates to him, except so far as he is the engine of Heaven's wrath to the guilty queen. For instance, how impatient must the poet have been of all that paints individuality when he lights upon the trivial and impossible test by which Electra assures herself of the presence of her brother after his long banishment. She sees a footprint near the altar, she puts her own foot into it, and discovering that the mark just fits her, she comes to the conclusion that her brother is near. So her foot must have been just the size of a full grown man's, for the deeds of Orestes attest that he could not have been less than full-grown. The incident, it may be said, is not the work of a more careless imagination than that which describes two duellists exchanging their weapons unawares. No, but the carelessness of Shakespeare is the mere indifference to a particular kind of probability which has nothing to do with human relations, and the carelessness of Æschylus is a want of interest in human relations. No one who realized the anxiety of a sister to know that a long-lost brother was near could imagine her drawing any inferences from the probability that their feet should be the same size.* But the meeting of the brother and sister demanded a kind of attention which the poet was not prepared to supply. It is not the characters of Orestes, of Ægisthus, of Agamemnon which interested him; his creations, if they are to be impressive, must be

* The device impressed even the contemporaries of Æschylus as somewhat absurd, and Euripides wrote one scene as an elaborate caricature of it (*Electra*, 511-540). It is curious as almost the only specimen of parody in Greek art.

colossal. All the swaying of various impulse than occupies the play of "Hamlet" is by him condensed into a few lines where Orestes tells how the oracles of Apollo have denounced the most awful curses against him if he leave his father's death unavenged, and again in the one line where, for a moment shaken by the entreaties of his mother, he asks Pylades if he shall

Through filial reverence spare a mother's life.*

This ideal conflict, which we know on the page of Shakespeare in association with all that is most human, most vividly imbued with personal idiosyncrasy, is set forth, in the Greek drama, in its purely abstract form. It appears not as a double consciousness, but as a changing Deity. The Furies absorb all interest to themselves; they are the embodied conscience, but also they might seem, from some points of view, the Greek equivalent to Satan. They are "daughters of night," they enter into conflict with the god of day, who shelters from them the object of their pursuit, banishes them from his temple with fierce invective, and forces them to surrender their victim to his protection. We are reminded of Satan by them more than by any other representation known to classic thought—sometimes even of the vulgar Satan with horns and hoofs, of Mephistopheles clamorous for his prey, for they aspire horror by their mere aspect, and their haunting presence is the worst torment they can inflict on their victim. And then, again, even in their more spiritual aspect, they take the same place as Satan, when he appears among the sons of God to bear witness against Job, or when he revealed himself to the Saviour as seeking to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat. But we know these goddesses *both* as the Furies and the Gracious Ones; and it is surely an error to suppose that the latter expression is a mere euphemism, as we call a person "well-meaning" whom we find intolerable, or as they called the Black Sea "the hospitable." One felt at Cambridge that if such a thing had been possible, and not too suggestive of Harlequin or Pantaloon, there should have been some sort of transformation in the scene in which they become reconciled to the Goddess of Wisdom—that some hideous mask should have been laid aside, something that expressed a total change of aspect, and recalled the lines,

Stern Lawgiver!
Yet thou dost bear the Godhead's most benignant grace.

The Goddess of Wisdom appeases the pitiless beings, she even induces them to keep up their abode in the city which has dared to shelter from them their victim. The daughters of night are to have a place in the elect city, the nightingales are to fill their grove with music, and though here the passer-by may not set foot without impiety,†

**Eumenides* 899. † See the *Œdipus at Colonos* of Sophocles.

yet no Greek landscape is associated with images more remote from horror, nor is any Greek poetry fuller of solemn beauty than her vindication of the claim to reverence of that severe influence which to the bright Sun-god is visible only as hopeless remorse. The city which makes no room for this influence, which pays no homage to a righteous severity, misses, she declares, half of that which makes life blessed. To the light and lively Greek the sense of sin was almost as repugnant as sin itself, the two were often confused; Apollo, in face of the Furies, seems to express the spirit of art in face of the spirit of holiness—the bright pleasure-loving genius denouncing the stern voice that does but give expression to the conscience. But the Goddess of Wisdom shows us that even for the Greek this was not the ultimate truth. She gives a warning to all time—perhaps more especially for all times—when she bids the Athenians remember,* in words which we give, as they recall in their rhythm Wordsworth's well-known lines to Duty, and which in their feeling and moral truly sum up the spirit of the whole drama—

Yea, even from these, who, grim and stern,
Glared anger upon you of old,
Oh citizens, ye now shall earn
A recompense right manifold.
Deck them aright, extol them high,
Be loyal to their loyalty;
And ye shall make their town and land
Sure, propped on Justice' saving hand
And Fame's eternity.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

**Eumenides*, 1005–1013, Morshead's Translation.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

VIII. EDWARD CAPELL.

Edward Capell was born at Troston, near Bury, in Suffolk, England, June 11, 1713. He was educated at a school in St. Edmund's Bury. His father was a clergyman, and both this gentleman and Capell's grandfather were friends of the Duke of Grafton.

The petails concerning his life which have been preserved are very meagre, and not very trustworthy, but he appears to have finished his education at college, though it is not known which one he attended. He knew David Garrick quite well at one time, but afterwards quarrelled with him. He read law, and was called to the bar.

Through the influence of the Duke of Grafton he was subsequently appointed Deputy Inspector of Plays, an office which was created by Act of Parliament in 1736, having for its object the inspection and license of all dramatic compositions before they were allowed to be acted. This position brought him £200 per annum, and, together with the post of Groom of the Privy Chamber (which he also held through his friendship with the Duke of Grafton, who was Lord Chamberlain from 1742 to 1757,) made his income from official sources about £300.

His father was a younger brother, and subsequently was heir to his elder brother, whereby he became the possessor of a considerable estate, which descended to Edward Capell. The latter built a house at Hastings which cost him £5000, although when it was sold after his death it only realized £1300. Here he lived from May until October of every year. He had few friends and passed his time in study. It is related of him that on one occasion when a friend called to see him he requested him to leave his cane in the vestibule for fear of its soiling the carpets! No one dared to stir his fire, snuff his candles, or move the smallest thing in his rooms on pain of his displeasure.

While in London he lived in Essex Court, and his first published work seems to have been an edition of *Antony and Cleopatra* which appeared in 1758, in 16mo. The title-page is as follows: "Antony and Cleopatra; an historical Play, written by William Shakespeare: fitted for the Stage by abridging only; and now acted, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, by his Majesty's Servants. No grave upon the earth shall clip in it a pair so famous: p. 99. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand. MDCLVIII." In appearance it much resembles Capell's edition of the poet's works, and it has been erroneously supposed that it was published as a specimen of that edi-

tion. This is a mistake however, as it is merely an abridgment of the play for acting purposes. David Garrick supplied the abridgment, and Capell edited the text, though neither of their names are on the title-page, or in fact in any part of the book. There is a poetical dedication signed "Ignoto," and a list of conjectural readings.

Two years afterwards he published in 16 mo: "*Prolusions*; or, select Pieces of antient Poetry, — compil'd with great Care from their several Originals, and offer'd to the Publick as Specimens of the Integrity that should be found in the Editions of worthy Authors, — in three Parts; containing, I. The notbrowne Mayde; Master Sacksville's Induction; and, Overbury's Wife: II. Edward the third, a Play, thought to be writ by Shakespeare: III. Those excellent didactic Poems, intitl'd — Nosce teipsum, written by Sir John Davis: with a Preface. Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebat? Barbarus has fegetes? Virg. Ecl. I. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand. 1760." Both in this work and in his edition of *Antony and Cleopatra*, above referred to, Capell displayed his love for well-printed books, which was afterwards confirmed by his edition of Shakespeare. In typographical appearance they are models of neatness, and the paper on which they were printed is of excellent quality for the time when they appeared. At the end of each he gives a list of the editions he consulted in their preparation, and lists of various and conjectural readings.

Capell accumulated a very valuable library, containing many of the Quarto editions of Shakespeare, which are now literally worth far more than their weight in gold, besides many works of old English literature which he made excellent use of, and which will be referred to further on. His books and MSS. were left by his will to Trinity College, England, and form part of that valuable collection, which afforded such great help to the editors of the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare.

He died January 24, 1781, and was buried at Farnham, All Saints, Suffolk.

As far back as 1745 he commended the preparation of his edition of Shakespeare, and it is related of him that he copied all of the poet's plays in his own handwriting no less than ten times! In September, 1760, Volume II of his edition was sent to press, and was followed by Volumes VIII, IV, IX, I, VI, and VII, in the order given; and the latter volume was completed in August, 1765. It is not known when Volumes I, III, and V were printed, as none of these volumes are dated, and Capell only mentions the time that the former ones were printed. At the end of volume X, however, the date 1768 is given. It will be noticed that this singular man, who apparently could do nothing in the same manner as other people, followed no system in the sequence of the printing of his volumes: for certainly the usual manner would have been to have had Volume III printed after Volume II,

and to have followed regularly to the end. As before stated, none of the title pages of the volumes bear any date, but it is believed that the whole work was published during 1767 and 1768, and Capell received three hundred pounds for it. The book appeared in ten volumes duodecimo, very neatly printed on paper that was good for that day. The first title-page of Volume I is as follows: "Mr William Shakespeare his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, set out by himself in quarto, or by his Players, his Fellows in folio, and now faithfully republish'd from those Editions in ten Volumes octavo; with an Introduction: Whereunto will be added, in some other Volumes, Notes, critical and explanatory, and a Body of Various Readings entire. Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnies Præstinxit, stellas exortus uti æthereus Sol. Lucr. Lib. 3. l. 1056. London: Printed by Dryden Leach, for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand." There is also a second title page in Volume I, after the introductory matter which reads thus: The Works of Shakespeare, Volume the first; containing *The Tempest*, *The two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The merry Wives of Windsor*. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand." Similar title pages, with the names of the plays that are contained in each volume, are in all of them, but only in the first volume does the title page first given above appear. There is no portrait in the usual place opposite the title page, Capell could not do anything so like ordinary mortals' practice, so he relegated the poet's picture to the end of the Introduction, p. 74, where there is given a wretched vignette copy of the Chandos portrait, by I. Miller.

The work is dedicated to the Duke of Grafton, and the dedication is dated "Essex Court, in the Temple, Nov. 9, 1767," and signed "Edward Capell." Nowhere else does his name appear in the book. The introduction follows, and consists of seventy-four closely printed pages. In this Capell first discusses the Quarto editions, their merits and defects, the First Folio, and the editors who preceded him: Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton and Dr. Johnson. Capell discriminates well between those Quartos which "have much resemblance to those in the folio" and those which were "first drafts or else imperfect and stolen copies." He says: —

> Let it then be granted, that these quarto's are the Poet's own copies, however they were come by; hastily written first, and issuing from presses most of them as corrupt and licentious as can any where be produc'd, and not overseen by himself, nor by any of his friends: And there can be no stronger reason for subscribing to any opinion, than may be drawn in favour of this from the condition of all the other plays that were first printed in the folio: for, in method of publication, they have the greatest likeness possible to those which preceded them, and carry all the same marks of haste and negligence; yet the genuineness of the latter is attested by those who publish'd them, and no proof brought to invalidate their testimony. If it be still ask'd, what then becomes of the accusation brought against the quarto's by the player editors, the answer is not so far off as may perhaps be expected: It may be true that they were 'stolen;' but stolen from the Author's

copies, by transcribers who found means to get at them: and 'maim'd' they must needs be, in respect of their many alterations after the first performance: And who knows, if the difference that is betwen them, in some of the plays that are common to them both, has not been studiously heighten'd by the player editors,—who had the means in their power, being masters of all the alterations—to give at once a greater currency to their own lame edition, and support the charge which they bring against the quarto's? this, at least, is a probable opinion, and no bad way of accounting for those differences.

The above passage is printed *verbatim* from Capell's "Introduction," and is a fair specimen of his style and punctuation at its best. It was turgid in the extreme, and it is often necessary to read his sentences two or three times to fully understand what he means. Dr. Johnson said of him: "If the man would have come to me, I would have endeavoured to endow his purposes with words, for as it is he doth gabble monstrously." W. N. Lettsom says: "His style may be fairly described by parodying Johnson's panegyric on Addison. Whoever wishes to attain an English style uncouth without simplicity, obscure without conciseness, and slovenly without ease, must give his nights and days to the Notes of Capell."

With all his defects of style, however, Capell had a better idea of the proper duties of an editor of Shakespeare's text than any of his predecessors. After referring to the license of those who had already published editions of the poet, he says:

Which when he had perus'd with no little astonishment, and consider'd the fatal consequences that must inevitably follow the imitation of so much license, he resolv'd himself to be the champion; and to exert to the uttermost such abilities as he was master of, to save from ruin an edifice of this dignity, which England must forever glory in. Hereupon he posse'd himself of the other modern editions, the folio's, and as many quarto's as could presently be procur'd; and, within a few years after, fortune aud industry help'd him to all the rest, six only excepted; adding to them withal twelve more, which the compilers of former tables had no knowledge of. Thus furnish'd, he fell immediately to collation,—which is the first step in works of this nature; and without it nothing is done to purpose,—first of moderns with moderns, then of moderns with ancients, and afterwards of ancients with others more ancient: 'till, at the last, a ray of light broke forth upon him, by which he hop'd to find his way through the wilderness of these editons into that fair country the Poet's real habitation. He had not proceeded far in his collation, before he saw cause to come to this resolution;—to stick invariably to the old editions, (that is, the best of them) which hold now the place of manuscripts, no scrap of the Author's writing having the luck to come down to us; and never to depart from them, but in cases where reason, and the uniform practice of men of the greatest note in this art, tell him—they may be quitted; nor yet in those, without notice.

He further tells us that it was his original intention to have given the names of the authors of the emendations he adopted in his text on the same page, but he changed his mind as to this and did not do so, principally because "their number, in some passages makes them a little unsightly; and the editor professes himself weak enough to like a well-printed book." He does, however, give some various readings at the bottom of the page. His own emendations, which he *printed in his text,* are in black letter to distinguish them.

At the end of his introduction he gives the origin of the plots of the plays; and following these are printed several commendatory poems. Then comes a list of the Quarto editions used by him, which is wonderfully complete, only a few being wanting. This is followed by a list of plays ascribed to Shakespeare, a list of the Folios, and of editions of the poems.

Each play has a separate pagination, and they are arranged in the order of the First Folio. Capell used many curious marks of punctuation. In the preface to his *Prolusions*, above referred to, he gives an explanation of them. Those passages which are ironical he marked with an inverted period. The dash he used in a new form. When it was on a line with the top of letters it had its usual meaning, but when it was at the bottom it pointed out that the speech passed from one person to another, and denoted a change of address. He put it where the change began, and where it ended. A dagger with two crosses meant that the speaker pointed to, or delivered some object, double inverted commas denoted that the speech was an "aside."

Capell's text was the purest that had then appeared, because he founded it on a careful collation of the old copies. He gave the place of each scene more minutely than Pope, and added to the stage directions. Throughout the volumes, at the bottom of the pages, will often be found the words "v. *Note*." Reference is intended to his *Notes and Various Readings of Shakespeare*, published in three volumes quarto, in 1779, 1780 and 1781. This work was published in part in 1774, during the author's lifetime, but only a few copies were sold, and the book was withdrawn, to be published later with the other volumes as above stated. Capell by his will directed that the expense of printing them should be borne by his estate, and they appeared after his death. They contain a wealth of illustration of the poet's works, which has been freely used by subsequent editors without giving Capell the credit which was his due.

Volume I. contains a Glossary, excellent for its day; and is followed by Notes and Various Readings. These refer to the volume and page of his edition containing the play commented on, and are written in the same turgid style as the Introduction to his *Shakespeare*. They are printed in parallel columns, and the words are divided wherever the printer came to the end of a line, without the least regard to syllables. The same thing had been done in the Introduction to his edition, but there the type is smaller and the lines longer, and hence it is not as frequent or as exasperating. O-thers, o-dious, apothe-gms, thr-ough, be-auty, pr-oceed, gr-ound, pl-ease, sou-rce, opi-nion, strang-ers, are a few of these curious divisions, of which, Dr. Furness aptly remarks, "it is really humiliating, after the drollery has worn off, to find how serious is the annoyance which so trifling a matter can create." "And yet," to quote still further Dr. Furness' opinion of these notes "in spite of all this, Capell's notes are worthy

of all respect. He had good sense, and his opinions (when we can make them out) are never to be lightly discarded.

The notes are divided into "parts," and at the end of each part are given very complete lists of various readings. Had Capell given these at the bottom of the pages of his edition of the poet, he would have added greatly to its value, and would have been entitled to the honor which fell to Jennens, who first adopted this plan.

After his notes on the plays, Capell prints a very brief note on their order; and an essay on the verse, which is very elaborate. Volume III is entitled "The School of Shakespeare," and contains extracts from books in print during the poet's time, and illustrating the source of the plots of his plays. Extracts are given also from other books which "contribute to a due Understanding of his Writings, or give Light to the History of his Life, or to the dramatic history of his Time," to use the quaint phraseology of its title-page. This volume showed the way to the editors who came after Capell, by which they profited, and drew from the books he called attention to, much of the most valuable illustration of the part to be found in their editions. It is safe to say that this is the most valuable volume of commentary which had been up to that time published in illustration of Shakespeare. Capell has reared a monument in this volume to his learning and knowledge of Elizabethan literature which will never perish. Unfortunately the work is now rare, and seldom met with. Poor Capell went to his grave unappreciated by men of his day, but later generations have made amends for the neglect of his contemporaries. Dr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, who has himself done more than any living man to illustrate the poet he loves so well, dedicated his great folio edition of Shakespeare to Capell, in these words: "I venture, with all humility, to dedicate this work to the memory of the ablest and the most neglected of Shakespearian critics—Edward Capell." And, in imitation of the queer, though learned man he was honoring, Dr. Halliwell-Phillips printed his dedication at the end of the last volume of his edition.

Capell did not give the Poems in his edition, and it is very singular that he omitted them. He had the example of all those editors who had gone before him however. In 1775 an edition of them, founded on that of 1640, was published. It is printed very much in the same style of Capell's *Shakespeare*, and is often found with it. The title-page reads. "Poems written by Mr. William Shakespeare. Reprinted for Thomas Evans, No. 50, Strand, near York Building." An engraving of the Chandos portrait, by A. Bannerman, is in the centre. It is not known who edited this book, but it has been attributed to Capell. This however is probably an error, for had he been the editor, he would, in all probability, have used the edition of 1609, which is far preferable to that of 1640. J. PARKER NORRIS.

HENRY NORMAN HUDSON.

The death of Henry Norman Hudson at his home in Cambridgeport, Mass., on January 17th, removes one of the most conspicuous workers in Shakespeare literature. His studies of the poet began almost in his boyhood, and the subject very soon absorbed all the powers of his mind. His earliest work was a series of critical lectures, delivered first in Huntsville, Ala., where he was for some time teaching, and subsequently, in Mobile and Cincinnati. In 1844, with a reputation that was already assured, he went to Boston, where he was cordially received, and was so successful that he repeated his lectures in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore. These lectures form the basis of Mr. Hudson's fame. They were published in book form in 1848 and again, although entirely recast with numerous changes and additions, and with a new title, *Shakespeare : His Life, Art and Characters*, in 1872. Had Mr. Hudson accomplished no other work than these lectures he would be entitled to a high rank among the students of Shakespeare. They exhibited a wonderful power of thought, and a clearer insight into the character of Shakespeare than had been previously obtained by any American writer. They are without doubt, the writings by which he will be longest and best remembered.

But while his best work has been done as an esthetic critic, Mr. Hudson's reputation as an editor is well known. His first edition of the plays issued in 1851 was not, however, successful. Much of the editorial matter was compiled, and, at the time, created much unfavorable comment. His last edition, the Harvard, brought out in 1880 and 1881 in twenty volumes, was entirely free from the faults of the carliest one, and will long remain one of the most reliable and best. He also issued two School editions ; one of twenty-one plays in three volumes in 1870, and the second a few years later, of the same number of plays in separate volumes. The text was expurgated, so thoroughly, in truth, as to be open to many serious objections.

While Mr. Hudson's chief labors were in Shakespearian literature, he found time to do much good work in other directions. He was the editor of several journals, notably the *Churchman*, the *Church Monthly*, which he originated, and the *Saturday Evening Gazette*. In his later years he turned his attention to Wordsworth, and his *Studies in Wordsworth*, issued last year, was his last book. He had also published *A Text Book of Poetry*, *A Text Book of Prose*, a *Classical English Reader*—all with valuable though brief notes,—and a volume of sermons.

Mr. Hudson was essentially an educator. His most important works were designed as educational forces, and they fulfill the intentions of their author to a degree that he could not have anticipated. He was a powerful and original thinker, and his style was clear and distinct. He was, perhaps, too positive, too certain that his view was the only one, but his faults as an editor and an author were such as can be readily overlooked.

Mr. Hudson's death reduces the number of Shakespearian workers in this country to an alarming extent. With Grant White and Henry Hudson dead in one year, the coterie of American scholars is reduced to the narrowest limit. It will be long before their places will be filled, but at the same time there is little call for new editorial work.

MACBETH.

No pit of sulphur, ever-burning lake,
Tartarean shadows of that dismal shore
To which sin-poisoned souls are ferried o'er.
Painting or poem, bid such fears awake,
As those that thy despairing bosom shake,
Sinful Macbeth, when thou cans't sleep no more,
Nor cleanse thy hands of murdered Duncan's gore.
Thy keenest tortures fiercest anguish take
Out of thy awful visions. Masterly
The poet's touch that makes thy heart, its store
Of guilt and punishment tell, a frightful roll,
Temptations, sins, fears, suffering, misery;
That thus of superstition makes a door
Of hell, through which it drives thy guilty soul.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

HAMLET, I, 1, 96.

Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat: in which our valiant Hamlet —
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him —
Did slay this Fortinbras; *etc.*

Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of *unimproved* mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't.

I would suggest that "*unimproved*," here, = untried, never put to the proof. Compare Chapman, Iliad, (VI, 484), —

That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe breath
Did never teach me that; much less since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, and my mind knew what a worthy was
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without *improvement.* In this fire must Hector's *trial* shine.

Dyce, *Gloss*, gives (after Gifford) *unimproved* = "unreproved, uncensured, unimpeached." But Horatio is not praising the hasty temper and rash valor of either the elder or younger Fortinbras: the former failed in the *trial*, the latter is yet *untried.* There is authority for the meaning *unreproved* in Chapman, Iliad, (X, 108). —

Good father, said the king, sometimes you know I have desir'd
You would *improve* his negligence, too oft to ease retir'd.

Nares (ed. 1876) gives this, and two other examples.

It is well known that Shakespeare uses reproof = confutation, refutation, as *1 Henry. IV* (I, ii, 213), — "in the *reproof* of this lies the jest." *Ib.* (III, ii, 23), — in *reproof* of many tales devised." Schmidt, (*S. Lex.*), and others, so explain *Troilus and Cressida*, (I, iii, 33), —

In the *reproof of chance*
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, etc.

Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune.

"Reproof of chance" = "storms of fortune:" *reproof* is used in the sense of correction, chastisement, as in *Timon* (V, iv, 57), —

> Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
> Whom you yourselves shall set out for *reproof*,
> Fall, and no more,

used *reproof*, here, = *rebuke* in *1 Henry IV*, (V, v, 1), —

> Thus ever did rebellion find *rebuke*.

No doubt those that concur with Dr. Schmidt would urge the context,

> For in her [fortunes] ray and brightness
> The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
> Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
> Makes flexible the tines of knotted oaks,
> And flies flee under shade, why, thou the king of courage,
> As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
> And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
> *Retorts* [Retyres *folio*] to *chiding fortune*.

but it does not affect the question except so far that "chiding fortune" = the reproof of Chance." Compare *Coriolanus* (IV, i, 8),

> Nay, mother,
> Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
> To say *extremity was the trier of spirits*:
> That, common chances common men could bear;
> That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
> Show'd masteriship in floating fortune's blows,
> When most stuck home, being gentle *welcom'd*, craves
> A noble cunning.

For the reading "welcom'd" see *Cruces S.*, and compare *Antony and Cleopatra* (IV, xiv, 136), —

> Nay, good my fellows, do not please *sharp fate*
> To grace it with your sorrow: bid that *welcome*
> Which comes to punish us.

compare also *Hamlet* (III, ii, 72),

> A man that *fortune's buffets and rewards*
> Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
> That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger
> To sound what stop she please.

and *Timon*, (IV, iii, 8), —

> Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
> Whose procreation, residence, and birth
> Scarce is dividant — *touch them with several fortunes*,
> The greater scorns the lesser: not *nature*,
> To whom all sores lay siege, *can bear great fortune*,
> But by contempt of *nature*.

London. B. G. Kinnear.

THE DRAMA.

January has been a dull month, a month of endings, rather than of beginnings. Mr. Keene has been compelled by illness to retire, for the balance of this season at least—it is to be trusted no longer. Miss Margaret Mather concluded her very remarkable and successful performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is true we have Edwin Booth and Salvini and Modjeska and Mary Anderson and Jaunauschek and Lawrence Barrett and W. E. Sheridan and Fred. Warde and Robson & Crane and Adelaide Moore and Louise Pomeroy and D. E. Bandmann and Geo. C. Miln. But not a few of these names could be dropped from the roll of Shakespearian actors with little regret and less note being taken of their departure. It is not so with Miss Mather and Mr. Keene. Miss Mather's success as Juliet has been too great to permit her to drop the part without notice, and it is only because her success in other characters has shown her genius in new lights that one feels reconciled to her assuming them. Mr. Keene's retirement is to be regretted, not only from its cause, but on account of the excellent work he is doing in the west. His rank as an actor has been too often referred to in these pages to be discussed further at the present time; but whatever opinion may be held as to his natural abilities, it can not be denied that he has done more to popularize Shakespeare in the smaller cities of the west, among an audience that has frequently deen denied our best actors, than has any actor now on the stage. His retirement means just about thirty performances of Shakespeare less, per month, than we have had hitherto, and when the total number of performances for any one month this season has not exceeded one hundred and fifty, and has frequently averaged a hundred, it will be at once seen how serious a loss Mr. Keene's is.

But the month has been distinguished by two additions to the Shakespearian circle. It is true one of them is an opera company, and the opera they sing was not written by Shakespeare. But it is based upon one of Shakespeare's plays, and as such is entitled to the attention of every Shakespearian student, if for no other reason than to see how very easy it is to mar the work of the great poet. And, indeed, there is scarce another reason for witnessing this opera. It is devoid of musical interest, it is not particularly well sung. Mr. Thomas has not shown himself equal to conducting opera, and, actually, there is no reason why one should see it but to see how unsatisfactory it is. The same remarks will, happily, not apply to Mr. Augustin Daly's revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. Daly has exercised more than his accustomed care in this revival, and while for the first few nights the hitches were sufficiently plentiful to be annoying, a few public performances were sufficient to set the company at their ease, and the result will be remembered as one of the pleasantest revi-

vals of the season. All has not gone as smoothly as it might have. The Falstaff has not been all that could be desired, and several of the other parts are open to criticism, but the company is a fairly even one, and is entitled to much praise.

The Dramatic Chronicle for December shows that *Romeo and Juliet* has been the most popular play, having been given twenty-five times; *The Comedy of Errors* has been performed continuously. *As You Like It* has been given twenty times, *Hamlet* eleven, *Richard III* ten times, *Coriolanus* and *Macbeth* nine times each, *Twelfth Night*, *Othello*, and *Merchant of Venice* six each, and *Julius Cæsar*, *King Lear*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Much Ado About Nothing* once.

Miss Mather and Messrs. Robson & Crane lead the actors, having performed without intermission throughout the month. Mr. Keene gave twenty-two performances, Miss Anderson and Salvini twelve each, Modjeska seven, Adelaide Moore six, Geo. C. Miln five, Jaunauschek three, Fred. Warde, W. E. Sheridan and Lawrence Barrett two each, and Helen Bancroft and the Claire Scott Co. one each. There were three amateur performances, one of the *Merry Wives* by the Kemble Dramatic Club of Brooklyn, and two of the *Merchant of Venice* by the students of St. Peter's College at St. Aloysius' Academy, Jersey City. In addition there have been the customary performances of D. E. Bandman and Louis Pomeroy.

* * *

The production of Goetz's opera *The Taming of the Shrew* by the American Opera Company on January 4th, was the most important event of the month. The American Opera Company has been the subject of innumerable conjectures and its opening performance was anticipated with the greatest interest. It has been, on the whole, decidedly disappointing. Not only is the title "American" a misnomer, but the artistic results have fallen much below the anticipated average. The production of *The Taming of the Shrew*, however, for the first time in this country, by any company, American or foreign, calls for more than passing notice, be the artistic effects good or bad. The selection of the opera was ill-judged. It has never been a success, even when produced by Carl Rosa with a superb cast in London. Musically, it is stupid. The melodies are few and chiefly borrowed, while the orchestration is monotonous. Nor is the libretto more successful. The book is, in brief, arranged as follows: The opening scene is a street in Padua, in front of Baptista's house. Lucentio and Hortensio serenade Bianca, the sister of Katharine, but are interrupted by the servants of Baptista, who, to the number of eighty, announce their intention of leaving the house owing to the insults and abuse of Katharine. The father, however, entices them back with promises of wine and money, and they are soon singing a chorus invoking blessings on the old house. Lucentio then renews his serenade and is re-

warded by Bianca appearing on the balcony. He is followed by Hortensio, who brings a band with him, and succeeds in arousing the father, who informs the lover that Bianca shall never wed until her sister be subdued. Petruchio arriving opportunely, announces his intention of accomplishing this great feat. In the second act Katharine upbraids her sister for appropriating her lover, and resolves to live unmarried. This commendable resolution is broken by the arrival of Petruchio with her father, who, gaining the advantage of her in a wrestling match, reiterates his resolve to wed her. In the third act all are prepared for the marriage, but, the bridegroom not appearing, the father announces the postponement of the ceremony. A lesson scene succeeds, but is interrupted by the arrival of Petruchio, who behaves outrageously, marries his intended, announces his intention of leaving, leaps from the floor to the table, and from the table to his horse, and seizing Katharine disappears from view amid great uproar. The fourth act is in the home of the newly married pair and depicts the subjugation of Katharine.

The singers were very uneven. Miss Bensberg, as Bianca, was fairly acceptable, although her style was unfinished: Mr. Fessenden as Lucentio, Mr. Lee as Petruchio, and Mr. Hamilton as Baptista were thoroughly unsatisfactory. The scenery was tolerable and the dresses good, and the ballet perfectly satisfactory.

* * *

A burlesque of Salvini's Othello at the Eleventh Street Opera House was the solitary reminiscence of Shakespeare after the departure of Robson & Crane in Philadelphia until the great Italian's second appearance here in December. The feature of Salvini's second season was his Coriolanus. It attracted much attention, but was much the same as when first given in New York. The oftener one sees this interpretation, grand and everwhelming as it is, almost faultlessly consistent in its methods, the more one feels that the Coriolanus of Shakespeare and the Coriolanus of Salvini are two very different creations. The bitter, cutting sarcasm of the Italian actor has nothing in common with the high-born, patrician contempt of Shakespeare's Roman general. But this does not in the least detract from the strength and power of Salvini's acting, and the character will long be regarded as one of his most powerful parts. Mr. Lawrence Barrett followed Salvini. As usual the non-Shakespearian plays predominated over the Shakespearian, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Hamlet*, and *Julius Cæsar* having been given but once each in a season of two weeks. The revival of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* formed the central feature of Mr. Barrett's season, and his other performances, most unreasonably, fell much into the background in consequence. The evenness with which his plays were mounted, and the parts played call for special comment, and in this respect Mr. Barrett's company is, with the exception of Robson & Crane's, the most satisfactory in the country.

Miss Anderson followed Mr. Barrett and had a phenominally brilliant season. It is true she played for but two weeks, but the estimates of the amount of money she cleared have been absolutely startling. Unfortunately, financial and artistic success are not always synonymous. And while financially Miss Anderson's success was great, the artistic element is altogether a very different matter. The crowds that visited the theatre night after night were attracted not by the art of the actress, but by her beauty, and the story of her brilliant and astonishing success in England. Her acting was disappointing, her art incomplete. Her position is one of the most curious inconsistencies of the stage, for with a reputation well-nigh world-wide, as an actress, she is one whom few find absolutely satisfying. But however much she may be criticised, there is one thing of which even her severest critic must feel certain, that with a few years' careful, unprejudiced, and hard study, keeping carefully within her natural limitations, Miss Anderson will be ranked as the greatest of American actresses.

* * *

Mr. Mackee Rankin has followed his revival of *Macbeth* by a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, and with fair success. The play is, indeed, more a poem than a drama, and presents many difficulties to proper representation on the stage. Mr. Rankin has displayed much skill in overcoming its inherent drawback, so much so, in fact, that the scenes with the fairy folk are much more successful, much more interesting that those in which only ordinary mortals appear upon the stage. This is, of course, readily accounted for by too much attention having been paid to what is, without doubt, the most difficult part of the play. Yet Mr. Rankin should not have allowed himself to have fallen into the snare which has betrayed so many American actors, and from which we are now only beginning to be freed, the inequality of cast. So much has been done within the last two years in the equalising of cast, that the smallest step backwards cannot be too sharply reprimanded. However, Mr. Rankin deserves much credit for the energy he has displayed in his present undertaking. Mendelssohn's immortal music was fairly well rendered by the orchestra, and some incidental music by Mr. Kelley added much to the interest of the revival.

* * *

The sudden illness of Mr. Thomas W. Keene has called forth universal sympathy. Nor could it have been otherwise. Mr. Keene is one of the most popular actors of the day, and his sudden, and as was first feared, fatal illness, in the midst of a successful season, has overwhelmed him with the kindnesses of innumerable friends. The complete rest which he is now taking, will probably before long restore him to renewed health, but his enforced absence from the stage will be viewed with unfeigned regret. There are so few American

actors who may be styled, in the fullest sense, Shakespearian that we can ill afford to lose any of them. And Mr. Keene holds too important a rank on the American stage to be permitted to disappear without any more that a passing word.

* * *

Mr. John Coleman contributes a gossipy article on "Wilson Barrett and his Work" to *Longman's Magazine* for November. He has much to say, it is true, about himself, but the article is filled with facts and anecdotes concerning Mr. Barrett that have not been published before. Mr. Coleman's own experience as an actor and a manager has rendered him peculiarly fitted for his task, and he is able the more to appreciate the struggles that Mr. Barrett has undergone before attaining his present eminence, because he has passed through a precisely similar experience himself.

Speaking of Mr. Barrett's Hamlet, the writer remarks on the immense popularity of the play, apart from the personal merits of the actor. No two actors are ever alike in their interpretation of the part, and Mr. Barrett's "was in some respects novel, and in all artistic." Mr. Barrett's fame, however, having been chiefly attained in non-Shakespeareian parts, it is of these that Mr. Coleman treats in most part. The article is designed, as he himself frankly states in his introduction "to give fresh details (not to be found in the daily press), without touching on confidential matters," and as will "justify its appearance in a magazine of repute."

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.

JANUARY.

Jan. 1	Philadelphia, Pa.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.*
	Terre Haute, Ind.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Staunton, Va.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Hamlet.*
	Omaha, Neb.	T. W. Keene.	*Othello.* / *Richard III.*
2	Philadelphia, Pa.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Staunton, Va.	Geo. C. Miln.	*Othello.*
	Omaha, Neb.	T. W. Keene.	*Mer. of Venice.* / *Macbeth.*
	Canandaigua, N. Y.	Helen Bancroft.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
4	New York City.	Am. Opera Co.	*Taming of the Shrew.*
	Syracuse, N. Y.	W. E. Sheridan.	*Othello.*
4–8	Boston, Mass.	Edwin Booth.	*Hamlet.*
4–9	Baltimore, Md.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
	Reading, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*Romeo & Juliet.*

Jan. 4	Topeka, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
5	Topeka, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Reading, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*As You Like It.*
	Washington, D. C.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
6	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mary Anderson,	*As You Like It.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.* / *Much Ado.*
	Reading, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*As You Like It.*
6, 7–9	New York City.	Modjeska.	*As You Like It.*
7	Washington, D. C.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
8	Reading, Pa.	Louise Pomeroy.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.*
	Rochester, N. Y.	W. E. Sheridan.	*Othello.*
9	Boston, Mass.	Edwin Booth.	*Othello.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Washington, D. C.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
11	Boston, Mass.	Edwin Booth.	*Mer. of Venice.*
	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Am. Opera Co.	*Taming of the Shrew.*
11–13	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mary Anderson.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
12	Chicago, Ill.	Salvini.	*Othello.*
13	Texarkana.	Fred. Warde.	*Richard III.*
	Champaign, Ill.	Redmund-Barry Co.	*Mer. of Venice.*
14	Fort Scott, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
15	Providence, R. I.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Hamlet.*
	Parsons, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
16	Providence, R. I.	Lawrence Barrett.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Pottsville, Pa.	Jaunauschek.	*Macbeth.*
	Parsons, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Philadelphia, Pa.	Mary Anderson.	*As You Like It.*
	Chicago, Ill.	Salvini.	*Coriolanus.*
18	Cumberland, Md.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Fred. Warde.	*Julius Cæsar.*
	Chicago, Ill.	Salvini.	*King Lear.*
19	Wheeling, W. Va.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
	Pine Bluff, Ark.	Fred. Warde.	*Othello.*
	Leavenworth, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
20	Lawrence, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
21	Topeka, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
	New York City.	Augustin Daly.	*Merry Wives.*
22	Dayton, Ohio.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
23	New York City.	Modjeska.	*Twelfth Night.*
	Topeka, Kas.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Dayton, Ohio.	Robson & Crane.	*Com. of Errors.*
25	St. Joseph, Mo.	Adelaide Moore.	*Romeo & Juliet.*
26	St. Joseph, Mo.	Adelaide Moore.	*As You Like It.*
	Omaha, Neb.	Salvini.	*Othello.*

REVIEWS.

MRS. POTT'S *32 REASONS.*

During the last few years the Baconian movement has been assuming larger proportions than hitherto, and has won over to its ranks men of learning and ability, who have become its champions and are equal to their task. Slowly and pertinaciously they have continued the extension and verification of their theory, undaunted by criticism and regardless of contempt. Though it is condemned before written, they have not ceased to publish their belief to the world of letters with an admirable faith in their convictions. The impressions which this theory is making calls for recognition and discussion by the orthodox. It is bad policy and cannot be afforded, to disregard the reiterated assertions and arguments of the Baconians. Contempt and neglect, an occasional passing allusion will not suffice. A truth-loving public desires to know which side is right, where to place their belief, and the reasons for it. "Truth" said the wise man, "is mighty and will prevail:" and in this ninetenth century, a heretic is an anomaly and an absurdity. The world has been too often taught that the infidels of to-day are the saints of to-morrow.

We have been especially impressed with the right which this heterodox sect have to be heard and to be answered; and we have also been impressed with the necessity of such a course on a perusal of one of the latest production of one of their sectaries. The *32 Reasons* is a modest *brochure* (so the author calls it) of some thirty pages. It is, however only the first of a series of similar pamphlets to be devoted to the same general subject; and future editions of the *32 Reasons* are promised from time to time embodying future discoveries as well as suggestions and objections which its readers may communicate to the editor. The series is evidently addressed, not to the scholar, but to the general reader; an attempt to give wide circulation to the ideas of this school of Shakespearian criticism. The book itself makes no pretense to literary merit. It is simply an enumeration, in no apparent methodical order, of the ordinary reasons put forth by the Baconians for the faith that is in them; with copious examples annexed to those points which are capable of illustration. The editor has brought to her task the vast productions of a learning and research such as are inspired only by an earnest enthusiasm, a love for the cause which she has espoused. How she has succeeded, we shall see.

Approaching this book in the spirit which the author has desired, reading "to weigh and consider," not "to contradict and to confute," we have weighed and found wanting, we have considered and require more and better evidence. Coming to the task with a willingness to be convinced we have not found conviction; and are not prepared to believe, with the author, "that the difficulties which have to be explained away, the improbabilities and improved assertions which have

to be credited in order to maintain the theory that Shakespeare wrote the Plays are infinitely beyond any which are entailed upon those who maintain that Bacon was the author," or "that any difficulties which may present themselves regarding the theory fade away under a searching examination of facts."

The external evidence offered is essentially weak; but as it is presented in a very plausible manner, it is proper that we should devote some space to its consideration. The most striking and, on the face of it, most convincing point of outward testimony is contained in the 8th "reason" where it is left us to conjecture that Jonson recognized the identity of Bacon with the author of the plays: for he, "in enumerating sixteen great wits of his day, *does not name* Shakespeare," but uses, in speaking of Bacon, language almost identical with those lines addressed, on another occasion, to Shakespeare,

> Leave thee alone for the *comparison*
> *Of all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome*
> *Sent forth* or since did from their ashes show. (Underwoods xii.)

Continuing, the Editor notes that Sir Henry Wotton "does not allude to Shakespeare," and "that Bacon himself when upholding the theatre and its beneficial influence, * * whilst deploring its degradation in his own days, does not allude to the Shakespeare plays, wherein he must have recognized the realization of his ideal."

The poem from which the above quotation is taken, is attributed by Fleay to the year 1616, that of Shakespeare's death, when Bacon was still living. A perusal of it will make apparent the absurdity of supposing that it was addressed to any one living. But let Jonson, "the amanuensis and Latin translator" of Bacon confute the conclusions that are sought to be drawn from his words. Would he have accused his Master Bacon of having "small Latin and less Greek," or hailed him as the "sweet Swan of Avon?" Everything that can be inferred from the utterances of Jonson, tends rather to the complete demolition than to the confirmation of the Editor's position. For the rest, Wotton did not allude to Shakespeare, neither did he to the plays of Bacon; and the only inference to be drawn is that he either did not know of them, which is hardly supposable, or did not think them deserving his notice. As to Bacon's want of allusion to the Plays, it is plain that they could not have realized his ideal: otherwise it would have been absurd for him to deplore the degradation of a stage whose chief ornament they were.

That Bacon was a poet and addicted to the theatre proves nothing. Can the fragments of his poetry that we have be spoken of in the same breath as those of Shakespeare? or the three devices which we know to be of Bacon's composition, are they brothers of the great dramas? Here is where the identity of the two men should appear if anywhere; but here there is the greatest divergence. Bacon's masques *are literary* curiosities, scarcely read. Shakespeare is a household

word; our model and our idol, while Bacon's plays lie upon the shelf, if indeed they be there, forgotten. The fact that these masques were bound together with other plays among which were the two Richards and that "Shakespeare" was scribbled on the fly-leaf is no more evidence that Bacon was Shakespeare than that he was "Thos. Nashe, inferior plaier."

Another "reason" we will mention, chiefly because of the parade with which it is marshalled forth, for it will impose only upon the unsuspecting. "In a curious book," says the editor, "of which the author is uncertain (printed 1645) a description is given of 'The Great Assizes holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours.' Apollo sits on the top of Parnassus. 'The Lord Verulam, Chancellor of Parnassus' next below him." Then follow the other members of the Court, fifteen in number (the lists are given in an appendix): on the second page are the jurors, among whom the last but one is Shakespeare, and the Court officers. From this we are asked to infer the supreme position which Bacon was acknowledged to hold among the wits and *poets* of his day. We can see nothing in the arrangement of the participants in the tribunal of letters which will warrant the Editor's conclusions. The members of the Court, among whom Bacon appears, are such men as Sidney, Mirandola, the elder Scaliger, Lipsius, Casaubon, Selden, Grotius, historians, critics, theologians, philosophers, lawyers, one of whom added to his other accomplishments, the reputation of a poet. The jury, however, is composed entirely of poets, a majority of whom are also dramatists. Where else would one look for Shakespeare? What more natural than to find him in the company of Beaumont, Fletcher and Massinger? Assuredly, if the learned Editor had come into the "Grand Assizes" with such evidence, she would have been non-suited. She has looked upon the testimony with too biased an eye. Would it not suggest itself immediately to the unprejudiced that the "uncertain author" by placing Shakespeare on the jury, recognized him as a poet, and by the position which he gave him (in the midst of the dramatists) as a playwright also.

We do not mean to charge the editor with unfairness. The absence of rhetoric and the straight-forward way in which the "reasons" are presented show her desire to be just and clear; but there is a necessary bias in her view of the evidence which has to be guarded against. A conclusion is drawn from the fact that the Folio of 1623 appeared without any name. But very nearly all the plays had appeared at one time or another with the name of Shakespeare. This is strong circumstantial evidence that Shakespeare wrote the plays. No reason is assigned why Bacon should have published his writings over the signature of another man, nor can we understand what motive he could have had. And until some satisfactory reason is assigned to overthrow the *prima facie* case of Shakespeare's authorship the burden of proof lies with the Baconians, which, instead of acknowledging, the editor

has attempted to shift by a subterfuge in her first point. It seems rather anomolous that the first of thirty-two reasons should be no reason at all.

We have dwelt thus long and particularly upon these points of external evidence, because we believe that no evidence of this kind has been or is likely to be furnished by the Baconians which carries with it any weight. Their real proof, as offered, is more negative in its kind; the points of internal evidence produced by the editor of the *32 Reasons*, are of a better and sounder character than those we have criticised. It would be senseless if it were possible, to conceal or deny that reasons have been produced which would seem to make the position of the Baconians a tenable one, but they are sought to be supported by many others that will not bear the test of careful scrutiny. We are told "that the vocabulary of Bacon and Shakespeare is to a surprising degree the same, that the average, in the prose works, of words which are also in the Plays, is about 97 per cent." Now every school boy knows what an immensely larger number of words Shakespeare used than any other writer in the language, and we find nothing strange in the fact that he almost contains the vocabulary of a contemporary and probable associate. The same might occur with any other of the Elizabethans. The Editor, it is observed, does not tell us that 97 per cent. of the words of the Plays are also in the prose works: she would probably discover that it is not the fact.

And so it is with a variety of other reasons which we cannot deal with in detail. Bacon's and Shakespeare's predelictions for the same writers appear natural when we consider the narrow limits within which the literature of the day was confined. Again the selection from any works, of isolated expressions that are applicable to a man, or of isolated characters in which to trace an imagined similarity of trait is no evidence of authorship; especially when the man is one of such varied accomplishments as Bacon and the works embrace such a multiplicity of characters as do Shakespeare's. As to the legal terms in the plays, we make no mention: it has been indisputably demonstrated that the author of *Hamlet* must have been, and the author of the *Merchant of Venice* could not have been a lawyer. The similarity in matters of horticulture seems to us by no means peculiar. The flowers named are only the ordinary English garden flowers, as seen and observed by Bacon, the scientist and by Shakespeare the lover of nature, the poet. Again, surprise is expressed that "a man born and bred in the country" should have given no scene in a country town. True, but he has given us evidence of his country experience and life. "*Venus and Adonis*," says Stopford Brooke, "is full of the country sights and sounds and of the ways of birds and animals such as he saw when wandering in Charlecote woods."

One more point and we have finished our strictures. We must protest against forcing Dr. Abbott to give evidence against himself. A "reason" is made out of the fact that in the preface to the *Shakes-*

pearian Grammar the announcement is made that the book is intended for students of Shakespeare and Bacon. The Editor should have looked as well upon the title page, and in the body of the book, where in the number of quotations from his works, Bacon falls behind Jonson, North's Plutarch, Spenser, the Bible, Beaumont and Fletcher, and probably Ascham; showing that if as she says and he pretended, Bacon made a kind of grammar of his own, we have no right to conclude that his peculiarities of grammar (if he have any) are to be likewise found in the Plays.

Let us now turn to the reasons which may carry with them conviction, which are sustained by facts that will not be gainsayed. We do not pretend to their refutation. That we are unable to meet them properly we candidly confess. It would require, on our part, an amount of learning, comparison and research equal to that displayed by the Editor (and like most critics we are far below our author). We simply state the points and let the reader draw his inference. To us they are by no means conclusive. In the first place there is a strange and striking likeness between the works of Bacon and the Shakespeare plays in matters of science, not only in the knowledge displayed, but in the opinions expressed; and stranger still some scientific errors of Bacon have been reflected in the plays. In the second place the subjects of the collection of private notes entitled *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* "have not (with rare exceptions) been found used by any other author previous to, or contemporary with Bacon, but they are found to be alluded to in the Plays about 3000 times." This then is the whole foundation of the theory; the thirty-two reasons are reduced to two. Advising the reader to take the second statement, until verified in detail, *cum grano salis*, we leave each man to his own verdict.

To our mind, the *32 Reasons* has essentially failed to establish the Baconian authorship. Its partisans are too devoted to minute criticism. They have not made any attempt to establish the identity of the human entity which the student finds in the author of the plays with that which discovers itself to the student of Bacon. Leaving then, this microscopy we find a wide gap between the two. "Bacon and Shakespeare," says Prof. Dowden, "stand far apart. In moral character and in gifts of intellect and soul we should find little resemblance between them. While Bacon's sense of the presence of physical law in the universe was for his time extraordinarily developed, he seems practically to have acted upon the theory that the moral laws of the world are not inexorable, but rather by tactics and dexterity may be cleverly evaded. Their supremacy was acknowledged by Shakespeare in the minutest as well as in the greatest concerns of human life. Bacon's superb intellect was neither disturbed nor impelled by the promptings of his heart. Of perfect friendship or of perfect love he may without reluctance, be pronounced incapable. Shakespeare yielded his whole being to boundless and measureless

devotion. Bacon's ethical writings sparkle with a frosty brilliance of fancy, playing over the worldly maxims which constituted his wisdom for the conduct of life. Shakespeare reaches to the ultimate truths of human life and character through a supreme and indivisible energy of love, imagination and thought." And so of the whole intellect of the man.

JOHN STOKES ADAMS.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Joseph Hill, of Perry Barr, England, whose papers on the Birthplace and the adjoining properties have been a feature of the *Stratford upon-Avon Herald*, has issued a neat pamphlet entitled *Shakespeare's Birthplace and Adjoining Properties*, to which, in addition to a matter already printed, has been added a map of the district he describes. The pamphlet does not, as might have been expected, contain much that is new, but it is a careful and handy survey of the district of which it treats.

Dr. L. Proescholdt, with the coöperation of Herr K. Warnke has undertaken the issue of the pseudo-Shakespearian plays, including the "Doubtful Plays," in about seventeen volumes. Each will be printed from the oldest text, carefully collated with later editions, with the addition of explanatory notes and an introduction dealing with the authorship, sources, metre, bibliography, etc. The plays contemplated in this edition include *Faire Em*, *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, *Edward III.*, *The Birth of Merlin*, *The troublesome reign of King John*, *A Warning to Fair Women*, *The Arraignment of Paris*, *Arden of Feversham*, *Mucedorus*, *George-a-Green*, *the Pinner of Wakefield*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *The London Prodigal*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The Puritan*, *or the Widow of Watling Street*, *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Locrine*. The price has been fixed at the remarkably low figure of two marks per volume, and the enterprise promises to be one of the most successful, as it is certainly one of the most important, of recent ventures in this line of work. Dr. L. Proescholdt, Homburg v. d. H., 35 Elisabethenstrasse, will be glad to learn of rare editions and such other matters as would be of service to him in his work.

THE PICTURES AT THE GARRICK CLUB.

Of the pictures now at the Garrick Club the bulk and backbone of the collection consists of the gallery formed long ago by the elder Mathews. A passion for collecting theatrical portraits was early developed in that eminent actor, and was greatly aided by his good fortune in securing the bulk of the pictures in this series which had belonged to Mr. Harris, the old lessee of Covent Carden. Mrs. Mathews, his wife and biographer, tells us how the pictures were saved from the swindling tenant that robbed them of their rent in the King's Road cottage. Mathews's "giant hobby," as she calls it, was then (1814) in its infancy, but the Mr. Tonson who succeeded them in the cottage begged to be allowed to retain the pictures, which were then hanging in one small room. But Mathews would as soon "have left behind him an eye or a limb as these his treasures." When times became more prosperous, and Mathews took the house at Hampstead, he was at great pains to build a gallery on purpose for his pictures. They had now increased considerably in number, and were not the least potent of the attractions in his charming home. Yet his gallery was a constant trouble to him. Some of his grievances with regard to it have been preserved, and are sufficiently amusing. Applications to see the pictures were very numerous, but all comers were not equally appreciative. When Mathews welcomed an earnest and intelligent visitor, he called it "receiving a dividend" on his outlay; and it was really a treat, Mrs. Mathews tells us, to listen to his extempore catalogue, his anecdotes, and his imitations of the persons portrayed. But he was constantly annoyed by inquisitive creatures who came to see the actor celebrity rather than the pictures he owned. Their absurd and inappropriate remarks chafed him terribly, and often enough he would escape, declaring it was time to take his afternoon ride. Some of these mistakes, which so irritated and exasperated Mr. Mathews, are worth repeating. That Harloe's fine picture of Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth should be thought a portrait of Mrs. Mathews; that Dewilde's exquisite portrait of Miss De Camp (Mrs. Charles Kemble) in male attire, as Patie in the *Gentle Shepherd*, should be thought to represent Master Betty; or that he should be asked by a person, who had evidently never entered a London theatre, why there was no portrait of Milton with the rest, are humorous illustrations of the stupidity of Mr. Mathews'

tormentors. But the time came when the whole collection was thrown open to the public. Private reasons led to the exhibition of the Mathews pictures in Oxford Street; and there is still extant a catalogue, prefaced by a characteristic article of Charles Lamb's, which appeared originally in the *London Magazine*. After their exhibition, and still in Mr. Mathew's lifetime, they were removed to the Garrick Club. They had now passed practically into the possession of Mr. John Rowland Durrant, a member of the Garrick, who eventually gave them to the club. His example has been followed, among others, by Sir John Millais; by Sir John Gilbert, who painted for the club his admirable portrait of Thackeray; by the late John Phillip, R.A., and by many more. The great landscape painters of a now past generation contributed to the embellishment of the new house, and there is no finer specimen of a Stansfield than the magnificent sea-piece in the smoking-room, no better David Roberts than the picture of the "Holy Land," painted expressly for the same room, a picture in which Louis Haghe collaborated, he having also contributed two very fine street scenes with figures. Mr. Stansfield had previously presented the club with a beautiful Italian landscape, "The Port of Ancona," which hangs on the staircase; and the list would be incomplete if we did not include the name of Mr. O'Neill, A.R.A., who has painted and presented a large portrait group of the leading members of the club. Another valued and, in its way, delightful gift, was the series of water-colour drawings representing the younger Mathews in his various characters. These drawings, which are excellent specimens of clear, clean water-colour works, are unsigned, but I have heard them attributed to a Mr. Child, who was well known in artistic circles of the last generation.

The theatrical portraiture at the Garrick covers a wide range; it goes back from the present day to those remote, semi-heroic times immediately following the Restoration, when his Majesty's servants were still deemed rogues and vagabonds liable to be proceeded against at law, in spite of the patronage and protection of the great. These early works are more interesting, perhaps from an historical than an artistic point of view. One or two may be attributed to the great painters of the time, but are not invaribly in their best manner; others are almost unmistakable copies, or the works of now forgotten, nameless men. The most ancient in date, perhaps, is the picture between the windows of the coffee-room, by Michael Wright, signed and dated 1672, a copy, by the painter himself, of the original, which was a commission from Charles II., and is now in Windsor Castle. Lacy was a great favourite with the merry monarch, who especially liked him in the three parts represented in this picture,—a part in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Parson Scruple in *The Cheats*, and Monsieur de Vice in *The Country Captain*. Another very successful

character of Lacy's was Teague, the Irish footman, in the *Committee*, "a merry but indifferent play," Pepys tells us, "but Lacy's part is beyond imagination." Of the same date is the portrait of Cave Underhill as Obadiah in this same play of the *Committee*. Underhill was the comrade of Anthony Leigh, "a more mercurial actor," another great favourite with Charles II.; his portrait is in the coffee-room as Dominic in *The Spanish Friar*, a most effective rendering of a part said to combine demure wickedness with the overbearing demeanour of a proud priest. Another contemporary whose portrait is preserved is Nat. Lee, the mad actor-poet, who played Duncan in *Macbeth* in 1672, and afterwards wrote his tragedy of *Alexander the Great* in Bedlam. Lee was found dead in the snow in the streets of London when still quite a young man. But the greatest "stars" of the epoch were undoubtedly Betterton and Mrs. Barry, of whom there is a picture, unsigned, in the strangers' dining-room, representing the former as Hamlet, the latter as Queen. The painting is dark and discoloured, while the composition leaves much to be desired. Hamlet, the principal figure is close to the frame; a large portion of the canvas is occupied by the mailed figure of the Ghost, and the attitudes of the actors are stagey in their exaggerated exhibition of terror. But the picture is valuable as a pictorial record of worthies whose figures are forgotten, although their names survive. All Betterton's contemporaries speak of him in terms of unmeasured praise. Addison says that "such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans." Hamlet seems to have been his strongest part. There is little, however, in the picture I am describing to verify these accounts of him. His companion in it, Mrs. Barry, was little less celebrated than himself, and was generally reputed the finest actress of her day. At first unsuccessful, she presently gained the highest praise, "a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen in a theatre," says Dryden in his preface to *Cleomenes*, a tragedy in which she played the heroine. Yet "with all her enchantment," it was Anthony Aston's opinion that "this fine creature was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side. . . . She was middle-sized, had darkish hair, light eyes, and was indifferent plump." The round full cheeks of this florid beauty are distinctly recorded in the Garrick picture of Mrs. Barry.

Of the same period, and perhaps more widely and more popularly known, was "the impudent comedian, the merry monarch's chief favourite, the indiscreetest, wildest creature that ever was in a court," but "a mighty pretty soul,"—Nell Gwynne. There are two portraits of her in the club; one unsigned and scarcely valuable, the other a fair example of Sir Peter Lely, who painted her again and again This canvas, which hangs in the drawing-room, is no doubt inferior to the fine portraits possessed by Sir Brook Boothby, or by Earl

Spencer at Althorp, but it brings before us with pleasing truthfulness the well-known characteristics of this frail but engaging creature. She freely displays her exuberant charms, and we can admire her pink and white complexion, her ripe *embonpoint*, the round beautiful face, the reddish auburn hair, the turned-up nose, and the laughing, lively eyes, so small as to be almost invisible at times. An especial beauty in the ancestress of the Beauclercs was a diminutive foot, "the smallest foot in England," which strange to say, is not reproduced in any of her portraits. A more estimable character, who followed close in her footsteps and long outlived her, was Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose portrait, by an unknown hand, hangs on the grand staircase. We can see in this canvas, which represents her in dark blue velvet, trimmed with dark brown fur, just removing a mask, the beauties that Ashton has recorded, the "dark brown hair and eyebrows, black sparkling eyes, and a fresh blushy complexion." We can understand as we gaze on these pure pearly flesh tints, the tendency she exhibited to flush "in her breast, neck, and face," whenever she exerted herself. "Never," says Cibber, "was any woman in such general favour with the spectators." All who looked upon her loved her. She inspired the best authors to write for her, Rowe and Congreve amongst the number. All the gay sparks of the period sighed for her, yet her private character was unimpeachable. The story of Captain Hill's attempted abduction of her is too well known to need repetition. Mrs. Bracegirdle retired early from the stage; a young and not less fascinating actress was rising into favour, and threatening to throw the elder actress in the shade. This wa, Ann Oldfield, "a lady whose ravishing perfections," says Fieldings "are the admiration of every eye and ear." Cibber describes her as "tallish in stature, beautiful in action and aspect, with a countenance benevolent, like her heart. We see something of these traits in the portraits of her at the Garrick; the broad round face, with the large speaking eyes which she half shut with so much archness in comedy. Mrs. Oldfield was much esteemed in general society, although her private life was scarcely irreproachable. She had one son by Arthur Maynwaring, and afterwards was under the protection of General Churchill, a son of the great Duke of Marlborough's elder brother. The story goes that Queen Caroline remarked to her one day, "I hear that you and the General are married." "Madam," replied the actress discreetly, "the General keeps his own secrets." Mrs. Oldfield's descendants married well, and she herself found burial in Westminister Abbey, with peers supporting her pall.

Doggett, an excellent comic actor of those early days, deserves a passing word. His portrait in the club may be examined by those who only know his name in connection with the coat and badge still

rowed for by Thamas watermen under the terms of his will. A testy, obstinate creature, with a passion for money-grubbing, devoted to usury and stockjobbing, but nevertheless a truly great comedian. One of the greatest names, however, more, perhaps, from the prominent part he played in the world than from his dramatic powers, was that of Colley Cibber, who from small beginnings rose to be poet-laureate, to be widely esteemed in the West End, to live in Berkeley Square, to be a member of White's, and to be buried in Westminister Abbey as a great man. He was unquestionably the worst poet-laureate ever was made. For nearly thirty years his verses were ridiculed by the whole town. But he was a successful dramatist, and he dared even to "adapt" Shakespeare to the stage; what is more, his adaptations survive. As an actor, he was essentially comic, but he preferred to play tragedy, although his Richard III., and all his passionate performances, made people laugh. Fortunately we see him at the Garrick portrayed in the character that was universally acknowledged to have suited him best: it is that of Lord Foppington, in the third act of *The Relapse*, when he is saying, "I wouldn't be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my body as I have in my heart." The picture is by Grisoni, an Italian painter who particularly excelled in portraiture, and it is easy to understand from this canvas how Colley Cibber's Lord Foppington, bedecked in an embroidered suit loaded with ornaments, bearing his muff, his snuffbox, and his clouded cane, continued for years a model of fashionable dress. Cibber was the connecting link between several generations. He had seen and reverenced Betterton, he played with Quin, and .he survived to pass an opinion upon Garrick's early bids for dramatic fame.

Quin, who was the last of the Betterton school, was long the despot of the stage. A gentleman by birth, a lawyer by profession, his sympathies, his aspirations, were all dramatic, and he was successful almost from the moment he appeared. It was in Falstaff, for which he was especially suited, with his tall and bulky person, his strong yet pleasing voice, his piercing and expressive eyes, that he first conquered the town. In tragedy he imitated Booth, whose Cato he was said to surpass; but Quin had none of his model's power of passion or gifts of grace and action. He was dull, heavy, monotonous, emphasising the worst faults of his great predecessor. Yet Quin was long without rivals; he made his own terms with managers; his word was law upon the stage; in private life he was feared, tolerated, caressed. The best houses were open to him in London, Bath or the counties, and he is no doubt best remembered from his eccentric ways, his epicurean tastes, and his hectoring, quarrelsome tongue. He was a noted duellist, twice killed his man; while his repartees were often cruel, but generally humorous. Quin, was honourably proud of his profession, and every one will admire the sturdy inde-

pendence of his reply to the nobleman who regretted that Quin was a player. "What would your lordship have me?—a lord?" was a fitting retort to the insolent speech. Quin's elocution must have been highly esteemed, for he was selected by Frederick, Prince of Wales, to instruct the royal children; and when George III. delivered his first speech from the throne, it was with pardonable exultation that Quin exclaimed, "I taught the boy to speak." Of the various portraits the Garrick possesses of Quin, the best is a small Hogarth in the strangers' coffee-room, representing him at sixty in the unsuitable part of Young Chamont in *The Orphan*. Quin, corpulent and overgrown, weighing some sixteen stone, appears in a crimson coat richly trimmed with lace, a long white periwig, and square-toed shoes, "more like Sir John Brute in the drunken scene," says a critic, "than the youthful and fiery Chamont." Yet it is a charming cabinet picture, beautiful in colour, and in excellent preservation.

Most of Quin's contemporaries are to be found amongst the Garrick portraits. A fine painting is that of Mrs. Clive by Verelst. Verelst must be one of the family of the well-known Verelst, the Dutch painter of Charles II.'s reign, probably his grandson, William Verelst, who was much esteemed as a portrait painter in London during the first half of the eighteenth century. I have heard this Garrick picture ascribed to Van Haecken on the grounds that there is a well-known print of it so signed; but I have seen this print, and observe distinct differences between it and the Verelst "Clive" at the Garrick. The Garrick portrait endorses the contemporary opinion that Mrs. Clive, the Kitty Clive of her day, was not beautiful; but she had a fine person, and her face is lively and expressive. We see before us the "jovial, ugly, witty, sensible actress," who was the universal favourite of the day, particularly in Nell in *The Devil to Pay*, and similar characters. Her comic talents were deservedly styled exquisite. She was essentially natural, and created a school of realism, so that the best acting in her line has been modelled after her. Her walk in comedy was extensive—chambermaids, hoydens, romps, country girls, viragoes, and superannuated dowds. "No one," says one who had often seen her, "could be grave when Clive was disposed to be gay." Although separated from her husband, a brother of the Mr. Baron Clive, her fair fame was never spotted by the slightest suspicion of calumny. Frank, blunt, eccentric in manner and disposition, she was respected to the last, and left the stage after a long and brilliant career, to survive for many years in a modest villa on the banks of the Thames. She was bitten by the prevailing vice of gambling, and did not always keep her temper at play. No better story is told than that of her at quadrille, when her opponent, a hoary-headed dowager, demanded payment for two black aces. "Two black aces!" cried Kitty Clive, "I'd like to give you two

black eyes, you old white cat!" Two other great actresses may be mentioned here, contemporaries of Quin and Kitty Clive, and in their *débuts* slightly antecedent to Garrick, although their fame was brightest when associated with him. These were Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber, both of whom are well represented in the Garrick, as we shall see. The first began at the booths of Bartholomew Fair, but she rose rapidly to a leading position upon the London stage. Her range was wide. She was equally strong in tragedy and comedy, and in this respect was superior to her great successor, Mrs. Siddons, who lacked her versatility. "Mrs. Pritchard," says Dibdin, "was everywhere great, everywhere impressive, everywhere feminine." Yet this marvellous actress was nothing off the stage; she was the reality of the type Thackeray drew in "the Fotheringay," and it is quite possible that he gained his conception from her. Dr. Johnson said, "Pritchard in common life was a vulgar idiot; she would talk of her *gownd*. . . . Sir, she had never read the tragedy of *Macbeth* through; she had no more thought of the play out of her own part than a shoemaker thinks of the skin out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut." Mrs. Siddons hesitated to believe this statement, but she was afterwards assured by a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Pritchard's, that he had supped with her one night after she had acted Lady Macbeth, and that she declared she had never perused the whole tragedy. "I cannot believe it," says Mrs. Siddons. As an actress, she had more general ability than Mrs. Cibber. The latter's acting was delightful, Mrs. Pritchard's commanding; "one insinuated herself into the heart, the other took possession of it." Mrs. Cibber's strong point was her exquisite silver-toned voice. She almost sang her part; it was a sweet, high-pitched sort of recitative. There was naturally much of the conventionality of the old school in her favourite "demi-chant," which, as Cumberland records, was so extremely wanting in contrast, that though it did not wound the ear it wearied it. But this peculiar gift of one who belonged to a very musical family gave her great power in all tender and pathetic parts. She long preserved, too, upon the stage the appearance of youth, and this in spite of domestic troubles and the blackguard treatment of her husband, that finished scoundrel, Theophilus Cibber. At fifty, Mrs. Cibber could still play the part of Celia, a girl of sixteen; her uncommon symmetry, her singular vivacity, kept her apparently young to the last. Ophelia was the part with which she was chiefly identified, but she achieved a great triumph as Constance in *King John*.

It is in association with these famous actresses that we have the great English Roscius brought vividly before us in the club that bears his mame. Among the finest pictures in the Garrick are those which, hanging over the opposite fireplaces of the coffee-room, repre-

sent Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in *Macbeth*, and Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in *Venice preserved*. They are both from the brush of the Italian, Zoffany, who came to London and starved at decorating clock faces, until he found work as a portrait painter. Garrick was a constant sitter to him, and was painted by him in many of his characters; as Abel Drugger and Sir John Brute, both of them admirable renderings of the great actor, and well known from the engravings of those works; again, as Lord Chalkstone, which is in the Garrick collection. The two pictures in the Garrick to which I would now refer, full of character and of now ripened colour, are in Zoffany's best manner. In *Macbeth* we have the dagger scene, when Lady Macbeth taunts her cowardly lord: "Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!" words spoken, we can well understand, with tremendous effect. Garrick's terror-stricken attitude is most effective. We regret, as we gaze on him, the incongruity of his costume; for Garrick, although a stage reformer, had not dared to depart from old traditions of dress, and he is playing the Highland thane in a long-skirted blue coat with crimson cuffs, and a full-bottomed wig of the Georgian period. When West, the painter, asked him why he adhered to this ridiculous usage, he said he was afraid of his audience, who would have thrown a bottle at his head if he had dared to change. It was reserved for John Philip Kemble, when stage-manager at Drury Lane, to correct the absurdities of stage costume, although Henderson appears to have preceded him in this respect. In Romney's picture of Henderson as Macbeth, on the club staircase, the Scotchman makes up as an excellent mediæval warrior, wearing body armour, with arms and legs bare. Macklin, in 1772, played Macbeth at Covent Garden in the dress of a Highland chieftain, but is described as a clumsy old man, who looked more like a Scotch piper than a great general. It may be added here that Kemble himself first played Othello in the full uniform of a British general; in *Macbeth* he wore a hearse-like plume in his bonnet, and Mrs. Crouch, the singer, who played the First Witch, was in point lace and powdered hair.

But it is easy to realise that Garrick was independent of errors in dress. The attitude preserved by Zoffany in this picture, the two outstretched hands and the gesture of turning away, appears to have been a favourite with Garrick. This peculiar action was reproduced within living memory by General Arabin, who had seen Garrick, and was supposed to imitate him successfully. The picture from *Venice Preserved* is equally impressive. Here again we have Garrick as the Italian in a modern court dress, although Mrs. Cibber, as Belvidera, is in a costume which bears some resemblance to that of a Venetian dame. The scene is that in which Jaffier, with uplifted dagger, is about to stab her. Belvidera is on her knees, her beautiful

face upturned in an ecstacy of terror. It is just possible to trace in this picture the curious likeness supposed to exist between Garrick and Mrs. Cibber. From similarity of complexion, size, and countenance, they would easily have been supposed to be brother and sister. This is Davies's opinion, and the statement is borne out by Cumberland. These two Zoffanys are the most important and noteworthy portraits of Garrick, but there are of course many others in the club; the great actor was being painted continually by all the great artists of the day: Hogarth, Loutherbourg, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Zoffany, as I have said. Garrick must have been a trying sitter. An amusing story is told of the way he practised upon the patience and temper of Gainsborough. He paid sixteen visits to his studio, it is said, and on each occasion had imperceptibly wrought a change in his features; at last the painter, declaring he could not paint a man with such a "Protean phiz," threw down his brush in despair. The extraordinary facial power of Garrick is still further shown in the fact that he sat to Hogarth as Fielding, after the novelist's death. Hogarth wished to paint a posthumous likeness of Fielding, but there was no work extant to which he could refer. Garrick, therefore, dressed in a suit of Fielding's clothes, and cleverly assumed his features, look, and attitude. It was not strange that Johnson, when he learnt that Garrick's face was growing wrinkled, should exclaim, "And so it ought, for whose face has experienced so much wear and tear as his?" There is a small portrait of him as Richard III. by George Morland, after Dance, a copy of the well-known original in the possession of Sir Watkin Wynne. If this be really a Morland, it is valuable even as a copy; but we must not forget that this painter, amazingly prolific though he was, allowed others to use his signature to their works. The attitude is stagey and forced, and although the part was one in which he gained unmeasured applause, we may believe with many that it was not his best. Hogarth, however, declared that he here excelled, that he was most at home when begrimed with blood, or in coarse characters like Abel Drugger. We see him again in the club in a well-painted but greatly reduced copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture of "The Actor between Tragedy and Comedy."

Garrick was surrounded and supported by a galaxy of celebrities, male and female. "The ladies of his theatre were the plagues of his life;" the women worried the good-natured manager to death. I have dealt with two of them, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber; others were the celebrated Peg Woffington, George Ann Bellamy, Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Pope. So much has been written concerning Mrs. Woffington that it is hardly necessary to give any detailed account of her. We see her in the Garrick, the versatile, bewitching, and whimsical Irishwoman, well portrayed in several

canvases. There is a Hogarth in the drawing-room which r sents her on a couch, "dallying and dangerous," as Charles I wrote of this picture; a lovely recumbent figure in a reddish-b picture, with tiny white-slippered feet outstretched. The colour o picture is somewhat dark and perished, but the face is renc with that special aptitude for beauty which is a not sufficiently recognised attribute of the great caricaturist. Close by is an Woffington, painted by a less famous hand, that of Mercier, pos less truthful, but certainly more beautiful. Philip Mercier w Frenchman, born at Berlin, and brought over to England by F rick, Prince of Wales, who made him a member of his household after nine years of it, he set up on his own account as a portrait pa in Covent Garden. His work is exceedingly fresh, and in loc at this charming portrait of Woffington, with its lovely face, its expressive eyes, and engaging aspect, we can understand the en she exercised over men's hearts. It has been said she was the h somest woman that ever appeared on the stage; unfortunatel had a bad voice, "the only impediment to her becoming superlat excellent." She was an actress of all work, playing all parts, Sir Harry Wildair to Lady Macbeth. "She was famous for forming in male attire," says Leigh Hunt, "and her Sir Harry V air, the character in which she first appeared in London, w excellent, she represented the gay, dissipated, good-humoured with so much ease, elegance, and propriety of deportment, tha male actors could compete with her." A true artist, she on occasion sacrifice personal feelings to the general interests o theatre, and "she ever remained," says a contemporary, "the gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Peggy to all around h except to one person, her rival and pet aversion, George Bellamy. These two were deadly foes. The rivalry bet them reached its climax when they played in *The Rival Qu* Peg was dressed, we are told, in a cast-off robe of the Prin Dowager of Wales, while Bellamy had sent to Paris for magnificent costumes. Peg, in the great scene as Ro maddened by jealousy, rolled her rival in the dust, and pumm her with the handle of her dagger, gave peculiar effect to the w "Die, sorceress, die!" which were in her part. There is a po of Miss Bellamy in the coffee-room, by Lindo—a dark-haired seemingly dark-eyed beauty, but sprightly and elegant in fi quite charming enough to explain the adulation and attentio received while she was in the full possession of her charms. Her was perfection; of her Belvidera a fine judge said, "I came to ac Garrick, but I go away enchanted with Bellamy." Her surpa beauty, her soft blue eyes, her exquisite fairness, rendered her "a goddess of love." Yet her career ended in debt, darkness, and mi

Mrs. Abington began as a flower-girl, or worse, but she became an educated and accomplished woman, and was an especial favourite of the Dublin stage when Garrick persuaded her to succeed Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive at Drury Lane. He seems, on a closer acquaintance, to have especially hated her, often speaking of her as "that most worthless creature, that worst of bad women; she is as silly as she is false and treacherous." Yet she had undoubted talent, wide and various; "she thinks nothing low that is nature, nothing mean or beneath her skill which is characteristic." She is chiefly remembered as the original Lady Teazle, and the Garrick Club is fortunate in possessing a capital picture by Roberts of the great screen scene in *The School for Scandal.* Mrs. Abington is the centre figure, and with her are King, as the original Sir Peter Teazle, and Smith and Palmer as Charles and Joseph Surface. Mrs. Abington's cleverness was not confined to the stage; she appears to have been gifted with exquisite taste in dress. Her style was copied, her advice was sought by great ladies, and at one time the "Abington" cap was in all the milliners' shops. There is another portrait of her, by Hickey, as Lady Bab Lardoon in *The Maid of Oaks*, in the drawing-room. Mrs. Pope was practically a pupil of Garrick's; he "took uncommon pains with her." "I shall consider her," says Boaden, "as a daughter of Garrick's theatre, for there she acquired all the resources of her art, and they constituted her the most general actress the world has ever seen." But she was more especially Mrs. Clive's successor in broad comedy, although Cordelia to Garrick's Lear was a great part of hers. An interesting point in connection with Mrs. Pope was the strong resemblance she was supposed to bear to the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, George III.'s early love. The king, in the autumn of life and the decay of his mental powers, saw Mrs. Pope at Drury Lane, and was heard to mutter, "She's like Lady Sarah still." One or two more actresses of this epoch must be mentioned here: Mrs. Yates, of whom there is a fine portrait by Coates in the coffee-room, an actress of fine presence, very beautiful and dignified; and Mrs. Barry, wife of Spranger Barry, the silver-tongued Irishman, who competed not unsuccessfully with Garrick. Mrs. Barry was admirable in comedy; her Rosalind and Beatrice were both perfect representations, but she was great as Cordelia, and overwhelmingly pathetic as Belvidera. She used to say she played tragedy to please the town, comedy to please herself. By common consent the most lovely actress of that age was Mrs. Hartley, of whom Garrick said, "A finer creature I never saw." There is a good full-length portrait of her in the club by Angelica Kauffman, in vestal white—long diaphanous robes, clinging close to her pliant and graceful form. She has the snowy flesh-tints so common with freckled complexions, and the reddish auburn hair that Giorgione loved to paint. People raved

about her; all censure, all criticism, turned to panegyric on looking at her. We can almost understand how "Gentleman Smith," of Drury Lane, made a fool of himself about her, and was prepared to desert his wife, Lord Sandwich's sister, sooner than give up his Rose Hartley. She was a favourite subject of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and posed as the beautiful female in several of his most celebrated pictures. Another beautiful actress, whose life was more romantic and unfortunate, was Mrs. Robinson, the Perdita who conquered George IV. when the young Prince of Wales. The story is not a savoury one, and need not be repeated, but the beauty of her face and person may be realised in the various portraits we see of her. Mrs. Pitt, too, who invariably played the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, must have been really attractive, if we are to believe Hogarth's beautiful cabinet portrait of her in the strangers' smoking-room.

The strange world that Garrick ruled was peopled and crowded with eminent men. He had a host of good actors in his corps: some jealous rivals to be won over by his gentle considerateness, some too easily alienated, some loyal, faithful friends to the last. Macklin, the veteran who died at one hundred and seven, quarrelled with Garrick, as he did with everyone else, and was implacable to the last. The wild Irishman, as he was called, savage, overbearing, violent in temper, was once tried for his life, and convicted of manslaughter at the Old Bailey. He is to be seen in the Garrick, painted by Opie when he was ninety-three, and the canvas preserves his harsh features and generally unprepossessing face. Quin had some excuse for saying of him that the lines of his face were like cordage, and again, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain." Woodward was another of Garrick's supporters, long a member of the Drury Lane company, but returning in later years to Covent Garden, from which he came. He began as an apprentice to Rich, the first harlequin, who played under the name of Lun, and was "a very artful contriver of that kind of stage preformance called pantomime." Speaking of Rich, I may mention that there is a small Hogarth in this collection of him and his family. An eccentric man, imperfectly educated, whom Foote accused of being unable to write his own name, Rich was nevertheless a very successful manager, who drew as great crowds to his theatre as Garrick, with all his genius, could collect at Drury Lane. Excellent, almost unrivalled, as harlequin, especially in his attitudes, Woodward was yet far more: he was esteemed the best Petruchio of his day, and no one will wonder at this reputation who sees the Garrick portrait of him in this character by Vandergucht. There is nothing better in the collection. It is Petruchio himself, with his bold, swaggering, self-reliant air, and any modern actor who wishes to make up the part has here a most perfect model to his hand. Woodward was also strong in

Bobadil, and Parolles. He was infinitely droll in Sir Andrew Aguecheek; but he could play everything comic—scamps, fops simpletons, fools. Dr. Doran thought him the exact prototype of the elder Mathews. "He had brisk and genuine if rather brassy humour," says Leslie, "but in spite of his sense, and with the best intentions, he never could utter a line of tragedy."

King was another of the company—handsome, courtly Tom King, long stage manager at Drury Lane, "whose acting," says Charles Lamb, "left a taste on the palate sharp and sweet, like a quince." King, as I have said, created the part of Sir Peter Teazle. There was an epigrammatic style in everything he tried which gave peculiar point to Sheridan's spirited dialogue. It was the same in Lord Ogelby in *The Clandestine Marriage*, the principal scene in which we have admirably preserved in a picture by Zoffany. It hangs in the drawing-room, in an excellent light, showing well the beautiful landscape background, and is a perfect specimen of the master's style. Lord Ogelby is placing his heart at the feet of Miss Sterling (Mrs. Baddeley), having been introduced and recommended by Canton, his French valet, played by Baddeley. Mrs. Baddeley was dissolute, even for that light age; she had already left her husband, and they were not on speaking terms, although performing on the same stage. The absurd similarity of their private relations to those dramatically depicted in this scene so highly amused George III. when he saw the play that it was by his special command that Zoffany painted this picture. The story is told at length in Galt's *Lives of the Players*. Mrs. Baddeley was very beautiful; her life in its early phases was romantic, if not straitlaced, but she died in abject degradation. Baddeley, originally a cook, was a good comic actor, but he is better remembered now-a-days by his benevolent bequests than by his stage prowess. The Baddeley Twelfth Cake at Drury Lane is an institution he created and endowed, since greatly developed by the liberal hospitality of the present lessee of the theatre, Mr. Augustus Harris. There are other portraits of King in the Garrick—one by Zoffany, as Touchstone, and another in day dress, by Richard Wilson, the great English landscape painter, who began his career with portraits. This is possibly a portion of some larger work. Kemble has been heard to say that he vaguely remembered having seen the figure of King on a larger canvas, and in this picture the frame exactly cuts a small dog in two. King was also the first Puff in *The Critic;* and great as Mr. Oakley in *The Jealous Wife*. He was in every way a finished comedian.

Space forbids me to give more than a passing word to Yates, who was notoriously careless in learning his parts; to Jack Palmer, who is the Joseph Surface in the screen scene already mentioned, a pleasing, plausible actor, of whom there is a fine portrait in the coffee-room, by Arrowsmith; to David Ross, painted by Zoffany, as Hamlet; to Par-

sons, a born comedian, the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*, of whom there is a capital portrait by Vandergucht, as Obadiah in *The Committee*, with Moody as Teague, both highly successful impersonations. There is a fine portrait, attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Foote, another of Garrick's contemporaries, who soon ran alone at the Haymarket, where he was the father of the modern entertainment. We have here the very man, with his mouth set in the corner of his face, the coarse, humorous features that he could twist into an exact imitation of everyone, "from the court end of the town to Whitechapel." Foote, it will be remembered, generally satirised the failings of the day: vulgar gentility, the passion for bric-à-brac, medical quacks, nabobs, society at Bath. He has been called the British Aristophanes, but the simile is not happy. There was little original wit in Foote; he was an imitator—spiteful, sardonic—who seized strongly marked foibles, and made their owners look like rascals or fools. No public man, it was said, could enter Foote's theatre without fear of finding himself attacked. He spared no one where he could make a brutal jest. The loss of his leg, due to his excessive vanity in thinking he could ride, was a terrible blow to him; and the pain he had inflicted on so many others recoiled on him, when he himself became the victim of a foul and shameful charge. The imputation was completely disproved, but it eventually killed him.

As Garrick's star was waning, a new and not less brilliant light appeared above the horizon. One of his last managerial acts was to introduce Mrs. Siddons to the London stage, as a set-off, she herself declares, against the jealous pretensions of the other ladies of his company. In any case, the majestic Sarah's first appearance was a failure. She is described as a pretty, delicate, fragile-looking creature, most unbecomingly dressed, speaking in a broken, tremulous voice that lapsed into a horrid, almost inaudible whisper. It was not till her return, seven years later, that she took the town by storm. She secured a tremendous success as Isabella in *The Fatal Marriage*, and sprang at once into fame. "Like a resistless torrent she carried everything before her;" her merit seems to have swallowed up all remembrance of past and present performances. "Her lofty beauty," says her biographer, Thomas Campbell, "her graceful walk and gesture, and her potent elocution, were endowments which at the first sight marked her supremacy on the stage." "There never perhaps was a better stage figure than Mrs. Siddons," says another biographer, Boaden. Above the middle height, but exactly symmetrical in figure, with finely formed features, extraordinary flexibility, a voice naturally plaintive, that grew sonorous and passionate at will, she had absolute dominion over her audience. She sent women into hysterics, convulsed men with tears, even frightened her companions on the stage. We see her in the Garrick twice, painted by Harlowe, as Lady Mac-

beth. One picture represents her at the dread moment when she first conceives her crime: "Come all ye spirits that tend on mortal thought, unsex me here." The other is the sleep-walking scene, in which she held her audience spell-bound, when, with awful, remorseful voice she cries, "Out, damned spot!" In both portraits full justice is done to the splendid countenance and imposing attitude of the great tragedian. Lady Macbeth was her favourite part. How she realised it, may be gathered from her own account of her first study of it, when late at night she was seized with a paroxyism of terror in the assassination scene, and hurried to bed without daring even to take off her clothes. Only second to his great sister was John Philip Kemble, who owed his introduction to London to her. Croker says, "He had no competitor in any walk of tragedy. . . . . Mrs. Siddons, it is agreed, was never excelled, and he by Garrick alone, and by Garrick only in his universality." He was an unrivalled Romeo, his Cato was magnificent, and in Coriolanus he reached the summit of high tragic dignity. This great actor is well represented at the Garrick as Cato, a small replica of the large portrait painted for Lord Blessington. The copy was made by Lawrence himself for Mathews under peculiar circumstances. The story is told at length in Mrs. Mathew's life of her husband —how Mathews had been promised a copy by Lord Blessington, and how, after many delays and much disappointment, Lawrence at last confided to Mathews that he had made the copy himself. The painter invited Mathews to his studio, and showed him his last work, a copy of the "Cato" at last completed, "all but a few touches." I fancy the picture did not come into Mr. Mathew's possession then and there, as I have heard that he had to ask the painter's executors for it, who, however, admitted the claim and surrendered it. I believe that the picture was even then incomplete, and was finished by Harlowe, one of Lawrence's most successful pupils. It represents Kemble in the correct dress of a Roman senator, short white tunic and sandals. Although there are several other portraits of Kemble in the club—one as Hamlet, on his first appearance; as Cato, by Westall; as Penruddock, in *The Wheel of Fortune*, by Dewilde; also an unsigned "Coriolanus;" and a charming sketch by Harlowe from recollections of him in that part—perhaps the best idea of John Philip Kemble's manly beauty may be gained from the charming pencil sketch of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which hangs in the library, a pendant to one of Mrs. Siddons, by the same master's hand. A noted actress who was closely identified with John Kemble during his management of Covent Garden may be mentioned here. It was the engagement of Madame Catalini that led to the well-remembered O.P. riots, when prices were put up, as the gods erroneously thought, to pay the Italian singer an enormous salary.

A good portrait of Madame Catalini, presented by her son, hangs upon the staircase, by Lonsdale, a portrait painter whose manner was bold and masculine, and who must have had some keenness in discriminating character. Good examples are to be seen of him in the Garrick, especially his portraits of Charles Mathews and Frederick Yates.

Other members of the gifted Kemble family, all of whom took to the stage, but achieved lesser renown, are to be found in this collection. There is a full-length of Charles Kemble on the staircase, as Macbeth, a portrait of him as Hamlet, by Wyatt, and another as Charles II., by Briggs. Charles Kemble came next after his great brother, but at some distance. Macready called him "a first-rate actor of second rate parts." He was a fair Romeo, a passable Hamlet, good as Petruchio, Mercutio, Laertes, Cassio, and so forth. Leslie thought his Faulconbridge as perfect as the Coriolanus of his brother John. Lady Morgan writes, "Charles Kemble was the best of the whole stock—beautiful, graceful, gallant, and a very fine gentleman." His wife (Miss de Camp) was an excellent actress—a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty, eloquent in face and frame; she had been a dancer, and her motion was music itself ere her voice was heard. Something of this may be seen in Dewilde's portrait of her as Patie, in *The Gentle Shepherd.* Stephen Kemble, another brother, long a strolling manager in the provinces, is here as Bajazet, by Dewilde. Stephen played Falstaff now and then with some success; he was so overgrown that his figure suited the part without artificial stuffing. The later generation of Kembles scarcely maintained the traditions of the family. Fanny made a hit, but gained no permanent reputation.

The Kemble epoch was distinguished by many other notable names. Through it George Frederick Cooke flourished, John Philip Kemble's great rival and competitor.. Like Quin and Garrick, they played great parts alternately, but not for long, and they hated each other cordially. Cooke was cursed with the vice of intemperance, and when drunk, as was too frequently the case, he would rail violently against "Black Jack," Kemble's stage nickname. Cooke was great as Richard III., "the best since Garrick," says a contemporary. He was formed for the sarcastic, was an admirable Sir Giles Overreach, in which many thought him far superior to Kemble. There are many portraits of him in this collection: as Shylock, by Phillips, R.A.; as Kitely, by Singleton, R.A.; as Sir Archy McSarcasm and Richard III., both by Dewilde. Charles Young was another, whose Hamlet some said had never been equalled, and who was the next best actor to Kemble in tragedy. He is represented in the Garrick as Macbeth, in a somewhat slight portrait sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer. The boy Betty scarcely deserves to be mentioned with these great names, but for a time he was the rage and fashion, often drawing crowded houses in London while Kemble played to empty benches. Master

Betty was barely twelve when he made his début on the Belfast stage, and rather more than a year later he appeared as Barbarossa at Drury Lane, when "the divine boy" gained the most tremendous applause. He played everything—Rolla, Romeo, Hamlet, Young Norval; and it is in this last character that we have him at the Garrick in a full-length portrait, by Opie, hanging on the top of the staircase. Home, the author of *Douglas*, declared that Master Betty was the first actor who played the part according to his idea of the character when he conceived and wrote it. It is a pleasing and very striking portrait; the youthful figure with hand uplifted and flowing garments might be that of a boyish saint, some young John the Baptist in the wilderness.

The age was specially rich in comedians of every shade. Such names as those of Munden, Elliston, the two Bannisters, Quick, Snell, Emery, Lewis, Charles Mathews senior, may be mentioned in proof of this. Miss Farren, who became Countess of Derby, and whose fascinating face may be seen in the drawing-room, made her reputation in genteel comedy. She was especially good as Lady Teazle and Miss Hardcastle, and generally followed Mrs. Abington in the successful personation of ladies of quality. Dora Jordan again, so long intimately connected with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., gained her chief reputation in comedy. "A charming cordial actress," who pleased, nay bewitched, the public with the irresistible joyousness of her look, her laugh, her voice. She was a perfect Rosalind, but she also played Ophelia exquisitely. Sir Joshua Reynolds thought her greater than Mrs. Abington wherever she challenged comparison. Personally she was widely popular, an engaging, fascinating lady, always in good humour, even when spiteful enemies in derision called her "Duchess," or threatened to give her royal highness a howl or a hiss. Dewilde has painted her in *The Country Girl*, the part in which she made her London *début*. The picture is in the drawing-room, a pleasing figure; and there is another of Dewilde's pictures of her as Phœdra in *Amphitryon*. None of these are as good as that possessed by the Duke of Clarence himself, who plainly told Mathews, when showing it to him, that he hoped it was better than any in the actor's collection. There can be no doubt that the separation between his Royal Highness and Mrs. Jordan was a terrible wrench, forced upon the Duke in spite of himself, and always deeply regretted. He proved this when he became King by the honours he bestowed on Mrs. Jordan's children. Charles Bannister reaches back really to Garrick's time. He was strolling in the eastern counties, "doing all Mr. Garrick's business at fifteen shillings a week," in 1758, after which he came to town and joined Foote. He was strong in musical imitations, and had a charming voice, which was only good at night. "Neither I nor my voice can

get up in the morning," he had said to Foote when on his trial. He was full of jokes at all times, a happy-go-lucky, reckless *bon vivant*, very popular in society, "keeping much fine company," but perpetually in debt, often in jail. He would spend his last guinea on a bundle of asparagus or a couple of bottles of claret. The easy-going, out-at-elbows, but light-hearted gentleman, quite of the Micawber type, is admirably depicted in Zoffany's portrait of Charles Bannister in the stranger's dining-room. Jack Bannister, his son, was always devoted to his father, preferring his company to anyone's. As a boy, he would bring his father's salary straight from Garrick, by whom it was liberally paid, even when the actor was in a spongihg-house. Jack, who began as a Royal Academy student, soon abandoned art for the stage. He was a *protégé* of Garrick's, who advised but scarcely encouraged him, telling him he might humbug the town as a tragedian, "but comedy is a serious thing, so don't try it yet." But Jack Bannister, to use his own expression, "soon laughed his tragedy out of fashion," and will always be remembered as a master of humorous acting, "a gloriously pleasant fellow," one who carried off the palm amongst performers of farce. We see him in the Garrick as Scout to Parsons's Sheepface in the *Village Lawyer*, in the title *rôle* of Sylvester Daggerwood, and as Lenitive in *The Prize*, one of Charles Mathews's great parts. We have portraits of Quick painted by Dupont, Dighton, and Dewilde. He was favourite comedian of George III., who began as a tragedian, then joined Foote, and was the original Tony Lumpkin, Acres, and Isaac Mendoza. It was said of Quick, a very vain man, that he believed in no living actor but himself. Lewis was "a matchless gentleman comedian," an ideal Mercutio, light and airy in his motions and voice; it was always sunshine with him. The great feature of his acting was his personal activity and amusing rapidity of speech. Whether sitting or standing, he was never for a moment at rest; and this perpetual motion kept spectators in a roar. Lewis is one of the trio in *Speculation*, by Zoffany, acting Tanjore to Quick's Alderman Arable, and Munden's Project.

Munden was a great actor, a splendid low comedian, whom Garrick first inspired to go upon the stage. Talfourd declares him to have been the greatest comedian he ever saw, with the richest and most peculiar vein of humour, and the most extensive range of character. He seems to have possessed the most extraordinary facial power. At rest the features were commonplace, but he could at will give them the strangest and most fantastic forms. Lamb said that "Munden alone literally makes faces; there is one face of Farley, another face of Knight, one (but what a one it is) of Liston, but Munden has none that you can properly pin down and call his." When playing with Jack Johnstone in *The Committee*, his grimaces were so irresistibly

comic that not only did the audience shriek with laughter, but Johnstone himself was almost too much convulsed to proceed. Jack Johnstone, "Irish" Johnstone, well known as Dennis Bulgruddery and the Sir Callagham O'Brallaghan of Sir Martin Shee's portrait, must not be confounded with Henry Johnston, of whom there is a fine full-length as Douglas by Singleton, R. A., on the staircase. We see Munden again, painted by Clint, in the wonderful scene from *Lock and Key;* Munden as old Brummagem imprisoned by the gout in an arm-chair, while Knight shows the key, and Fanny and Laura (Mrs. Alger and Miss Cubitt) look on disgusted from behind. Suett again, Dickie Suett, whose laugh, like a peal of giggles, "Ha! ha! oh! la!" is still remembered as infinitely diverting. He told stories incomparably; the good things he said were on every tongue. Emery, the great personator of Yorkshire characters, is to be seen here as Tyke, by Dewilde, in *The School for Reform.* He was an inimitable stage rustic, perfect in his representation of loutish cunning, a master of the Yorkshire dialect, excellently fitted with his stout frame and broad face for the parts he played. Elliston, the best Falstaff of his time, was also strong in Ranger and Young Absolute. He was a great favourite of George III., and had the Weymouth theatre for years. He was mad for management, having sometimes a dozen theatres on his hands. He thought himself a great orator, too, and was always making speeches. But fortune was not kind to him; his own dissipated tastes and his recklessness ruined him. Liston came somewhat later and survived longer. He was a first-rate "quiet" comedian, excelled in calm comedy, set spectators roaring without moving a muscle, and in time established such sympathy with his audience that he could take almost any liberties with them. There are several excellent pictures of Liston in the Garrick; one as Lubin Log in *Love, Law, and Physic,* which admirably renders his stolid, stupid surprise when Flexible, the lawyer, insists that black is white. "Shall a timber merchant dare contest with me in points of law?" says Flexible—a part that was amongst the most successful of the rich repertoire of the actor represented in this picture, Charles Mathews himself.

It is but natural that in a collection formed by Mr. Mathews he should figure frequently. There are many excellent portraits of him at the Garrick. Perhaps the most remarkable is Harlowe's canvas, which depicts him in four perfectly different and distinct characters. The picture hangs in the drawing-room near the door, just below the portrait of old Macklin, to whom, now nearing his dotage, Mathews when first stage-struck applied for advice. Harlowe's picture is in itself a convincing proof of Mathews's extraordinary versatile powers. The four characters are those of Fond Barney; the idiot newsvendor of York, another weak-minded simpleton catching a fly; Mr. Wiggins,

an extraordinary stout man, in the farce called *Mrs. Wiggins;* and Mathews himself in ordinary day dress. There is another admirable portrait by Clint, A.R.A., of Liston and Mathews together in *The Village Lawyer*, the former as Sheepface, the latter as Scout—a performance of which Mrs. Mathews records that when first so played it took Mr. Mathews quite by surprise. Till then Liston had impressed them with a sense of his inveterate gravity both on and off the stage; but as Sheepface he amazed Mathews, and made him laugh so hugely that he was hardly able to go on with his part intelligibly. Charles Mathews was also painted repeatedly by Dewilde, as Somno, Sir Fretful Plagiary, Buskin, Caleb Quotem, always with the Dutch-like precision and completeness that was Dewilde's greatest charm. There is an excellent portrait of him by Lonsdale, and an amusing character study of him as the old Scotch Lady, by Chalon, R.A. We see in these pictures the long, unnaturally thin form, the mouth that was little better than "a hole in the cheek," the marvellous mastery over "make up," the power almost unrivalled that Mathews possessed of completely metamorphosing himself a hundred times over. The tricks he so long played most intimate friends by personating "Mr. Pennyman," quite without detection, is one of the most numerous episodes of his gay memoirs.

It has been impossible to do full justice to the merits of this remarkable collection within the limits of this paper. There are scores of excellent portraits by Dewilde, who devoted himself exclusively through a long life to theatrical portraiture, but to catalogue these adequately would fill many pages. My account, however, would be lamentably incomplete did I not inlude some reference to the later lights of the stage. Unfortunately for the collection it contains only one portrait of Kemble's great successor, Edmund Kean. This is a small portrait of the eminent tragedian in the incongruous attire of a Red Indian. Kean, towards the end of his career, visited the States and Canada. While at Quebec his audience once included a number of Huron chiefs, who later expressed a wish to elect him as one of their tribe, and he was formally initiated as a chief under the name of Altenaida—an honour which, it is said, aroused the highest enthusiasm in him, so much so that he at one time contemplated retiring to the backwoods in search of perfect peace instead of returning to Drury Lane. There are one or two portraits of Macready, but none good. One of James Wallack, a follower of Kemble's in day dress, and a large portrait, an excellent likeness of Charles Kean as Louis XI., with bowed figure, hat in hand. There is a fine full-length portrait of Miss O'Neill, by Joseph, A.R.A., a grand figure in classical costume, draped in white against a storm cloud, and wearing a brilliant crimson tunic which preserves the handsome features of this handsome engaging creature. Miss O'Neill followed Mrs.

Siddons at no great distance, as the latter was waning, and achieved great success. She revived the splendid traditions of Mrs. Siddons as Juliet, Belvidera, and Mrs. Haller. She retired from public life on her marriage with Sir Wrixon Beecher, and died about a dozen years ago at a very advanced age.

I trust some idea, however imperfect and inadequate, may now have been conveyed of the character and intrinsic value of this collection. Although rich in many kinds of art, its chief wealth, as will be seen, lies in the theatrical portraiture, in the lifelike presentment of famous actors in famous parts. Those amongst us who appreciate the dramatic art may see upon the walls of the Garrick, if privileged to enter the club, the notabilities that were so closely associated with the early triumphs and greatest traditions of the British stage. It may be doubted whether coming generations will be equally fortunate, whether the present lights of the dramatic profession will be brought as vividly before our descendants as we have had handed down to us those of the past. In our times, whatever the cause, possibly from the pernicious development of photography, the lineaments and attitudes of our principal public favourites are not being generally preserved through the only lasting mediums of oil and stone. For one theatrical portrait painted now-a-days, there were hundreds and hundreds a century ago. The most famous artists gladly used their brush for the purpose, while many, talented and widely esteemed, gladly devoted themselves almost exclusively to this branch of art. It is but seldom that our eminent living actors sit, and when they do it is mostly in daily ordinary guise, rarely in their most ambitious or most successful parts. Thus the Garrick club possesses an admirable portrait of Mr. Henry Irving, in a frock coat, painted and presented by Sir John Millais. This truthful and felicitous portrayal of the eminent actor has lately been on view and generally admired at the Grosvenor Gallery, with the rest of Millais's collected works. The club, too, possesses a commendable portrait of the veteran Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey, in scarlet robes, painted by the versatile hand of Mr. Forbes Robertson, a very pleasing and popular actor. There is also an ambitious work, Mr. Henry Neville as Count Almaviva, by Mr. W. John Walton; and the features of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are preserved in marble statuettes, the work of that clever sculptor, Count Gleichen. But these are about all the theatrical portraits of contemporaries in the Garrick Club. Nor outside of it, in the world of art, is there much activity of a kind that would promise to supply material for some future collector of the elder Mathews type.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

RECENT SHAKESPEARE-BACON LITERATURE.

Since the publication of the *Bibliography* of the *Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy*, in April, 1884, the Compiler has endeavored to keep his own copy of the book as nearly perfect as possible, by manuscript additions of any new or hitherto undiscovered titles. As there is no probability that a second edition of the *Bibliography* will ever be issued, a literal transcript of the additions is given herewith for the information of those who are interested in the subject.

The first six — fractional titles from 20½ to 254½ — are numbered according to their chronological place in the printed *Bibliography*. The others are of a date subsequent to its publication.

If this list had been originally prepared for the press, a few of the unimportant titles would have been omitted, and a more perfect chronological order adopted. But a revisal or re-arrangement was difficult, and has not been attempted.

The general tenor of each article is indicated as in the original *Bibliography*: *pro-sh.* for Shakespeare; *anti-sh.* against Shakespeare; *unc.* unclassified.

The Compilor will be obliged for any information as to errors or omitted titles.

W. H. WYMAN.

WALNUT HILL.
CINCINNATI.

20½ CONTEMPORARY NOTICES OF SHAKESPEARE. In the *British Quarterly Review*, London, for July, 1857, pp. 41, (159 to 209.)
Pro-Sh.

This is a valuable article, not brought to notice at the time of the compilation of the Bibliography. Taking Miss Bacon's book as a text — one page only being devoted to a notice of the work — the writer devotes the other fifty pages to a very complete compilation of the contemporary notices of Shakespeare.

These notices are numbered from one to one hundred and thirteen, in chronological order, commencing with the entry of baptism, and including a mention of the well-known facts of Shakespeare's life, and the publication of the plays and poems. It includes also all known contemporary mention, with many extracts.

22½ BACON, SA VIE, SON TEMPS, SA PHILOSOPHIE, ET SON INFLUENCE JUSQU'A NOS JOURS. Par CHARLES DE REMUSAT. Paris: Didier et cie. 1857. 12 mo. pp 464. *Pro-Sh.*

The only reference to this question in M. de REMUSAT'S book is found on pages 158-9. We give a short translation:

"With a little talent for versification, he [Bacon] might have made of his ingenious interpretations of mythology some beautiful pictures. His historical readings have a certain merit of narration; his political writings are those of a superior man. But it is especially the reflections which he scatters through his works, which, by the form as much as by the matter, show the originality of the great writer. Some people have thought they discovered in his general manner of considering and describing the affairs of men, something which recalled Shakespeare; or rather it is Shakespeare who, affected by reading Bacon's Essays, has perhaps unintentionally reproduced some features in his incomparable scenes. . . . . This it is, then, which was the origin of the strange idea of attributing to Bacon the writings of Shakespeare. It would certainly be giving to the first too much honor, and we should have to admire the modesty or the negligence of him who, after having written the *Novum Organum*, would have left the world in ignorance of the fact that the same hand had written *Othello* and *Hamlet*, and that the discoverer of new scientific methods was the poet of *Romeo* and *Juliet*."

"But we have seen in the valuable library of M. Cousin the only copy of the Essays which is said to have belonged to Shakespeare. His name can yet be read, written by his own hand, and we conclude that the dramatic poet, none of whose pieces had appeared before the printing of the Essays, had learned to think after the manner of the school of Bacon, although Bacon, in his disdainful silence, appeared to have ignored the most glorious of his contemporaries."

The last paragraph would be of great interest if it were not a manifest error. An intimation that there is in existence a copy of Bacon's Essays containing an autograph of Shakespeare will be news to the Shakespearian world.

49½ WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE? By GEORGE FRED'K HOLMES, of Virginia. In *De Bow's Review*, Nashville, Tenn., for February, 1868. pp. 22. *Pro-Sh.*

One of the earlier important papers of the controversy, not discovered in time for the Bibliography. The article occupies twenty-one pages in a general review of the subject, in answer to Miss Bacon and Judge Holmes:

"It is perfectly legitimate, however, to observe that it is wholly inexplicable, if Shakespeare did not write the works ascribed to him, that nowhere should any suspicion of the public error, or any intimation of the borrowed plumes he furnished in the copious array of notices extending over a period of forty years during the lives of his associates.

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"There is continual repetition in the Baconian works, there is frequent repetition in the works of Shakespeare; but there is no exchange of thought, sentiment or phrase between Bacon and Shakespeare. . . . . Unquestionably, Miss Delia Bacon and Judge Holmes have multiplied indefinitely the supposed parallelisms—but they are the discoveries of an overstrained, a diseased, and a fantastic perspicacity. We will not say that there is no consilience of sentiment in any of the passages adduced by them—we will only say that there is no identity. The argument is in the main imaginary; when not imaginary it is latent, unconscious, implicit. The employment of the same word in the same or in a different connection is considered sufficient indication of unity of authorship."

154½ THE SHAKESPEAREAN QUESTION. By W. F. Q. [W. F. QUICKSELL.] In the *Republic*, Washington, D. C. I, Nov. 26, 1881, 3 columns. II, Dec. 3, 1881, 2½ columns. *Anti-Sh.*

"To sum up the evidence, it will be seen that beyond the meagre tradition of Aubrey very little data of William Shakespeare can be produced; that the so-called portraits of Shakespeare are very dissimilar, each one from the other, and the Shakespearians themselves unable to determine which one they will pronounce legitimate; that on the records of the Stationers' Company William Shakespeare's name is not found; and as to the plays themselves, apart from any tradition, the internal evidence is against his authorship. So that if "Stratford Will" wrote these dramas, then skepticism must forever take its flight, for so surely as the Bible was inspired, so surely must *his* pen have been guided by the same divine afflatus. Nothing less than a miracle will account for such a production from such a source, but as Mr. Morgan justly observes, "All things being equal, the supposition is against miracles." . . . . . Shall we, then, lose a good manager in attempting to construct a great author? If so, Pallas kneels to the sock and buskin, and the stage creates William Shakespeare."

155½ WAS SHAKESPEARE SHAKESPEARE? By W. V. W. [W. V. S. WILSON.] In the *Republic*, Washington, D. C. Dec. 10, 1881. 2½ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

This is in answer to the preceding article, (title 154½.)

"The miracle, if any there be, in the production of the plays of Shakespeare is not that he should have written them, but that *any one* should. Yet they all bear the stamp of individuality, which precludes the supposition of their being the joint work of several minds. Neither Bacon, nor Raleigh, nor any other of the learned and brilliant thinkers of the Elizabethan age would have hesitated to claim the authorship of these works, could they honestly have done so. Yet no such claim was made then, or by them. . . . . But why attempt to assign to men whose works and whose lives were and are so well known, works which, if they wrote them, would argue that they were inditing and publishing anonymously, or under a *nom de plume*, or another man's name, the crowning effort of their lives, while giving to the inferior productions the sanction of their own."

254½ DER SHAKESPEARE MYTHUS. VON OTFRID MYLIUS. [DR. KARL MÜLLER.] In the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Stuttgard, March 15, 1884. 2 columns. *Anti-Sh.*

A translation of this will be found in the pamphlet noticed under Title 257.

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256 BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY, with Notes and Extracts. By W. H. WYMAN. Cincinnati: Peter G. Thomson, 1884. 8 vo. pp. 124. *Unc.*

In this edition of the Bibliography, there are two hundred and fifty-five titles, all that were ascertained up to the time of publication. It includes not only all the books on the subject, but the more important magazines and newspaper articles. Of these, there are: For Shakespeare, one hundred and seventeen; Against Shakespeare, seventy-three; Unclassified, sixty-five — the last including all articles which for any reason cannot be classified as For or Against.

257 "THE SHAKESPEARE MYTH." An article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of March 15, 1884. Translated from the German of OTFRID MYLIUS. [Dr. KARL MÜLLER.] London: pamphlet, 12 mo. pp. 8. (A translation of title 254½.) *Anti-Sh.*

This is a short account of the history of the controversy, including an answer to Dr. Engel's pamphlet, title 236; but is mainly a review of Mr. Morgan's Myth, which the author was then translating into German. Speaking of Shakespeare:

"His education and circumstances made the latter [the authorship] an absolute impossibility, for the ingrain knowledge of all manner of science comes, not from genius, like ideas or sparkling thoughts; such knowledge is the result of years of assiduous study; and even contemporaries *did not recognize Shakespeare as the author of those plays*, as all evidence of that and of the succeeding time clearly proves. He never announced himself as the author, nor claimed to be so." . . . "But the question is now not only brought forward, it is in full flood, and in a very short time all German men of learning will awake to the great interest of the subject, and will sympathize with the inquiry."

258 SHAKESPEARIANA. [By R. M. THEOBALD.] In the *Nonconformist and Independent*, London, March 13, 1884. 2 columns. *Anti-Sh.*

The writer notices several Baconian publications in *Shakespeariana*, and commends the periodical for its independence in allowing a free discussion of the subject — something, he claims, that would be impossible in England.

259 DID FRANCIS BACON WRITE SHAKESPEARE? *32 Reasons* FOR BELIEVING THAT HE DID. By the editor of Bacon's "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies." [Mrs. HENRY POTT.] London: W. H. Guest & Co. 12mo. pp. 28. *Anti-Sh.*

Mrs. Pott gives in this pamphlet a very compact and circumstantial statement of the reasons for her belief. Of the 32 reasons we can give only one, perhaps the most interesting, and the least known of the lot. She quotes it as "documentary evidence of the supreme position which Bacon occupied in the estimation of the poets of his time."

"(7) That Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sir John Davis, Fulke Greville, the Earls of Surrey and Essex, and many others of the wits and poets of the day, were also amongst Bacon's personal friends and acquaintances, and that they acknowledged him to be supreme amongst them. In a curious book, of which the author is uncertain (printed 1645), a description is given of "*The Great Assises holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours.*" Apollo sits on the top of Parnassus, "The Lord Verulam, Chancellor of Parnassus," next below him, then the names of twenty-five writers and poets; then 26th, and only as a juror, "William Shakespeare," the last but one on the whole list."

260 BACON. By R. W. CHURCH, New York: Harper & Bro., 1884. *Pro-Sh.*

Dean Church has only this reference, to the question, on page 163:

"So he [Bacon] died; the brightest, richest, largest, mind but one, in the age which had seen Shakespeare and his fellows; so bright and rich and large that there have been found those who identify him with the writer of *Hamlet* and

Othello. That is idle. Bacon could no more have written the plays than Shakespeare could have prophesied the triumphs of natural philosophy."

261 MR. WYMAN'S BACO-SHAKESPEARIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY AND DEAN CHURCH'S BACON. A review in the *Pioneer-Press*, St. Paul, Minn., May 11, 1884. By [APPLETON MORGAN,] 1½ columns. *Anti-Sh.*

"Thanks to Mr. Wyman on this side, and Dean Church on the other side, we have here in compact and reference form—so grateful in this age of 40,000 books per annum—all the material necessary to decide just how far goes our indebtedness to this wonderful life. . . . . The Baconians will always believe that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays and poems. The Shakespearians will always think them crazy, and the editorialists will always think that theirs is the only possible compromise, if compromise be needed, between the two positivists factions."

262 BACON-SHAKESPEARE. [By E. A. CALKINS.] In the *Evening Journal*, Chicago, May 24, 1884. 1¼ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

"There is as much testimony to prove that Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth* and *Othello* as there is to prove that Bacon wrote the *Novum Organum* and the *Essays* which bear his name. But the study is still an interesting one, and cranky scholars will pursue it and write on the subject, probably to the crack of doom."

263 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND MR. FRANCIS BACON'S SCRAP BOOKS. By APPLETON MORGAN. In the *American Monthly*, Chicago, for June, 1884. 12 pages (229 to 240.) *Anti-Sh.*

The Scrap Books alluded to by Mr. Morgan are the MSS. known as the *Promus*, (title 187) and the Northumberland MS. (title 52). The author, while not considering these papers as proof of the Baconian theory, argues that they are entitled to consideration. While not himself a Baconian, or an exponent of that theory, he can see no reason why the Shakespearians should be willing to allow to so many of the authors of the time a hand in the prize, and reject only Bacon's, unless it is because he is so formidable a rival as to make them fear the discussion.

264 BACON'S "PROMUS" AND SHAKESPEARE. [BY R. M. THEOBALD.] A letter to the editor of the *Nonconformist and Independent*, London. Dated Blackheath, Jan'y 29, 1883. *Anti-Sh.*

An example of the intolerance on the part of the English periodicals complained of by the author. Being refused an insertion in the *Nonconformist*, he prints it for private circulation.

Under the head of *Recent Shakespearian Criticism*, Mr. Theobald subsequently wrote a very favorable notice of Mrs. Pott's "32 Reasons" pamphlet. It appeared in the Norfolk (Eng.) *News*, of May 17, 1884.

265 THE FAIRIES OF "THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." By Mrs. HENRY POTT. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for April, 1884. *Anti-Sh.*

"Those who, like the present writer, claim for Francis Bacon the authorship of

the plays of Shakespeare, will remember how he tells us that no one can "invent" (or imagine) that of which he has no knowledge, and that all invention comes from memory. We may, therefore, fairly be challenged to point out from what memories or stores of knowledge Francis Bacon drew his invention of fairies? We do not hesitate to say that he drew them in the first instance from his study of the *History of the Winds*. It is the study which appears most conspicuously in connection with the fairy world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*."

Mrs. Pott illustrates this idea by a comparison of passages in Bacon's work and the play.

266 REVIEW OF BACON-SHAKESPEARE BIBLIOGRAPHY. By JOSEPH CROSBY. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for June, 1884. 1 page. *Pro-Sh.*

"They [the Shakespearians] see that Shakespeare had the same rights of possession that scores of other authors of his time, and before and since, possess; indeed all the rights that might naturally be looked for under the circumstances in which he lived and wrote; that the same wild doubts and conjectures, the same ruthless tramping upon testimony and tradition would rob Chaucer, or Spenser, or Milton, or even Scott or Dickens of their own productions."

267 BACON AND SHAKESPEARE, — WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: HIS POSITION AS REGARDS THE PLAYS, etc. By WILLIAM HENRY SMITH. London: Skeffington & Son, 1884. Pamphlet, pp. 38. Appendix pp. ix. *Anti-Sh.*

Mr. Smith is the author of the Letter to Lord Ellesmere in 1856 (title 6) and it was then a mooted question as to whether he or Delia Bacon first brought the claims of Lord Bacon to the public notice — a point decided in favor of Miss Bacon. After a silence of many years, he re-appears in this pamphlet. He reaffirms his opinions, and the pamphlet consists mainly of cumulative evidence to sustain them. The following statement as to the early mention of a doubt as to the authorship is extremely interesting:

"In Mr. Disraeli's—the late Lord Beaconsfield's novel *Venetia*, published in 1837, Book 6, c. 8, Cadurcis is made to say:"

"And who is Shakespeare? We know as much of him as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he write a single whole play? I doubt it. He appears to me to have been an inspired adapter for the theatres, which were then as good as barns. I take him to have been a botcher up of old plays. His popularity is of modern date, and may not last; it would have surprised him marvelously. Heaven knows, at present, all that bears his name is alike admired; and a regular Shakespearian falls into ecstacies with trash that deserves a niche in the Dunciad. For my part, I abhor your irregular geniuses, and I love to listen to the little nightingale of Twickenham."

Lord Cadurcis, who is made responsible for these sentiments, is Disraeli's ideal of Lord Byron.

"The story is shaped upon the character of Lord Byron, and some of the familiar events of his life. He figures here, as in his own poems, as the hero of the piece, and is introduced as Lord Cadurcis, ... whilst Miss Chaworth, somewhat metamorphosed, appears as Venetia Herbert."

268 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY. By A. FLEXNER In the *Current*, Chicago. I, July 26, 1884, 1½ columns. II, August 2, 1884, 1¼ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

"The profession in which he [Shakespeare] was engaged was low in the scale of social consideration, and though we have convincing evidence that as a playwright he was popular above all his contemporaries, it was as playwright, not as dramatist in the signification in which we now use the word, that he was regarded. . . . . His dramas were viewed by both himself and his audiences as transitory affairs; for he wrote in obedience to public taste and solely for pecuniary purposes. But "he builded better than he knew."

269 NASMYTH THE ENGINEER AND SHAKESPEARE. In the *North British*, Glasgow, Scotland, for July 14, 1884. (Mention of Nasmyth's opinion only.) *Anti-Sh.*

"Mr. Nasmyth, the celebrated engineer, avowed his sympathy with the notion that Bacon was really the author of Shakespeare's plays."

Nasmyth's opinion is also referred to in Henry Seville's Diary, 2d Series, 1884, pp. 392–3, in which he is opposed in a discussion of the subject by Rev. Mr. Gaskell of Manchester.

270 A NEW STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE: An Inquiry into the connection of the plays and poems, with the origin of the Classical Drama, and with the Platonic Philosophy through the Mysteries. Anonymous. [By W. C. F. WIGSTON.] London: Trübner & Co. n. d. [1884] pp. 372. *Anti-Sh.*

The *Saturday Review* (London) July 26, 1884, says of this book:

"The anonymous *New Study of Shakespeare* which lies before us has come just too late for Mr. Wyman's Bibliography. It is rhetorical and discursive; but its points may be very shortly summed up. The proof is of this kind. The author of Shakespeare's plays and poems was (by clear internal evidence) a Platonist and a Mystic. Therefore Bacon either wrote Shakespeare or had a great hand in it. If anybody can accept these premises, we certainly do not see anything to prevent him from accepting the conclusion, which is worked out with infinite rhapsodies about Adonis, Dionysius, and Logos."

271 SHAKESPEARIANA AND ANTI-SHAKESPEARIANA. In the *Saturday Review*, London, July 26, 1884. 1½ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

A review of the Bibliography, and of the anonymous *New Study of Shakespeare.* An extract from it will be found under the preceding title.

272 BIBLIOGRAPHY OF A CONTROVERSY. In the *Republic*, Washington, D. C. August 17, 1884. By W. V. W. [W. V. S. WILSON.] 3 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

Taking the Bibliography as a text, the writer gives a summary of the principal articles in the controversy.

273 A HISTORY OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN TEXT FROM 1623 TO OUR OWN TIMES. By APPLETON MORGAN. In the *American Monthly*, Chicago. I, TO THE RESTORATION. August, 1884, pp. 8. II, *Dryden and Davenant*, October, 1884, pp. 8. *Anti-Sh.*

In these papers Mr. Morgan refers only incidentally to the Baconian theory,

and principally to the possible connection of Bacon and Ben Jonson with the editing of the first folio.

274 A TANGLED SKEIN UNRAVELLED, OR THE MYSTERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. By Dr. CHARLES MACKAY. In the *Nineteenth Century*, London, for August, 1884. pp. 25. *Pro-Sh.*

This article is devoted entirely to the authorship of the Sonnets, and is only of collateral interest in connection with this subject.

275 WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE? An article in the Cambridge (Eng.) *Meteor* (Cambridge University,) June 8, 1882, pp. 2. *Pro-Sh.*

This is a humorous "take off," in the style of the *Chambers' Journal* paper — the idea being that the subject is set down for treatment by the Cambridge Dons, and an undergraduate attempts the exercise.

276 DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE. Alleged proof that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. A Secret Cipher and its Key. Outline of the new book to be issued by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly. In the *Tribune*, Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 7, 1884. ½ column. *Anti-Sh.*

The first announcement of the discovery of "the Cipher" by Mr. Donnelly. Its character will be described under subsequent titles.

277 SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. The Circumstantial Evidences which Mr. Donnelly's Discovery must overthrow. By A. R. CAZAURAN. In the *Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, Sept. 13, 1884. 1 column. *Pro-Sh.*

"If Mr. Donnelly has made such a discovery, and is not self-deceived therein, he has upset such a body of circumstantial evidence as never before aggregated around a literary question — not even about that of the authorship of *Junius*.

278 WHAT LURKS BEHIND SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS? By WALT WHITMAN. In the *Critic*, New York, Sept. 27, 1884. 1½ columns. *Anti-Sh.*

"The summary of my suggestion would be, therefore, that while the more the rich and tangled jungle of the Shakespearian era is traversed and studied, and the more baffled and mixed, as so far appears, becomes the exploring student (who at last surmises everything and becomes certain of nothing), it is possible a future age of criticism, diving deeper, mapping the lines and land freer, completer than hitherto, may discover in the plays named the scientific (Baconian?) inauguration of modern Democracy — furnishing realistic and first-class artistic portraitures of the mediæval world, the feudal personalities, institutes, in their morbid accumulations, deposits, upon politics and sociology — may penetrate to the hard-pan, far down and back of the ostent of to-day, on which (and on which only) the progression of the last two centuries has built this democracy which now holds secure lodgment over the whole civilized world. . . . . Whether such was the unconscious, or, (as I think likely) the more or less conscious, purpose of him who fashioned these marvellous architectonics, is a secondary question."

279 BACON'S STUDIES OF THE HISTORY OF THE WINDS REFLECTED IN THE PLAY OF THE TEMPEST. By MRS. HENRY POTT. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for Sept. 1884, pp. 4.
Anti-Sh.

The scope of this article is fully expressed in the title. Mrs. Pott, in support of her theory, claims many parallelisms between Bacon's *History of the Winds* and the play.

280 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE MYTH. In the *Western Bookseller*, Chicago, for October, 1884. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

This includes a notice of the announcement of Mr. Donnelly's Discoveries.
(*To be continued.*)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

HAMLET, III, ii, 416, 417.

How in my words soever she be shent
To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

What is meant by "seals?" Hudson says "the allusion is to the reading of a deed to make it effective," and Furness, Knight and Rolfe seem to have about the same idea.

I submit this, as better — no matter how much she may be hurt, punished, wounded by my *words*, my soul must never consent that my mouth be closed and my words sealed up — or in other words, I will continue to give her a "tongue lashing" and there shall be no bars, no stops, no *seals* put on my words. And there are no nals, no stops, for further on he lashes her most unmercifully.

The player who takes the Ghost's part usually speaks in a *heavy monotone*. Why should he? Why should he not speak in the same tone of voice, and with the same modulations, as when on earth the first time?

In SHAKESPEARIANA Vol. 1, p. 125, I queried as to "single bond." In the October, 1885, number Mr. Morgan seems to agree with me, but he speaks of "a bond without a condition" as equivalent to a bond "without a penalty." I know he is not a lawyer, only a Baconian, but his estimate of the *wronged Shylock* and the *rascally Portia* is just right, and I'll undertake to prove it to the readers of SHAKESPEARIANA if you will let me. There is no "strange misappreciation of Portia" on his part.

AN ENQUIRER.

HAMLET, IV, v. 101.

—young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord:
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, *custom* not known,
The ratifiers and props of every *weal*,
They cry 'Choose *we*; Laertes *shall be king*.'

ıe above reading is illustrated by *Richard II:* II, i, 196,—

Take Hereford's *rights* away, and *take from Time*
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; *for how art thou a king*
But by fair sequence and succession?

Henry VI: III, iii, 93,—

You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly *time*
To make *prescription* for a *kingdom's* worth.

amlet, V, ii, 400,—

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some *rights of memory in this kingdom*,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me,

. some *traditional* rights *to* this kingdom. *Coriolanus*, II, iii, 89,—

He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your *liberties and the charters* that you bear
I' the body of the *weal*.

'acbeth, III, iv. 76,—

Blood hath been shed i' *the olden time*,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal.

ıe spirit of the passage is best given in the speech of Ulysses, *Tro-'s & Cressida*, I, iii,—

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;———
But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, *what mutiny*, etc.,—
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure!
How could commanders,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,

> Prerogative of age, *crowns*, *sceptres*, *laurels*,
> But by degree, stand in authentic place?
>
> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And, hark, what discord follows! etc.———
> Great Agamemnon,
> *This chaos*, when degree is suffocate,
> Follows the choking.

"*This chaos*," come again, illustrates the line,—

> *And as the world were now but to begin.*

The old editions have,—

> The ratifiers and props of every *word.*

The correction is by Johnson. Nares, *Gloss.* ed. 1876, gives "*Word*" —*name*—citing from a letter of W. Cecill,— "I forgot my newe *word* William Burleigh." Shakespeare uses *word* in the same sense, *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii, 911:

> Cuckoo, cuckoo,— O *word* of fear
> Unpleasing to a married ear!

explained by *Merry Wives*, II. i:

> *Pist.* Odious is the *name!*
> *Ford.* What *name*, sir?
> *Pist.* Take heed, ere summer comes, or *cuckoo*-birds do sing.

and *Much Ado*, III. ii. 114:—

> *Claud.* Disloyal?
> *D. John.* The *word* is too good to paint her wickedness: I could say she were worse: think you of a worse *title*, and I will fit it to her.

So *by-word* and *by-name* are equivalents. See Drayton. *Heroic Ep. to Duke Humphrey*,—

> And she must recapitulate my shame,
> And give a thousand *by-words* to my *name.*

Holland, *Plutarch*, p. 170:

> Insomuch as he got himself a *by-name*, and every man called him Epaminondas.

It has been attempted to explain "*word*" in the present passage, as the equivalent of *title*, in a sense other than *name*, but on no authority, Schmidt. (*Sh. Lex.*) gives the explanation "*watch-word*— Shibboleth of the multitude."

B. G. KINNEAR.

THE DRAMA.

Booth, Modjeska and Mary Anderson, with a helping hand here and there from Laurence Barrett and Margaret Mather, have done all there has been doing in the great drama of late in the chief eastern cities of the United States. Here, in Philadelphia, Mr. Booth's engagement at the Opera House ending March 13th, is the last Shakespearian event since Mme. Modjeska played the foregoing month, refining every scene her influence touched and pervading the whole play with her womanly grace of mind and body. She triumphs always in spite of her half-whole English (it would not be fair to call it broken English) over those who do not like her accent, and because of it, over those who see in it one fascinating cause the more to like her delicate art as her careful linkedly pronounced speech bewrayeth it.

Miss Mary Anderson had preceded her at the Opera House in many of the same parts. She took precedence of her in crowd and income too. But the comparison, to my mind,—especially in *As You Like It*,—only went to show, again, how the majority are always wrong in matters of taste. One scene alone,—the swoon, when Oliver brings Orlando's napkin

> Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
> That he in sport doth call his Rosalind,

and the faint-hearted recovery of her wits when she prays Oliver to tell his brother how well she counterfeited,—this scene, alone, yields a volume of pretty comparisons all pleasant to dwell upon, but all favorable, I think, to Modjeska's higher skill and truer discernment, and all summed up in this, that Miss Anderson's great freshness and beauty, accompanied as it is with a certain stiff and awkward callowness, can not hold the soul as it is held by the experienced riper and subtler charm of the elder actress. On the other hand there was a "go" and a something not coarse, but coarser, in the Anderson version of this scene that seemed fitted to commend it more to the average society audience.

Just before Miss Anderson went to England I remember I made a similar comparison between her and Mme. Modjeska's Juliet. Then, too, they played here in the Chestnut St. Opera House the one after

the other. But then the superior crowd and the bigger income did not lie at Miss Anderson's feet. On the contrary.

Now Miss Anderson has not improved enough — though she has improved — to make this difference. Therefore I attribute it to English honors and the "Royal touch." The wonders the "Royal touch" can work here, and now, thus evidenced, remains as a curious degenerate survival of the loyal old belief in the cures a king could work.

* * *

To return to Booth. Watching him play crooked King Richard the other night it occurred to me that the old phrase "A bright, particular star" might be construed to suit him with a difference. He is a bright star, but he certainly is not a particular one. The adulterated play, a text of shreds and patches, the half-studied company, his own carelessness that seems to do its utmost in vain to obscure his own greatness, all goes to exhibit him as the least particular actor on the stage.

One of the newspapers had announced that the text of *Richard III.* Booth and his company would use, would not be the garbled, incoherent version of Colley Cibber but the play as Shakespeare pronounced it to us. A piece of gratuitous lying on somebody's part it proved, for a jerkier, more unwhole and unsound drama, precisely according to Cibber, could not have been found than this in which the actor appeared.

Good luck, as well as acquaintance with grief, may have hardened Booth in this artistic obtuseness. Last year he played only sixteen weeks and in but four cities, and yet this easy-going star earned in those sixteen weeks between $60,000 and $70,000. During his recent engagement in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre his Saturday matinees beat the *Mikado* average there by $200.

It is a comfort to hear that Mr. Lawrence Barrett — who has some artistic conscience — will engineer Booth's farewell to the boards next winter. Booth will play then a long season of thirty or forty weeks traveling beyond the Atlantic States, to Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, and as far as San Francisco. And if Mr. Barrett only proves particular enough in the management of this bright star Mr. Booth's farewell to the stage he adorns will be a phenomenally marked and brilliant event.

The lion's share of the booty this expedition brings will fall to Mr. Booth. His customary tax on gross receipts is said to be one half. But if Mr. Barrett sees to it that the play has a value as a whole, if Booth is not the only palatable ingredient in the dish he serves, I believe his audiences would eat with a coming appetite, and the dollars pile up the faster at the box-office.

Thirty-seven years ago Booth's golden honors were all unknown. And how uncertain must have seemed the sure event of his success when a fourteen-year old boy he stood as Tressel before his father's Richard on that night of his first appearance at the old Boston Theatre. Not until he was twenty-four did he make an entrance marked by such brilliancy and force that it might stand as an earnest of the strong course he has run since. Then, also, the play was *Richard III.*, but then he took his father's place and held it, marking his representation with that acute power of mind and irrefragable massiveness of will which makes the smiling white-eyed villain of the play at once so irresistibly successful in cutting his way to the throne, and so fascinating, in spite of his abnormal ugliness, in the eyes of tender-hearted audiences. There are points of skill in Booth's Richard III. which have never been outdone. His Richard, like his Macbeth, is peculiarly his own characterization. A characterization I believe his audiences approve so far that they can not say where they would have it altered. So much can not be said of his Hamlet. Fine as it is, finely read and delicately felt, it is always unsatisfactory. An uneasy sense of criticism distracts the attention while it tries to follow religiously the conception of the part he gives. I have said his Macbeth like his Richard fills up your measure of it with content. It does more, it tops it with enthusiasm. The intellectual and clear incisive tones and touches,—that make up this brave soldier, credulous, cowardly and desperate, live and move onward to his fate-appointed ruin before your piteous eyes,—these strokes are such as signalize the best and most congenial work of a master in his masterpart.

* * *

To see Booth as Iago to Salvini's Othello would be to catch the utmost inspiration the great play can give; to enter at one view upon a whole where part may answer to part without contradiction or prejudice; where glory may add to glory. Does support support? It ought to be a pleasure to both actors to feel that for once it may. It surely will be to the public when it avails itself of this rare privilege, to be offered it in May at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. Then will "the winter of our discontent" change to "glorious summer," and the dramatic season close with brilliancy enough to augur no mean beginning, showing poorly by contrast with the old year's bright ending, for the new year of '86–'87.

There will be four performances given in Philadelphia by the Booth-Salvini management, beginning May 3rd, at the Academy of Music. *Othello* will be played twice, one night Salvini will play Othello to Booth's Iago, on the other night Booth will play the Moor, and Salvini the wily Venetian. Young Alexander Salvini will appear as Cassio. In *Lear* and *Hamlet* Salvini will take the Kings' parts, Booth those of Edmund and of Hamlet.

Miss Marie Wainright and Messrs. Louis Aldrich and Louis James are among the company engaged. It is said that J. T. Raymond, the "American Senator," will essay the humorous quips of the first grave-digger in *Hamlet* and that "Adonis" Dixey has been asked to assume the grave-digger's part in New York, where the same four performances will be given. Boston will be honoured like her sister cities with four of these notable representations, while Washington and Baltimore will each have one night accorded them.

* * *

Mme. Modjeska brought out *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* at the Globe Theatre in Boston on the night of the 11th of March. This play had not been represented in this country since it was given at Ford's Theatre in Washington twenty-three years ago, although Mme. Modjeska had announced it for October 20th in St. Louis. The Society of Dramatic Students gave it at the Vandeville Theatre, London, on the 19th of June last year, where it had not been seen there since Davenport opened the Olymphic Theatre thirty years before. And the latest production elsewere of this often-neglected play was in Ceylon where native actors gave it from a translation by a wealthy Ceylon citizen

* * *

Miss Adelaide Moore played in *As You Like It* Monday night the 8th March at the Criterion Theatre Brooklyn She is said to read her lines intelligently and to be well-trained in stage business. The company that supports her like the usual supporting company, does not support Shakespeare as well as the long-suffering audience does.

* * *

John McCullough's body will rest at Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, a lot in the Cemetery thirty feet square has been presented by the trustees and accepted by Mrs. McCullough. The trustees will also defray the expense of masonry for a vault and a circular drive around the plot. The public monument to the late tragedian will be erected as already determined on, in Fairmount Park.

A theatrical performance will be given in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on the 15th of April in order to increase the fund for erecting this monument. All the city theatres will contribute to the programme, and several actors will come on from New York to add their services. It is proposed to erect a memorial figure, heroic size, in bronze, of McCullough in the character of Virginius. Mme Modjeska, who holds McCullough in loving and grateful memory as her guide and friend, is said to approve the plan with all her heart. In earnest of which she will give a performance, for the fund, appearing as Adrienne Lecouvreur, the

part which introduced her, here in America and which she played first in McCullough's own theatre and under his direction.

FOREIGN NOTES.

"Zat is ze question," I will venture to say is a bit of Shakespeare everywhere known in Paris. It rolls off the glib Gallic tongue oftener than any other English quotation except only those curiously selected phrases smacking strongly of the turf the French sportsman has caught from "milord Anglais." And perhaps the whole soliloquy anent suicide is more generally known than any other Shakespearian speech. *Hamlet*, according to MM. Samson and Cressonnois, had its first night on the 25th of February at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. M. Philippe Garnier appearing as Hamlet, Mlle. Sara Bernhardt as Ophelia, in all the gorgeousness incident to the thirty or forty costumes rumor says she has ordered. Otherwise, costuming has been carefully looked to, the designs of the late Charles Fechter having been adopted. New scenery and careful rehearsing having been indulged in, the play has been booked for success and a good run. Will it command as much interest as is expected? And will the famed Sara acquit herself nobly in spite of the secret alarm she is said to have of her part? At date of writing, that is still "the question."

If Mlle. Bernhardt is successful in showing out the innocent and sweet conventionalities of Ophelia sane, and the uncanny wit and piteous grief of Ophelia insane she will be, of course, the more encouraged in a little plan she has of annexing many other Shakespearian parts to her long list. Desdemona, Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth have all felt her prowess. She announces herself ready soon to march upon Beatrice, Rosalind and Juliet.

Àpropos of Bernhardt's Shakespearesqueness, I notice that in a recent issue of the *Temps*, in course of considering the début of Mlle. Weber with Mlle. Hadamard in *Andromaque* at the Odéon last month and exalting the ability of the latter in the part of Andromaque above that of any other living actress, M. Sarcey says: "Of course I put out of the question Mlle. Sara Bernhardt who has decidedly broken with Classic Art."

* * *

The night following the opening presentation of *Hamlet*, the company of the Comedie Française celebrated the first anniversary of Victor Hugo's birthday that has occurred since his death. M. Ernest Rénan had prepared a prose dialogue called *1802* between the mighty shades of Corneille, Voltaire, Boileau, Racine, Diderot and other gifted Frenchmen who are supposed to meet together in the Elysian

Fields of Homer. He omitted Molière. According to *Galignani*, when someone asked him, "Why?" he replied, "Because I think he would not have liked Victor Hugo." But even with such an important omission the conference may be justly supposed to have been most eminently worth overhearing. I am sure it lost nothing in M. Rénan's reporting. This was the witty vicar's first stage effort, and he is said to have exacted the utmost fitness in scenic accessories. According to the *Pall Mall Budget*, the published text of M. Rénan's *1802* shows it to be a very graceful little composition and possessed of the virtue with which a writer of less tact would hardly have endowed it, of being extremely brief. Corneille, Racine, and the other immortals are, as doubtless are all immortals, duly self-complacent, but unlike mortal personages of the same type, they are equally ready to praise others besides themselves. It is Hugo of course who comes in for the most enthusiastic eulogy. His is the "breast of iron" and the "voice of brass;" in his verse are the bursts of thunder mingling with the abysmal rumbling of the volcano; "it is he who will lay a hand at once sure and timorous on those mysteries where rests the secret of all wisdom." He is the sonorous poet who will know how to translate the tremendous wail of the earth as it struggles upward in the infinite; "lofty as the Alps," "vast as the ocean," "thought's own clarion," his soul is the "key to the universe," the "hugh cymbal whereon all things find an echo."

* * *

M. Ambroise Thomas is now writing one of his popular operas for the Grand Opera Ballet. He makes the story from the *Tempest* and calls it *Miranda*.

* * *

Hugo's translation of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, accompanied with Mendelssohn's music, is soon forth-coming at the Odéon.

* * *

Irving's uncanny travesty of *Faust* still conjures up audiences at the Lyceum at the rate of $2000 a performance. Lime-lights, ghastly colored fires and an ingeniously ordered hocus-pokerishness, if they could exercise any magic over such noble shades, might summon the immortals, Shakespeare and Goethe to a sad conference in the wings over the many wrongs this crazy world still does them. When Mephisto limps out between the acts, a solemn whispering ought to appall his ears, for certainly the great English master might be heard apologizing with stately courtesy to his great German brother for his young friend Mr. Irving's unaccountable lapse from his usual high methods of interpretation. I can fancy our "Sweet Will" gravely stating his appreciation of the artistic entirety of his compatriot's representations of his own work, and wondering, with gentle concern, how he could forget himself so far as to aid and abet Mr. Wills in his sins against the work of the lofty German. And then with what an indulgent merry twinkle

of the kindly eye might he look between the chinks in the scenery at the big and paying audience the play assembled, the great German, a little more disdainful, but none the less a liberal man of the world, smiling back again at thought of all the tricks of the time, till they both break brotherly off together in "laughter of the gods." Let Mr. Irving listen well. He will hear the echo.

* * *

In its last dull reverberation this echo finds sudden reinforcement. It strikes with anything but ghostly force flat against the merry walls of Toole's Theatre. "A palpable hit," that Mr. Burnand continues, in a happier thought than usual, as *Faust and Loose*. According to the *Saturday Review*; "Mr. Burnand's burlesque follows the lines of Mr. Wills's play with great keenness and consistency; his dialogue is exceedingly crisp and sparkling, his puns amazingly fresh and varied. In the burlesque element of the piece we have not merely to do with ingenious perversions of the Lyceum drama, but with novel presentations of certain scenes that suggest the fullest and most irrefutable criticism of Mr. Wills's notions of dramatic art. Nothing in this way can be happier than the vindication of esthetic principles covertly implied by Mr. Burnand's third scene, when the mysterious person known as 'the Dame' undertakes the rôle of Martha in Margaret's chamber. The creation of this much-discussed lady, the mother of Margaret, is a masterpiece. Her woe-begone visage (Mr. Shelton is excellent in the part) tells plainly of the long course of repression she has suffered from; from Goethe to Wills she has endured one long unmitigated agony, and might have solidified to stone and become a myth if it had not been for Mr. Bernand. Thus she asserts herself: —

> You don't know who I am. You think I'm Martha;
> I will explain ere I go any farther.
> Though Martha's not my name, yet I, in tears,
> Have been a suffering Martha many years;
> A silent Martha—never told my woes,
> But now I've got a chance at last, here goes!

And she proceeds to indulge her mood in the most whimsical and abandoned fashion, till Mephistopheles enters as the Dame retires for the night, observing as he waves his wand—

> Pantomime change. The Dame turns into bed.

Miss Marie Linden's acting as Marguerite, brilliant and fascinating throughout, is notable in this scene for the exquisite grace of her dancing, when thrilled by the discovery of the jewels, she floats in airy circles to the bewitching strains of Gounod's music. Excellent, too, is her mimicry of Miss Ellen Terry; in gesture, intona-

tion, and bearing, the illusion is perfect in the scene where Faust meets her in the new 'Place' by the 'Criterionberg.' Mr. Toole's rendering of Mephistopheles involves no very close or prolonged parody; it is indeed forbidden in the bond which Faust signs to imitate the Lyceum impersonation. In the final scene Mr. Ward, as Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles, appears suddenly, with a brilliant imitation, among the company assembled in the Crystal Palace grounds, to the great consternation of his counterpart. Mr. Toole, however, is extremely droll in sporting with the supernatural elements; he flashes fire with reckless profusion, produces colored wines from impish bottles, and burlesques the tricks of mechanism and electricity that enliven Mr. Wills's play with infinite zest and variety. The steam which fills so important a place in the mysteries of the Lyceum is humorously applied in several scenes, as when Faust regains his youth by being 'Maskelyne and Cooked by steam' in a chair like a patent bath, to the tune of 'Polly, put the kettle on.'"

* * *

A certain club, now well under way, in London deserves special notice from those who honor the English Drama and desire for it that serious attention and study which can best further its healthy development. This club the "Society of Dramatic Students" having now a membership of fifty, was formed in February 1885, by ten or twelve young actors and actresses, in order, 1st, to study Dramatic Literature and 2nd, to obtain increased practice in Dramatic Art. Its Reading Committee has charge of the first aim, its General Committee of the second. After choosing a chronological period, such as the Drama of the Restoration the Reading committee makes a thorough study of the plays of this period, ransacking the stores of the British Museum for all lights that may help to illumine the road, and finally selecting from a catalogue of a hundred or so likely plays, a final list of four with casts, abstracts of the plots, and critical comments, to submit to a general meeting of the Society. After discussion by ballot of all the members, (absent ones forwarding their votes), one play is chosen, a stage manager is selected, the play cut, under the guidance of the Reading Committee, and thereupon the General Committee casts, it, puts it under study, and after fifteen or twenty rehearsals, arranges for its public presentation.

Three matinées have been given; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Vaudeville), 19th June 1885, Charles Lamb's farce *Mr. H.* and Douglass Jerrold's *Housekeeper* (Gaiety), 27th October 1885; and Dryden's *Secret Love* (Court), 19th January 1886.

The avowed attention of the Society "to produce the best plays in the English tongue especially those little known to the stage" has thus been borne out in the work already done. It has attracted much

interest from literary critics, students and professors, naturally, for this reason. At one of its social five o'clock teas held at Mr. Charles Dickens's, just before the *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was played, Professor Henry Morley occupied the arm-chair, to which the Society frequently invites some distinguished man of letters, and discoursed informally upon the play in hand. The mutual benefit that may come to literary and dramatic students from such genial habits of conference is one of the many good uses this Society is making practicable.

The moral is adressed most earnestly to ambitious and enthusiastic young actors here in America. Follow this good example in a similar path. Such careful study and rubbing of good minds together, is sure to bring, directly, to your intelligence enlightenment and a higher pleasure in your Art, and to your pocket, indirectly, but no less surely, gold.

The following account of the last performance is taken from the *Saturday Review*. The play which was acted before a crowded and attentive house, at the Court Theatre, is the fifth in order of Dryden's pieces, and his first great success with the public. It must have been the record of this popularity which directed the attention of the Dramatic Students to this play for *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen* has never been a favorite with modern critics. Scott thought "the characters tame and uninteresting;" but the public of 1667 made an exception in favor of Florimel, which was brilliantly acted by Nell Gwyn. Her vivacity in this part, one particularly sympathetic to her nature, delighted the King, who took the piece under his special protection and graced it, so Dryden tells us, "with the title of his play." As a political composition, *Secret Love* is a mixture of too many styles to be regular—prose, blank verse, and rhymed couplets struggling for the ascendancy all though. But now that we have seen it played before us, with scrupulous fidelity to the text, it is necessary either to revise our opinion of its relative poorness, or to raise our general estimate of the value of Dryden's comedies and tragedies as stage plays. The piece went so pleasantly, with much sprightly action in the comic parts, and so much dignity and harmony in the tragic, that we are left wondering whether the *Spanish Friar*, and *All for Love* would not be even more amusing and moving. It is true that certain points in the structure of the play are seen to be weak, even more plainly in watching it than in reading it. The insurrection in third and fourth acts is simply childish, and proves an impertinence that mystifies the spectator. The character of Lysimantes, first prince of the blood, is not sustained and takes at the close a turn which is almost ridiculous. The comic intrigue, on the other hand, is capital throughout, and the part of the Maiden Queen herself a fine study of

heroic passion. It was noticeable that the whole play, in spite of one or two flat pieces of Restoration commonplace—such as

> My cousin is a most deserving person,

at which the house almost laughed—was strangely romantic and almost Elizabethan in tone, the richer periods of verse filling the ear with a melody that suggested the immediate followers of Shakespeare.

* * *

> A brand new Theatre? Why then 'tis clear
> My day is over! I've no business here.

So quoth the ancient Spirit of the Drama in the Prologue to *Twelfth Night* which celebrated the opening of the Theatre at Oxford.

Dishevelled and bent, as racked with age as the old Theatre itself, being "badly clad and somewhat chilly, he hobbles off to make room for the modern Spirit of the Play, in the mask of an undergraduate who thus announces:

> Now, for our Play—Shakespeare you may be sure,
> We aim no lower. nor a worse endure;
> Constant we hope our names will fill the bill,
> *Twelfth Night* to-night! hereafter, "what *You* will."

Professor Jowett, the Vice-chancellor, and translator of Plato and Aristotle smiled as Patron upon the efforts of the Oxford University company which gave the play.

Mr. Bourchier of Christ Church wrote the prologue and played the clown's part with credit. Mrs. Bewick as Viola, Mr. E. H. Clark of New College as Malvolio, Mr. Macpherson B. N. C. as Sir Toby and Mr. Smart of Magdalen as Sir Andrew also distinguished themselves.

The new Theatre has been built on the most approved principles, and great pains have been taken to secure effective scenery. And now that the University dons have consecrated it to the higher Drama, it will be open to professional performances.

H. MARK.

GOSSIP.

Miss Mary Anderson while at home in Louisville Ky., lately, received an unusual mark of honor. The legislature of the State, in session assembled, passed her a special vote of congratulation, and this testimonial of the power of genius over statesmen was, in the presence of her audience, presented to her on the stage.

Mlle. Bernhardt will set sail the 15th, of April, via Havre, with Mr. Abbey and Maurice Grau, for her tour in Brazil and Mexico. *Hamlet* will be her trump card. After this Southern excursion, she will pro-

ceed to California and thence East, closing, in New York at the Star Theatre in February 1886.

Salvini will return to Italy in May.

Henry Irving has a son who wants to wear the buskin.

Mrs. Mulock Craik, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman* intends writing a play for Miss Anderson.

John. Gilbert is now seventy-six years old. He says he is the oldest actor in active service in the world.

The first American play ever produced on the stage in New York, April 16th 1786, was *The Contrasts* by Royal Taylor of Boston.

Mme Modjeska will open at Baldwin's Theatre in San Francisco next season, probably, with Mr. Maurice Barrymore, again, as her leading man.

Mr. T. W. Keene is to be congratulated upon his recovery of health, and the play-going public upon its recovery of him. He will resume his starring tour the 31st of August.

Miss Nettie Hooper will be one to make up the Booth Company, for next season. She signed with Mr. Barrett just before sailing on the Oregon last month for France where an engagement has been offered her.

The Royal General Theatrical Fund Benefit took place on Thursday afternoon, the 4th of March, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Shakespeare was represented in the Trial Scene from the *Merchant of Venice*, by Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum Company.

REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Of the Shakespearian writers of the day none has been so deservedly popular nor has exercised so extended an influence as Richard Grant White. A man of great brilliancy, writing in a strong and vigorous style, expressing his own views—and they were not unfrequently such as no other mortal could adopt—with the utmost frankness, he has done more probably, than any man of his generation to popularize Shakespeare.

His *Studies in Shakespeare**— issued posthumously, although he had carefully prepared most of the material, is characterized by his usual mixture of good qualities and faults. The contents of the book is, in brief, comprised under four general heads; On Reading Shakespeare, Narrative Analysis, Miscellanies, and Expositors. The opening essay, on Reading Shakespeare, is the most useful one in the book. It is filled with advice, good and bad. Mr. White had most unreasonable views of the efficacy of Shakespeare Societies, and the ability of women to read Shakespeare, and what is much more important — to understand him, and he defends these opinions at considerable length. But the soundness of his general advise on the reading of Shakespeare is unquestioned, and the paper is well worth careful study by all would-be students of Shakespeare.

Mr. White's narrative analyses are in his happiest vein, and his own impression of the plays have more than a personal interest. The lesson he draws from *Hamlet* is manifestly just. He trusts that his narrative may help those who can read it as he does

> to apprehend the lesson that it teaches; that a man may have kindliness, and grace, and accomplishment, high thoughts and good impulses, and even a will that can stand firmly up against attack (as it were, leaning against opposition), and yet if he have not strong, urgent, exclusive desire, which compels him to put his impulses and will into action, and seek one single object, if indeed he be not ballasted with principle and impelled by purpose, he will be blown about by every flaw of fortune, and be sucked down into the quicksand of irresolution: — that it is better, with Fortinbras, to make mouths at an invisible event, than with Hamlet, to be ever peering enviously into the invisible future; — that, in the words of the wicked King, which gave the key of Shakespeare's meaning,
>
> That we would do,
> We should do when we would; for this "would" changes
> And hath abatements and delays as many
> As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
> And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
> That hurts by easing.

And so one might go through this beautifully printed volume and scarce find a page that is not filled with suggestive thought. Of special note is the thoroughly sensible paper on "The Baconian Craze," in which the unorthodox receive a severe overhauling, and one which most people will think is well deserved. The least satisfactory paper in the whole book, and the one to which most exception may be taken, and justly too, is that on Glossaries and Lexicons, in which Mr. White has seen fit to find all manner of fault with Dr. Schmidt's great Shakespeare Lexicon. Mr. White never wrote in worst taste, nor were his bitterly sharp criticisms more uncalled for. No one at the present moment who has had occasion to use Dr. Schmidt's work can fail to recognise its worth, and it is a matter of much regret that Mr. White deemed it best to reproduce the essay in this volume. The most that can be said for it is that it is the only blemish on an otherwise admirable book.

* *Studies in Shakespeare.* R. G. White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1886.

A NEW GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE.

Alle that he doth write
Is pure his owne.

Moved to zealous defence of Shakespeare's high personality from the small, keen cuts of Mr. Donelly and others, Mrs. Dall strikes with all her force upon this note in her book.* It is perhaps beside the mark to say that she adds little strength of her own to the sound work of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, Dr. Ingleby and Mr. French, for any Shakespeare students who can have access to these stores — the armory whence all her weapons are drawn — since she claims that it is not for these students she writes, but for the young and untaught, the children who need a brief and cheap hand-book. For them she has summed up "What We Really Know About Shakespeare." But since this title is so plainly narrowed to matters of fact, it provokes the criticism that much more than we really know is included under the continent heading. Restraint in matters of dispute is so much more telling against opposition than the eager probabilities to which enthusiasm of a great subject leads. Particularly when an argument has been begun under limits of one's own setting. The proud modesty of the well-known book-title of the *Tribune* sage, "What I Know About Farming," might have justly suggested a little curbing in of name and style here. Certainly much that is asserted is not what we really know considered as a "we" representing a world that only entertains as sure facts those that are scholarly-sought and well-winnowed. And certainly much that is zealously brought forward in this book would go more becomingly under the title, "What Mrs. Dall Knows About Shakespeare." Whereupon every reader might interpolate, under his breath for courtesy's sweet sake, this note for his own private use and behoof, "thinks she knows," and weigh for himself the matter she presents. This matter consists, first, of an outline of Shakespeare's life, following Halliwell-Phillipps's path, stopping here and there to gossip, and anon departing from it for one or two or three raids through the underbrush of conjecture, at her risk and that student's loss who accepts this pocket guide upon her offer in lieu of his heavier-weight hand-book. Second, the immediate families of Richard and John Shakespeare are named over and carried to the several dates where the Shakespeare name sinks again into death or obscurity. Third, a remark or two on Shakespeare's personal character impelled by her own feeling about what it must have been, therefore of more or less worth in any reader's eyes according as these estimates fit in with views of his own, and, necessarily, from the nature of the subject, of little positive value. I say, necessarily from the nature of the subject any such estimates of Shakespeare's character are

* *What We Really Know about Shakespeare.* Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886. clo. viii. and 189 pp.

mere matters of personal opinion, becuse the man himself, who lived behind, and still lives in the picture of the world he made, is at once so open to the sympathies and so close-locked against the superficial prying of his fellow-men. Fourth, a short chapter upon Delia Bacon, rather oddly placed in the body of the book and taking precedence of the closing section, a history of the accumulations of John and William Shakespeare from 1550–1616. The chapter on Miss Bacon is interesting because the author knew her well and because her figure is a striking one emerging from the thin, cool shadows of early New England life with something of the intellectual delicacy and the sibylline fervor of Margaret Fuller. Its pertinency here, unless indeed it were to usher in a succinct account of the Baconian controversy, is not evident; such an account is not given, and as the chapter stands it is scrap for notes rather than stuff for a Shakespearian hand-book. The appendix is made up of references to Shakespeare by writers of the 17th century, most of them drawn from the *Centurie of Prayse*, and of other contemporary and theatrical evidences, with notes of the business records as quoted by Halliwell-Phillipps. The "new points" presented, with an enumeration of which the book ends, are in regard to the applications for the coat of armour which taken in connection with the bill for the recovery of Asbyes indicate that some bitter local feuds made the obtaining of the coat a personal affair and instigated the poet to revenge himself in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* upon the Lucy's pretentions. Then in regard to a supposed removal of John Shakespeare to the country leaving the son's family in the Henley Street house. Further, in disconnecting Anne Hathaway of Stratford from Anne Hathaway of Shottery. And again in crediting the erection of the monument to the players of the Blackfriars and the inscription to Ben Jonson; these theories being set up on the ground that the monument was made in London by Gerard Johnson whose business place was near the theatre, and that Dr. Hall could not have written so unpuritanical an inscription, and that if he did not write it, he did not put up the stone. If these considerations do not prove that Shakespeare's friends and "fellowes" put up the bust and that Ben Jonson did write the words upon it, what do they prove? If "reasons were as plenty as blackberries" and they were all of this kind, conclusions might roam around like a tribe of wandering Jews. They would never find their last end.

Judging from these and other hit-and-miss reasons for these vulnerable "new points," one must strike again the radically wrong basis of the book, which lies in its claim to be a trustworthy hand-book for young students and containing "what we really know about Shakespeare." Sailing under another flag, such conjectures at hits would not be challenged. Put forth as tentative enquiries and suggestions, their defects would become merits. This quarrel with them, be it understood, should not be taken to cast discredit upon daring in any "constant

question." Rash enterprises often are the only hope of growth into wider light; scientific care, to study values and weight considerations, being always safe-guard against error and presumption. But a guide should eschew rashness, exercise restraint and content itself with the trust of its followers.

Two other probabilities or possibilities of Mrs. Dall's are noteworthy. None the less out of place are they, either they or her title, and certainly not new, still very interesting conjectures and enticing points for future study. One is that sometime between his fourteenth and his twentieth year Shakespeare was "a school-master in the countrie;" (quoted from Aubrey's Lives of Eminent Men, 1680,) the other that during the five blank years, from 1587-1592 Shakespeare was a traveler on the continent.

Some strictures upon the inconveniences of the Halliwell-Phillipps Outlines for ready reference are courteously made by Mrs. Dall. These are partly met by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in a letter, an extract from which bearing on the matter is given in the Literary Notes of this issue of SHAKESPEARIANA.

LITERARY NOTES.

SHAKESPEARIANA gives place gladly to the announcement of the now forth-coming volume of its valued contributor, Mr. F. G. Fleay. This work makes an attempt to collect neglected material bearing on Shakespeare's theatrical career, to establish certain conclusions as to the chronology of the work from evidence derived from the early production of English plays in Germany, and to throw new light upon the Sonnets.

A chronicle history of the life and work of William Shakespeare, Player, Poet, and Playmaker By F. G. Fleay M. A. With 3 etchings of interest. Medium 800, 15s nett. London: John C. Nimmo. 1886.

In *Shakespearian Scenes and Characters* issued this month by Cassell & Co. Mr. Austin Brereton gives an account of the stage history of each play and notes the most famous representation of English and foreign actors for a period extending over two centuries. He runs the scale in short from Betterton to Irving, and crosses the Atlantic to introduce a note or two that has been triumphantly struck upon the American Stage. The volume is sumptuously built, having thirty steel plates and ten wood-engravings in illustration of the plays. Mr. Henry Irving bears the honor of the dedication.

The first volume of the biographical series *The Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States from the days of Garrick to the Present Time*, as planned by Brander Matthews and Lawrence Hutton will be published this month. Biography, critical essays and extracts, personal anecdote and instances of character are the three rallying points around which will be collected all that can be found to illustrate the life and work of each actor.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps writes to an American correspondent: "I am well aware of the two great defects in my *Outlines* to which you allude, the want of a good index and of an account of the engravings. I had made considerable progress with both of them last spring when I was almost suddenly prostrated; and feeling from what the doctor said that a long and absolute rest was a necessity, I preferred issuing the volume without them, to deferring its publication for an indefinite period. As it was, though pretty well in general health, I was unable to do bookwork all the summer, the examination of the records of two towns being pretty much all I managed to get through with during upwards of six months. If I have better luck this spring, these blemishes will, I hope, be removed. What I have left of literary ambition has been abundantly satisfied by the kind reception my book has met with in every direction, especially among American students a reception that is stimulating me to do my best to add to its utility." [*The Nation*, March 11th]

The New Shakspere Society at its meeting on the 12th of February added a last word to its investigation of the Sonnet mysteries. The Rev. W. A. Harrison's paper on the subject and the discussion that followed seemed to agree upon the acceptance of William Herbert and Mary Fitton as the "onlie begetters" of the Sonnets. Having earnestly worked their way out of a mist upon this hypothesis, the members of the Society have of course a very good right to uphold it in default of any other as tenable, yet there is left one which many Shakespearian lovers will fall back upon with relief, that until a theory is more than possible, or probable, they need believe — nothing.

But the most obstinate of Shakespearian agnostics must rejoice in the discussion and the research which has resulted in the republication of the Sonnets, a fac-simile in Photo-lithography by Charles Praetorius of the first quarto, 1609. Mr. Thomas Tyler of the New Shakspere Society furnishes the Introduction in which he follows up all Mr. William Rossetti had said and independently collects many other clues to show that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was the beautiful youth of the Sonnets, and the oftenmated mistress Fitton the dark lady "unbiassed in her favours."

Mr. William Sharp editor of a new edition of the *Songs, Poems and Sonnets of William Shakspeare* is in his "Critical Introduction," still more confirmed in this faith,

SHAKESPEARIANA.

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ARE'S SELF

HIS WRITINGS.

part of me.—*Sonnet lxxxix.*

little of Shakespeare's biography
remember that we have abundant auto-
works. Considering that as a *dramatic*
develop his written characters, and not to
nevertheless depicted himself in the way
by the unconscious disclosure of his spirit,
feelings and opinions. These are what
and what he cannot put into his character-
in his own nature. He can draw a charac-
appropriately to his ideal of goodness or of
be there within his own soul, showing what
Shakespeare's ideal of true goodness and greatness
thereby demonstrating that his own nature was
great,—I feel to be a patent fact. How else
to ascribe? How point out what is just
true, unless the standard of justice and purity
in his own breast; however the fallibility of
occasionally make him, perhaps, swerve in
ideal? In his axioms, in his abstract dicta, in
of his sympathies, in his ethical teaching, in
duced from his precepts and even from the work-
many of which vary from the original stories whence
to accord with his own finer perceptions of right
eare's innate sense of what constitutes real virtue
Therefore, though we know comparatively little of
corporeally through life, we know wonder-
was in his intrinsic self,—in his "spirit," the
That he could paint villainy and draw a vil-
is true; and therefore it might be said that
nature; but he never palliates or extenuates
luring or fails to denounce it as execrable
however he may show virtue defeated, in-
doomed to misery and death, he invariably

and steadfastly upholds it to be supremely right, and induces his readers to feel, that, after all, they would rather be among the suffering virtuous than among the triumphant vicious.

It is in those passages where he uses the abstract form of "we" and "our" that we may frequently behold Shakespeare speak from out of his own heart on questions of right and wrong, of inborn sentiment, of perception in moral truth. See, for instance, the passage:—

> Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
> Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

The maxim, it is true, is strictly appropriate to its speaker's character, Helena, who is an impersonation of self-reliance and enthusiastic energy; but it emanates from Shakespeare's own discernment in self-resource and self-help. Again:—

> Men at some time are masters of their fates:
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Cassius says this, but Shakespeare feels it and puts it into the Roman's mouth.

Somewhat similar in characteristic propriety, but, at the same time, denoting Shakespeare's own protest against self-delusion, are Edmund's words:—

> This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance.

The tokens that Shakespeare was a man of sensitive conscience abound. Look at Orlando's noble rebuke to Jacques' coxcombically arrogant proposal to "rail against our mistress the world and all our misery;" where the young fellow, who has had real cause to complain of his brother's oppression, replies:—

> I will rail against no breather in the world but myself, *against whom I know most faults.*

Again look at the lines:—

> Who has a breast so pure,
> But some uncleanly apprehensions
> Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
> With meditations lawful?

Compare this with the mournful regrets and remorses that loom through some of the Sonnets; where, with the exaggerated self-reproach that sensitive-conscienced men heap upon themselves in moments of *dejection* for errors that less modest men choose to consider venial,

our Poet passionately charges himself with misdeed by dark insinuations, after the desperate style of his own Hamlet:—

I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me.

If ever there was a man who inculcates self-discipline, and who manifests his own perpetual use for it, it is Shakespeare. From scores of instances that might be cited in evidence of this, observe such phrases of self-reminder as the following, taken at random:—

One sudden foil should never breed distrust.

Or:—

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than the event doth prove it.

Or:—

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.

Or:—

Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Nor having them until we have their grave.

Again,—see how intensely he feels the duty of employing the gifts with which we are severally endowed:—

If our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,—
Both thanks and use.

And:—

He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

And:—

Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thewes and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

And nobly did the poet carry out his own teaching in his own intellectual cultivation and achievement. Compare his early plays with those he wrote in his later years; and see how the service of his mind

and soul grew wide, how diligently he brought his finely touched spirit to a fine issue, and how little he suffered his large discourse, his capability and godlike reason to fust in him unused. Shakespeare both felt and practiced justly, truly, nobly; and we cannot come to other conclusion than that he was a just, true, noble man, as well as the grandest-souled writer that ever put down his thoughts for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Look at his religious trust, his sublimely simple reliance on the goodness and perfection of Divine ordination, on the wisdom of the Divine Ruler; together with the duty of entire submission to His Will: —

> Men must endure
> Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
> Ripeness is all.

And: —

> If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.

These are sentiments appropriate to the characters who respectively utter them in the dramas; but we feel that they are sentiments coming warm from the soul of the dramatist himself. Their very reiteration, and emphatic identity of repetition, help to testify this.

See, too, the humility as well as devout submission of this: —

> We, ignorant of ourselves,
> Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
> Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
> By losing of our prayers.

And how earnestly and simply, as though straight from his inmost conviction, come such noble sentiments as these: —

> In nature there's no blemish but the mind,
> None can be called deformed but the unkind.

And: —

> I held it ever
> Virtue and cunning [skill] were endowments greater
> Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
> May the two latter darken and expend;
> But immortality attends the former,
> Making a man a god.

And: —

> Kindness, nobler ever than revenge.

And: —

> Though those that are betrayed
> Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
> Stands in worse case of woe.

We seem to hear Shakespeare himself speaking to us from the pths of his own heart, when we listen to the precepts in such pas-ges as those just cited. And what a glorious insight he has afforded of his exalted love-creed: —

> Base men, being in love, have then a nobility
> In their natures more than is native to them.

And: —

> Love is not love,
> When it is mingled with respects, that stand
> Aloof from the entire point.

Again, magnificently: —

> Love is not love,
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove:
> O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
> That looks on tempests; and is never shaken;
> It is the star to every wandering bark,
> Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
> Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
> If this be error, and upon me proved,
> I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

He seems to sign the sovereign edict with his own right royal signa-e at the close of this fervent asservation.

Then mark how is mingled with the passionate sense of voluptuous auty proper to a poet, that chastening grace of purity instinctive in nan of refined taste who allows himself to utter his own thoughts of ninine attractions, in those two descriptions of lovely recumbent manhood; both, too, where the sleeper lies under the gaze of law-; eyes. Beneath the words of villainous Iachimo how distinctly behold the delicate idealizing of Shakespeare's perceptions: —

> How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
> And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
> But kiss; one kiss! — Rubies unparagoned.
> How dearly they do't — 'Tis her breathing that
> Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame of the taper
> Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
> To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
> Under these windows, white and azure, laced
> With blue of heaven's own tinct.

Even in the earlier-drawn picture of Lucrece, we trace the younger kespeare's own heart-beat tempered by purest poetic taste: —

> Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under
> Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;

Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is;
Where, like a virtuous monument she lies
To be admired of lewd unhallowèd eyes.
Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Showed like an April daisy on the grass.

And it is interesting to observe, — as a corroboration of Shakespeare's self being traceable beneath these two passages, that he commences the one upon Imogen with a reference which recalls his own previously written one upon Lucrece: —

Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded.

Of Shakespeare's intense earnestness and ardour as a lover, we have glowing evidence in the impassioned words of Romeo, of Troilus, of Florizel, and in the husband-utterances of Othello, Coriolanus, and Posthumus: —

O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!

And: —

O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge.

And: —

Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

That he was a man capable of the warmest and most devoted friendship, we have not only the latent-lucid testimony of the Sonnets and the open strenuous declaration of the Dedication of *Lucrece* to Henry Wriothesly, Lord Southampton, but we may trace in the honoring and devoted attachment of Hamlet to Horatio, of Antonio to Bassanio, of the Sea-Captain to Sebastian, Shakespeare's genuine estimate of the strength of man's regard towards his selected bosom-friend. The fact of the *two* Dedications of *Venus and Adonis* and of *Lucrece* being to the same man, together with the significant words in the first, — "If your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and *vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour*," and then the singularly pregnant phrases in the second, — "*The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end. . . . What I have done is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours*," — all combine to show the deep sentiment of friendship that existed in Shakespeare's "heart of heart:" for, be it remembered, he

was not the man to write lightly, such solemnly affiancing words; what he wrote, he put a force and meaning into, that make his writings such as will endure for ever.

That he was "the best king of good fellows," and had a faculty for the very best of good fellowship, we may gather from his animated pictures of Prince Hal, Jack Falstaff and Ned Poins at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, marvellously according with what we know of the meetings at the Mermaid Tavern, where Ben Jonson, Will Shakespeare, Francis Beaumont, John Fletcher, and their co-mates "left an air behind" them "which alone was able to make the two next companies right witty;" and where of the "words so nimble and so full of subtile flame" that were there heard, doubtless the brilliantest came from the Stratford-on-Avon man, whose supremacy in wit-combats Fuller records, when describing two of these boon companions:— "Which two," says he, "I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performance. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, *could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.*" And nobly corroborative witness, both to his loveable qualities and to his intellectual qualities, is borne by Ben Jonson's fervent sentence: "—I love the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, *wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.*"

Fully are these contemporary delineations of the living man himself borne out by what we collect from his own writings. See, for instance the way in which the high spirits of Mercutio carry him on through the vivacities and fantasies of the celebrated "Queen Mab" speech, through the banter of Romeo's enamoured ecstacies and of Benvolio's staider gravities, for the enlivenment of his comrades; or the way in which Biron's wit and fancy hurry him through the impulsive harangue on the might of Woman's beauty and the might and right of Love himself; or the lighter and livelier strain in which Gratiano runs on, to remonstrate with Antonio on his too pensive mood,—all these furnishing so many proofs of the truth that the Dramatist himself could indulge in "words so nimble and so full of subtile flame" for the exhilaration of his companions, while evincing his own cordiality of fellowship "by the quickness of his wit and invention" exerted on their behalf.

The inculcations of cheerfulness and the wisdom of encouraging alacrity and valiancy of spirit, which are to be found in his plays, bespeak the man of cheerful nature and of habitual good spirits, however—like many naturally cheerful men—he might be subject to occasional fits of depression or even of deep dejection. Some of these

latter I have always felt may be traced to the early death of his only son, Hamnet; while to the same cause we may probably owe Shakespeare's exquisitely tender portraitures of boy childhood,—young prince Arthur, little Mamillius, and the spirited sketch of Coriolanus's son.

Of Shakespeare's innate magnanimity and generosity of forgiveness we have abundant and forcible indication. Not only from the renowned speech on mercy in the *Merchant of Venice* and from the two less-known appeals in *Measure for Measure* (respectively beginning, "No ceremony that to great ones 'longs," and, "Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once") may we deduce our Poet's profound impression of leniency, but look at Valentine's effusive response to Proteus's confession of ill-doing and supplication for pardon:—

> Then am I paid;
> And once again I do receive thee honest.
> Who by repentance is not satisfied,
> Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleased.
> By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeased.

And Posthumus's noble reply to the avowed treachery of Iachimo:—

> Kneel not to me:
> The power that I have on you is to spare you;
> The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
> And deal with others better.

And Edgar's affectingly tolerant words to the brother who had wrought him irreparable injury:

> Let's exchange charity.

Then, what purely magnanimous words Shakespeare has put into the mouths of two of his finest-souled women, Hermione and Imogen, through whom he utters his own conviction of what is truly the emotion of one who has cruelest wrongs to condone:—

> How will this grieve you,
> When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
> You thus have published me! gentle my lord,
> You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
> You did mistake.

And:—

> I grieve myself
> To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
> That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
> Will then be panged by me.

Clearly are to be seen the Dramatist's delicacy and shrinking from even an approach to self-laudation:—

> The care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calen-

dar of my past endeavour; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

And: —

> It is the witness still of excellency,
> To put a strange face on his own perfection.

And: —

> In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
> As modest stillness and humility.

The same prudence, practicality, and foresight which we have learned distinguished our poet in some of his transactions when alive and providing for himself and family, — such as purchases of land at Stratford-on-Avon, of a copyhold tenement there, and of a house not only there but in Blackfriars, his activity in preventing the enclosure of common land near his native town, his promotion of a scheme "for the better repair of the highways," his planting a mulberry-tree in his own grounds, — are to be discerned, by glimpses, through some of his illustrative passages. Notably through one; which I have always felt might have arisen to his mind from his own debates with himself, when, previous to his purchase of "New Place" (or "The Great House" as it was sometimes called) he duly weighed which would be to his better advantage, to build or to buy a residence wherein to dwell:

> When we mean to build,
> We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
> And when we see the figure of the house,
> Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
> Which if we find outweighs ability,
> What do we then, but draw anew the model
> In fewer offices, or, at least, desist
> To build at all?

Observe the evidences of Shakespeare's pre-eminent appreciation of the potency of imagination; not only in the grand truth that all through underlies Theseus's well-known speech, with its would-be mocking gird, — "such tricks hath strong imagination," — but in many passages like this: —

> Nature wants stuff to vie strange forms with fancy.

Or: —

> The providence that's in a watchful state
> Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
> Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps;
> Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
> Does thought, unveil in their dumb cradles.

And how we can perceive his own half provoked, half amused detection of the obtuseness with which airy flights of fancy and rich

wealth of imagination are received — or, rather, not received — b simpleton hearers: —

> When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded wi the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great recko ing in a little room.

Or, where Sir Toby, — adverting to the poetically philosoph creed of the time, asks, "Does not our life consist of the four el ments?" and Sir Andrew, with his matter-of-fact stolidity, answer "Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating an drinking," — we seem absolutely to see Shakespeare himself confronte by one of those dull, prosaic, commonplace folks, plenty of whom h must undoubtedly often have met, utterly incapable of following h daring soars into the region of whimsical allusion, or by minds wholl unable to conceive his raptures of imaginative audacity.

That he had an exquisite sense of fun we cannot for an instar doubt; and we feel that he must have had infinite zest and enjo ment in writing some of his most uproarious scenes of merriment — such as the one on board Pompey's galley, and the shorter one wher Enobarbus goes off into shouts of laughter with Agrippa at Lepidus absurdly prone worship of Octavius Cæsar and of Mark Antony; als we actually hear the irrepressible chuckle with which the Poet mu have penned some of Falstaff's witty rogueries. There is no mistal ing his own mirth at that impudent iteration of "gravy, gravy, grav my lord!" when retorting upon the Lord Chief Justice's "gravity; or at "For my voice, — *I have lost it with hollaing and singing a anthems*;" or at "I am only old in judgment and understanding and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, *let him lend-m the money, and have at him!*" or at "Well, *if my mind were bu long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.*" Fancy such immo tal waggeries having been written with a grave face! Impossible!!

His having been known as "gentle Shakespeare" by those wit whom he consociated, is borne out by countless instances that migl be cited from his writings. Among them, note the gentleness c consideration shown by Brutus to the boy Lucius in that perfect littl scene towards the close of the fourth Act of *Julius Cæsar;* or th tender address of Pericles to his new-born daughter, with the sti more tender farewell to the dead body of his wife when committin it, "scarcely coffined, to the ooze." It is not so much that the situ ation requires gentlest treatment and diction, as we feel that i Shakespeare's own nature the gentleness and tenderness were ther Well did Cardinal Wiseman say: — "No other author has perha existed who has so completely reflected himself in his works as Shak speare. For, as artists will tell us that every great master has more c less reproduced in his works characteristics to be found in himsel this is far more true of our greatest dramatist, whose genius, who

mind, whose heart, and whose entire soul live and breathe in every page and every line of his imperishable works."

Who can fail to descry Shakespeare's own keen distress at the thought of woman's infidelity and fall from the height where love enthrones her, in those passionate throes and heart-cries of anguish that burst from Troilus in the speeches beginning: — "To make a recordation to my soul" and "This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida." Or in Posthumus's soliloquy embittered, by agony, at the close of the second Act, and in his tenderly remorseful one at the opening of the fifth Act, of *Cymbeline?* As Shakespeare had the most exalted ideal of womanhood, painting it in vividest colors and with a wondrous insight into the very core of feminine feeling such as no male writer save himself ever had (making every woman bound in gratitude to him eternally) — so had he acutest pain at sight of her frailties and failings. At the same time, he gave way to none of the vulgar general flings at womens' inferiority, and never joined in the too-common attribution to them of weakness, pettiness, or worthlessness; for, as Coleridge pertinently remarks: — "All the sarcasms on them in Shakespeare are put in the mouths of villains."

Our Poet's honest, straightforward, simple veracity and reverence for truth, shine clearly forth in such lines as: —

> Few words to fair faith.

Or: —

> There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

And we seem to hear his own voice in: —

> While others fish with craft for great opinion,
> I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
> Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
> With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare,
> Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
> Is — plain, and true; — there's all the reach of it.

In numerous lustrously eloquent passages we behold Shakespeare's unmistakable love and comprehension of music in its innermost beauty; but perhaps in none more transparently than in those two brief, simple, yet most comprehensive sentences: —

> I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

And: —

> It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where love is throned.

And what a lesson may be learned against the impertinent and too-frequent habit of chattering while music is going on, by Shakespeare's own evident courtesy and practice in this respect, where he makes

even the impetuous Hotspur break off his playful parley with his wife, when Lady Mortimer begins her Welsh song with an abrupt: —

Peace, she sings.

Of Shakespeare's own love of flowers who can doubt, when are read his allusions to their grace and descriptions of their qualities and properties, strewn thickly as blossoms on a bridal or a royal pathway throughout his dramas? We can see him, — in his strolls through the lanes of pleasant Shottery, where he wooed and won his wife while yet a youth of eighteen, — gathering the wayside weeds and grasses, contemplating their loveliness, conning their virtues, and storing up the honeyed delight they gave him in his walks among the broad meadows, the lush poppies, buttercups, daisies of the field, the ragged robins, tall fox-gloves, and lurking violets of the hedgerows (so fascinatingly described in Rose Kingsley's papers on *Shakespeare's Country*), against the time when he should have quitted these rural surroundings and rambles for the streets of London with their urban growths of men and women, affording him an entirely other kind of floral study. Many a time, when oppressed by a stifling sense of town crowding and bustling, of court sophistications, of heated atmosphere and want of pure air, must he have turned in thought to his free wanderings along Avon banks, about delightful Stratford and its picturesque vicinity, to the breezy wafts of liberty and refreshment, perfumed by scent of wild-flowers, that met him on each return to his native home, prompting him to retire there permanently, at leisure to deck his garden-beds with daintiest blooms, and plant trees for shade and repose.

All this, and much more, may be traced in his glorious writings, by the diligent and loving student who reads them aright. Most truly has Emerson said: — "Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing except to the Shakespeare in us."

To "the Shakespeare in us," methinks, is plainly told that he was a man of most genial and gentle nature, — truthful, devout, magnanimous, modest, prudent, earnest, tender-hearted, sensitive-conscienced, — passionately fond of music, of flowers, of children, — an ardent lover, a devoted friend, — with madcap spirits at times, yet with profoundest sympathy for misery, and sorrow for evil; moreover, possessed of transcendent genius, to put into poetic words what he himself felt.

Certain it is, that during, the many years that my better self and I worked together at promoting a more extended and more appreciative knowledge of Shakespeare, studying him day by day and hour by hour, we learned to love the man as well as to admire and revere the Poet.

Blessed be his "spirit" for the bounteous ideas and associations

with which it beatified two blended lives and with which it has comforted the one left!

His "spirit" is ours, "the better part" of him, A rich legacy bequeathed to his fellow-beings, for which they are the wealthier, the wiser, the happier, the better, evermore. One, infinitely and inexpressibly beholden to him and grateful to him, is

MARY COWDEN-CLARKE.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

IX. CHARLES JENNENS.

Very little is known concerning the life of Charles Jennens, and even the date of his birth has not been preserved. He was a man of wealth, however, and had a very elegant country-seat called "Gopsal," in Leicestershire, England, where he resided a great portion of the year. He also had a residence in London, in Great Ormond Street, which was elegant enough to warrant its being described in a work entitled *London and its Environs*, published about that time. He was the owner of the celebrated Jansen portrait of Shakespeare, and seems to have long been a great admirer of the poet and his works. He died in 1774.

In 1770 he published an edition of *King Lear*, which has the following title: "*King Lear*, A Tragedy, by William Shakespeare. Collated with the old and modern editions. London: Printed by W. and J. Richardson, and sold by B. White, in Fleet Street. M. DCC.LXX." It will be noticed that Jennens' name did not appear on the title page, nor is it mentioned in any part of the book. On the contrary, he did all he could to conceal the fact that he had edited it, for his dedication was in these words: "To Charles Jennens, Esq. at Gopsal, Leicestershire, under whose patronage, by access to whose library, and from whose hints and remarks, the Editor hath been enabled to attempt an Edition of Shakespeare, the same is inscribed, with the greatest respect and gratitude, by his most obliged, and obedient humble servant, The Editor." Certainly it was a novel and ingenious way of concealing his identity, and it was effectual for some time. The book is of octavo size, neatly printed, and contains for a frontispiece, a soft and beautiful mezzotint of the Jansen portrait of Shakespeare, by R. Earlom. Underneath the print was the statement that it was "from an Original Picture by Cornelius Jansen in the Collection of C. Jennens Esqr." This was the first public announcement that such a picture was in existence, and is the first fact we are acquainted with in the history of this beautiful portrait.

A list of the editions collated follows a short preface, and then there is given a table which shows the Act and Scene in which each character in the play appears. This is very useful, and has been often imitated in later editions, but credit has never been given to Jennens for the plan.

"A sketch of the play" occupies eleven pages, and is very complete. Then comes the play, and a notable innovation was made in printing the Act and the Scene at the top of the right hand pages. This improvement was adopted by nearly all of Jennens' successors, but, as usüal, no credit was given to him for his clever idea. This little thing has saved millions of people a vast amouut of trouble in finding a particular passage in Shakespeare, and it is a pleasure to here record the fact that they owe the origin of it to Charles Jennens.

The great novelty and value of this edition, however, lay in the fact that Jennens gave the results of his collation of all the editions which preceded his at the bottom of each page of the text. All the former editions professed to have collated the old editions, but, prior to Capell, there was very little real collation done by any of them. Capell collated the old copies with great accuracy and diligence, and the results of his work were published, subsequent to his edition, in his *Notes and Various Readings*. By his unfortunate decision not to give them in his edition, however, he deprived it of much of the value it would otherwise have had; and rendered the use of his collations very vexatious and troublesome. Capell's *Notes and Various Readings* were not published until 1779–81, though promised on the title page of his edition in 1778–79. It remained for Jennens therefore to first print the various readings at the bottom of the text, and it can be asserted without fear of contradiction, that never before had such a valuable aid been given to the critical student of Shakespeare as was here afforded him. All the editors who succeeded Jennens, however, down to the Cambridge editors in 1863, neglected to follow the plain path of duty thus laid down by him; and they all omitted this most valuable plan. Many persons are even at this day probably unaware that he inaugurated this system. The Cambridge Edition is often mentioned as the first one in which the various readings are given; and, in the otherwise admirable preface to the first volume of that edition, where the different editors of Shakespeare and their editions are passed in review, Jennens' name is entirely omitted. No reference is made either to him or his edition in the preface, and this is a strange oversight on the part of the editors of that work. It seems to have been Jennens' fate, however, to have had his labors passed over in silence, and he has been most unfairly treated by those who came after him.

His text is a very good one, and many of his notes are excellent. In the preface to his edition of *King Lear*, Jennens says:

> It will appear to any one who will give himself the trouble of examination, that *no fair and exact collation* of Shakespeare hath yet been presented to the public.

Great were the hopes that Mr. Capell's edition would have at length gratified their curiosity, in giving them with his text, the various readings of the old editions in one view, that every reader might be furnished with materials to judge, and that with ease and readiness, what might be Shakespeare's and what not. But so far from such a desirable end being answered by his edition, we are only farther led in the dark thereby; and are held in trust for notes which might much better have been inserted with the text. But he was afraid his notes placed with the text should spoil the beauty of the book. If they are good ones they would not: for that man must be greatly mistaken in his ideas of beauty, who prefers the handsome appearance of a page in black and white, to the quick and easy information of his readers in matters necessary to be known for their becoming proper judges of the sense of the author, and the goodness of the edition. Would not Mr. Capell's readers have been much more obliged to him, if with the text he had given his notes, which (supposing them valuable) would, in such a situation, have had additional value, in being easily perused, without the trouble of turning over pages, and interrupting, for a longer time than was necessary, their way through the author? for this will be the case when his notes do appear.

His method in compiling the text was to print after what he thought the best edition of each play, with such alterations as he saw fit to make. And he proposes hereafter, in his *School of Shakespeare*, to give his reasons for preferring the particular edition he makes use of. But this is far from being the best method, for it is evident that one edition, though the best, may be in many places corrected by another, though a worse edition; and the several editions are a mutual help to each other, or why do editors collate? And if they do collate, why do they not publish their collations, so that their readers may be in possession of them? No editor that I know of has a right to impose upon everybody his own favourite reading, or to give his own conjectural interpolation, without producing the readings of the several editions. The editor who does so, though he may be a good critic, will not be looked upon as a fair dealer, for, after all the public will be the judge, and will censure every editor according as he has abused or disabused it.

What the public is here presented with, is only one play of Shakespeare faithfully collated, line by line, with the old as well as modern editions; the different readings whereof are given with notes at the bottom of the page. * * * 'Tis no doubt a slavish business to proceed through so many editions of so voluminous a writer, in the slow and exact manner this editor hath done in *King Lear*, and proposes to do in the rest of Shakespeare's plays: and though it is a work that seemed absolutely necessary; yet nothing but the merit of the author, and the approbation of his admirers, could inspire one with patience to undergo so laborious a task.

In making his collations it was his custom to arrange the various editions of the play he was at work upon in a line upon a long table. He then passed rapidly from one to another, reading the same line in them all. Steevens heard of this, and called him thereafter "the shuttlecock commentator." Thus did this witty man seek to belittle all who dared to compete with him in annotating Shakespeare.

On the appearance of Jennens' edition of *King Lear* it was severely criticized in *The Critical Review* for December 1770 and January 1771. George Steevens has been supposed to have written these reviews, and supposition is probably correct. They were written in a very unfair spirit, and were marked by a degree of intemperance of language which is always to be deprecated. They attacked the editor of the play, the manner in which it was edited, and even the portrait which adorned it. Jennens is thus dismissed: "Vale, Jennine *noster! literatorum* omnium minime princeps!

Arrogance ill becomes the man who commences critick at a time of life, when the little judgement and fancy he ever possessed, are both in their decline!" Arrogance is certainly no where to be found in Jennens' work, for he was the most modest of editors.

These reviews of his work seem to have stung Jennens to the quick, and he answered them in a pamphlet published in 1772, entitled: *The Tragedy of King Lear, as lately published, Vindicated from the Abuse ot The Critical Reviewers; and the Wonderful Genius and Abilities of those Gentlemen for Criticism, set forth, celebrated, and extolled, by The Editor of King Lear.* In this work, which it will be observed was published anonymously, Jennens informed the reader that the reviews of his *King Lear* were written by George Steevens and Dr. Johnson, and he ascribes their hostility to the fact that the former was preparing a new edition of Shakespeare, and did not wish for any rivals in the field. He caught Dr. Johnson tripping in his geography, when the learned lexicographer spoke of Gopsal, (the country-seat of Jennens,) as if it were a town in Leicestershire! He answers the objections raised to his edition with a great deal of force. To the point raised that he was too minute in his collation he replies:

> To this charge of too minute exactness, it would be sufficient to answer, that it is the duty of every editor who pretends to collate, to give all the different readings of the several editions of his work; otherwise he imposes on the public, who from the title of a *collated work*, must naturally expect all the different readings; and if in the course of collating he meets with what he may justly think a trifling, insignificant difference of reading, he is not at liberty to suppress it; he must produce it, and leave the public to judge whether it be insignificant or not.

Finally, Jennens having exhausted his arguments and his patience, thus bids farewell to his tormenters:

> And now farewel, then great and wondrous *Brobdingagian*, Dr. *Samuel Lexiphanes*, whose mighty pen can *make Fritters of English*, and nonsense of sense. Farewel, thou co-partner of his learned labours, most diminutive native of *Liliput*, little *George*, who peepst out of his pocket. Neither of you sprung from the race of the immortal *Gulliver*, but such as his *descendent* has in his literary peregrinations unfortunately blundered on.

In 1773 Jennens published editions of *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*; and in 1774 *Julius Cæsar* was issued. These were all edited on the same plan as his edition of *King Lear*. In none of the plays, did Jennens' name appear. They form a valuable series of editions of the plays, considering the time when they were published, and it has been already related wherein their special excellence lies. Justice has never been done to Charles Jennens, and it is with special pleasure that the attempt is here made to award to him the praise which he certainly earned and merited. Had he lived to have published all the plays in a collected edition perhaps his merits as an editor would have been better known.

J. PARKER NORRIS

THE STAGE IN CHINA.

The Chinese Theatre is the attractive subject of a book recently published in Paris.* Unfortunately, however, as the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* complains, the author writes from the European instead of the Chinese stand-point. He is more Parisian than the Parisians, in fact as Parisian as a foreign-born Parisian, and after appearing to promise everything, he ends by pleasing rather than instructing and fails to add more than a few new points to those already nosed out by the erudite Chinese specialists of Europe. The grave and austere character of the ancient sages of China disapproved of dramatic diversions and the first time the Theatre is referred to in Chinese history is when an Emperor of the dynasty of Chang receives praise for proscribing this vain pleasure. Dramatic Art in China took regular form somewhat late, in the neighborhoood of the eighth or ninth century of our era, under the dynasty of Chang. None of its first attempts survive and to find actual examples one must descend to the dynasties of Kin and Youen, that is to the middle of our twelfth century. About six hundred pieces belong to this time. Among the most interesting are; *The Revenge of Teou-ngo-Savant, The Wise Courtesan, The Prodigal Child, The Orphan of the House of Tchao*, from whence Voltaire drew his *Orphelin de la Chine*, the *Pi-pa-ki*, the master-piece of the Chinese Theatre, *The Intrigues of a Soubrette, The Transmigration of Yo-cheou*, and *The Debt Payable in the Life to Come.* The three last mentioned are dramas *tao-sse*, that is of lively satire, and in this case upon the superstitions or the dogmas of Bouddhism. Others of these plays of the Youen century have been distinguished under the heads of dramas judicial, historical, and domestic, and comedies of intrigue, character or mythology—the names and the divisons reveal clearly enough their nature and their likeness to the dramas of the modern Western World. And many others interior resemblances in them to English or French plays seem to show that this dramatic literature of a strange race developed more aloof from ours than that

Le Théâtre des Chinois, études de mœurs Comparees, par le général Tcheng-Ki-tong, Paris, 1886: Calmann Levy.

of any other, which has received less from us, and has given us less, nevertheless has more points of similiarity in manners and disposition to our plays than have the Comedies of Aristophanes or the Drama of Æschuylus.

Nowhere are theatrical amusements more common than in China. Yet there are no fixed theatres nor regular companies of actors. The comedians go from town to town, erect their stage in public places, with the consent or at the invitation of the local authorities, or they give representations at private houses, contenting themselves and their spectators, with a back-ground stage-setting for all decoration, and, if wanted, supplying field or forest scene, the royal hall, carpets, furniture and decorations of any kind which they lack by a pompous announcement, "So," says M. Tcheng-ki-tong, "our public enters directly into comunication with the imagination of the poet. Thus the spectator does not follow the action, he himself conducts it. Thus the ideal becomes real, without more effort than it costs to make at will one's own illusions." Such unstudiedness and simplicity belonged to the infancy of our own dramatic art. So, indeed, at the Globe in Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's time, a written scroll took the place of decorations, so in France at the beginning even of the seventeenth century the Caravan of the Roman Comique was displayed upon the highways, so Moliére himself with his company, whose societaires were not yet then what they have become, went to give representations in towns for a moderate price. And strange to say, although the Chinese theatre is the product of a hoary civilization and like it is advanced in many respects, yet in many other respects it has remained in infancy, early fixed in rigid forms which it has not been able to break through. Now, at this day things take place in China as they did in the days of Kin and Youen and pieces dated a thousand or twelve hundred years ago are played upon the Chinese stage and understood as if they were composed yesterday.

One singular feature of the Chinese Drama deserves special notice. In these pieces from the Youen repertory a personage who sings, plays a prominent part. Elsewhere he takes part in the action, rather perhaps one should say he conducts it, and also on occasion he uplifts his voice and sings instead of declaiming his lines. "It is this singing actor who makes the originality of our stage," says M. Tcheng-ki-tong.

RECENT SHAKESPEARE-BACON LITERATURE.

II.

BY W. H. WYMAN.

281 SHAKESPEARE AND HIS AESTHETIC CRITICS. By APPLETON MORGAN. In the *Catholic World*, New York, for December, 1884. pp. 11 (379 to 389.) *Anti-Sh.*

In this paper Mr. Morgan deplores the fact that such perfectly equipped societies as the New Shakspere of London, should ignore the reasonable doubt that many conscientious scholars entertain of a complete Shakespearian authorship, and prefer, instead, creating a Shakespeare to fit the plays, stocking him with attributes out of the contest.

"There is precisely the same evidence that Shakespeare had murdered his wife, like Othello, and his rival, like Macbeth, and had been driven from home by his daughters, like Lear, or that he had 'buried a beloved child,' like Queen Constance, or 'experienced intimations of immorality,' or was of 'diffident but retiring disposition,'" etc.

282 AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH CHARLES READE. By MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS. In the *Century*, for November, 1884. ½ page (p. 79). *Pro-Sh.*

This simply gives Mr. Reade's opinion, as expounded by him to the writer:

"He was severe in his denunciation of Hawthorne for giving countenance to anything so puerile as Miss Bacon's argument; but I am sure if he could have heard Hawthorne's own disapproval of himself on this head he would have been disarmed of his keen weapon."

'"Any one,"' Reade said, "'who had ever made a study of either mind or style must see how clearly impossible it is that the works of Bacon and Shakespeare could be evolved from the same brain. As well hold an eagle under water twenty minutes and expect him to come up the better for it."'

283 DER SHAKESPEARE UND BACON-STREIT. Von DR. KARL MÜLLER-MYLIUS. In *Unsere Zeit*, Leipsig, Oct. 10, 1884. pp. 19. *Anti-Sh.*

The extracts translated below will give an idea of Dr. Müller's opinions:

"This doubt arose early among men who studied the Shakespearian plays thoroughly. The contrast between the education and life of the historical Shakespeare and the phenomenal greatness of his works surprised many even at an early date, and however great a proof of his wonderful genius his admirers, biographers, and

commentators found in this contrast, they did not succeed in overthrowing the just and natural doubt. Therefore, the suspicion occurred to some early British critics that the traditional Shakespeare could not have written all the works ascribed to him, which follows from their varied poetical signification and there external differences. Hence the supposition that these plays might have been written partly by others and only revised and adapted to the stage by Shakespeare. This was the beginning of the Anti-Shakespearian Theory. The contradiction between the deficient education of the historical Shakespeare and the universal knowledge revealed in his works has also surprised some German commentators, for example Rumelin, but they could not explain it satisfactorily either to themselves or their readers. The doubt existed, but remained unspoken, or was only gently intimated, and led to a certain degree a latent life, until some bold voices finally proclaimed it aloud and so broke the ban."

* * * * * *

"It is not mere love of contradiction or the charm of novelty that has induced thousands in England and America to join this cause. Germany, which has done as much if not more than England and America in Shakespearian investigation, is also entitled to a voice in this matter, and perhaps to cast the decisive vote. 'Columbus discovered the New World which now bears the name of another.' How easily possible that something similar has taken place with the Shakespearian plays. The question is put and its discussion is opened. The impulse to further research and investigation is given by the literary material cited by us, and by the account of the historical development of the Anti-Shakespearian theory. The wish that the German intelligence may also be brought to bear upon this Interesting literary question of to-day and may take part in its discussion has incited me to the preceding lines."

284 DID FRANCIS BACON WRITE "SHAKESPEARE?" The lives of Bacon and Shakespeare compared with dates and subject matter of the Plays. By the author of Bacon's *Promus*. [MRS. HENRY POTT.] London: W. H. Guest & Co., 1885. Pamphlet, pp. 17. *Anti-Sh.*

Mrs. Pott has here gathered in very compact shape, chronologically arranged, and convenient for reference, the principal known facts is the lives of Bacon and Shakespeare, making a more practical argument then is contained in the *Promus* or any other of her writings. The auth.. supplements it by an eulogium of Bacon, and a defense of his memory:

"We appeal to those into whose hands this little outline of a great and wonderful life may fall, to lay aside prejudice acquired at second hand, and to study for themselves the life and character of Francis Bacon as displayed, not in any one or two questionable transactions, not from a few picked passages of his voluminous works, or in a few letters written under exceptional circumstances — but, as the characters and lives of other great men are studied, and as we humbler individuals would wish posterity to study and to judge our own. Let Bacon be judged by the whole general tenor of his life, and works, and letters, and by their influence on his contemporaries and on posterity for good or for evil."

285 SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. IMAGINATION AND REASON. By HENRY HOOPER. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for January, 1885. pp. 7. *Pro-Sh.*

The tenor of this article is best shown by the opening paragraph:

"That the predominating faculty of Shakespeare's mind was imagination, that of

[illegible] An Essay. By JOHN [illegible] John Long & Co.; 1884.
Anti-Sh.

[illegible] misfortune not to have read any discussion [illegible] follows the usual line of argument. [illegible] recorded history of the man Shakespeare [illegible] naturally forms of his genius!"

[illegible] SHAKESPEARISCHEN DRAMEN. By Dr. [illegible] *Kleinen Chronik*, Frankfurt, July 27, [illegible]
Anti-Sh.

[illegible] including an answer to Dr. Engel.

[illegible] SHAKESPEARE. By O. B. FROTHINGHAM. In [illegible] March, 1885.
Pro-Sh.

[illegible] to this question:
[illegible] to regard the dramas as a literature, the product of [illegible] mind; but such a supposition is rendered extremely improbable by the [illegible] series, as well as by the early association of the [illegible] the author. The failure of all attempts to show that [illegible] wrote the pieces for a purpose, political or other, is [illegible] proceeded from the brain of this man."

[illegible] SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY. By E. A. DAWSON. [illegible], before the First Congregational Literary [illegible], Ohio, January 26, 1885. Columbus: 1885. [illegible] 30.
Anti-Sh.

[illegible] complete *résumé* of the question. The author discusses [illegible] philosopher and poet, and instances at the close, Bacon's [illegible] XVII, as compared with two prayers from Shakespeare, [illegible] the night before Agincourt, commencing "O, God of [illegible] uttered on the eve of the battle with Richard the Third, [illegible] account myself."
[illegible] Lord Bacon. By their work you shall know them."

[illegible] AND EXPERIENCE DURING A LONG LIFE. By [illegible] LONDON: Longmans 1884. (See page 78–81).
Anti-Sh.

[illegible] from a letter of H. G. Atkinson to [illegible] Lord Lytton), to me once, 'is more difficult [illegible] his occupation.' What say you? But if we are to

believe the story, Shakespeare did, that is, retire to absolute idleness in the full possession of his amazing faculties' while 'in Bacon's last year of retirement, the *Novum Organum* came forth, and the *Essays* and the *Advancement of Learning*, with additions under the new style of *De Augmentis*."

Mr. Bray, who is a phrenologist, adds:

"This is curious if true—a man has two immortalities bestowed upon him, and he gives one, probably the most lasting, away.—All I can say is that Bacon's head, as given in the well-known bust by Roubiliac, is the only one that I have seen out of which Shakespeare's plays could have come."

Regarding this, a critic says: "Then he could never have seen the noble Chandos head."

291 BACON AND SHAKESPEARE. An interview with Donnelly Concerning his Wonderful Discovery. In the *National Republican*, Washington, D. C., March 21, 1885. 2½ columns.

Anti-Sh.

This is an account of an interview with Mr. Donnelly at Washington, in which he announces the discovery of a cipher of Bacon's in the plays which he claims to have made, and outlines the scope of his forthcoming book. For explanation of the cipher, see title 295.

292 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE FOLLY. By Dr. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. Two articles in the New York *Observer*. I. March 12, 1885; II. March 26, 1885; each 1¼ colums.

Pro-Sh.

Dr. Allibone's argument is founded mainly on the evidence of the First Folio, and of contemporaries, which he claims is conclusive; and especially that there is no adverse evidence. Of Jonson he says: "He survives Bacon eleven years and Shakespeare twenty-one years, and yet he gives no sign of the greatest literary secrets." Of Milton: He was "eight years old when Shakespeare died, and twenty-four when his beautiful elegy on the dramatist was published in the Second Folio in 1632, yet he never seems to have suspected that he should have praised Bacon instead of Shakespeare." He concludes:

"All the facts are against your theory," urged a disputant to an obstinate antagonist. "Then," replied his undaunted opponent, "So much the worse for the facts."

293 A HARD NUT FOR THE BACONIANS TO CRACK. By DAVID GRAHAM ADEE. In *Progress*, Philadelphia, March, 28, 1885. 1½ colums.

Pro-Sh.

Mr. Adee alludes, in the title above, to the *Three Letters on the Genius aad Writings of Shakespeare*, of John Dennis, the Grub Street Simon; who lived only forty years after Shakespeare, who "had, no doubt, talked with people who had known Shakespeare," and "were quite familiar with late stage traditions and the theatrical small-talk of the time; besides which, he is acknowleged to have been the father of modern criticism." The writer quotes Dennis to show that Shakespeare had no familiar acquaintances with the Grecian or the Roman authors, but consulted not only the traditions, but his more learned contemporaries in the preparation of his works. The following is also quoted to show the errors made by Shakespeare, which could not have been made by one with the learning of Bacon. Dennis says:

"In his tragedy of *Troilus and Cressida*, he introduces Hector speaking of Aristotle, who was born a thousand years after the death of Hector. Alexander is mentioned in Coriolanus, though that conqueror lived about two hundred years after him. The mother of *Coriolanus* in the Roman history (Livy) is Vetturia, and the wife is Volumnia; whereas, in Shakespeare, the wife is Virgilia, and the mother Volumnia; and the Volscian general in Shakespeare is Tullus Aufidius, and Tullus Attius in Livy. How comes it that he takes Plutarch's word, who was by birth a Grecian, for the affairs of Rome, rather than that of the Roman histories, if so be that he had read the latter?"

"*In Shakespeare's time there was a translation of Plutarch*, (North's) *and there was none of Livy!*"

294 NOTES ON HORTICULTURE FROM BACON AND "SHAKESPEARE." Reason and Imagination, or Thoughts and Remembrance fitted. By MRS. HENRY POTT. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia. I. April, 1883, pp. 9. II. May, 1885, pp. 13.

Anti-Sh.

In these papers Mrs. Pott makes a comparison, illustrated by many extracts, of the references to plants and flowers in the writings of Bacon, especially in the Essay *Of Gardens*, and the plays of Shakespeare.

"In some of the essays we have studies or notes for certain portions of many of the Plays; and in the process of harmonizing the whole of the groups of works, we enjoy the delight of watching, as it were, the processes by which the Poet-philosopher collected his dry facts or observations, distilled them into metaphor, and crystallized them in his mighty lines."

(*To be continued.*)

SHAKESPEARE AS A GREEK LEXICOGRAPHER.

Next to the Bacon craze is the mania which now possesses so many specialists for proving Shakespeare to have been an adept in that particular mystery in which each one's own forte lies. (Their feeling is the reverse of that in Abhorson, the hangman, fearing that a clown who sought instructions in his art of neck-noosing would discredit his mystery, and so crying. "Fie upon him!") Some of the first attempts were to make out that Shakespeare was a hunter, a sailor, or soldier. Ere long he was shown to have been a doctor, or lawyer, but never I think a minister. Then he was made to figure as an angler, or a botanist. A recent volume on the insects mentioned in his works no doubt demonstrates that he was nothing if not an entomologist. The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that he was a jack, in the sense of a genius, at all trades, and his little finger thicker than any other man's loins.

Rushton has made a good book on "Shakespeare illustrated by old

authors." Old authors illustrated by Shakespeare would be as good a title, and might lead to a still better book. More than one character in such a volume would show light reflected on the ancient Greeks by the modern Englishman. A specimen of this light appears when we glance at the obligations of Greek lexicography to the player of "small Latin and less Greek."

Some months ago while looking out a Greek word in *Liddell and Scott*, I noticed the remark that that vocable was "best explained" by a certain phrase in Shakespeare which was cited. That Shakespeare should be playing the role of a Greek lexicographer seemed as odd as that Saul should be found among the prophets. Very naturally I thenceforth scrutinized other words in that lexicon whenever my eye chanced to fall on classical authors lit up by side-lights from a source so unexpected.

The results of my observations, so far as I can give them without the use of Greek words, are as follows. The pages to which I refer are those in the seventh edition, (Harpers, 1883).

The following passages on the pages mentioned in Liddell and Scott, are cited from Shakespeare by name, or by the name of some one of his characters,—and each as illustrative of some Greek word, or phrase. Chin new-reaped, (page 77), unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled, (135), more sinned against than sinning, (387) so equal is the poise of this fell war (711) lifter, (813) high-gravel blind (890) convey the wise it call, (891) also (1704) limb-meal, (935) pretty chickens, (999) in my mind's eye, (1084) bestride me, Hal, (1182) sea of troubles, (1254) my sceptre's awe, (1378) I'll trust by leisure him who mocks me once, (1518) take a breed of barren metal, (1562) squeak and gibber, (1575 thrice-renowned, (1578). Let it rain potatoes, (1651) medicines to make me love him, (1680) my seated heart knocks at my ribs, (1692) my way of life is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, (1699) sable-sivered, (1731).

The following Shakespearian expressions have also met my eye, printed with quotation marks, but without the author's name: deeds without a name, (223) sick in love with, (392) measure for measure (711) words of fear, (844) my heart knocks at my ribs, (872) hair-breadth scapes, (1020) the trappings and the suits of woe, (1141) but a span, (1211) all the world's a stage, (1397) cabin'd, cribbed, confined (1448).

These quotations, numbering thirty-four, are taken from no less than seventeen dramas, namely, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *1 Henry IV.*, *3 Henry VI.*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, *Troilus*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Merry Wives*, *Macbeth*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Much Ado*, *Measure for Measure*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Othello*, *As You Like It.*

They are adduced as explanatory of at least seventeen Greek authors, namely, Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Menander, the Anthology, Apollonius, Rhodius, Hero-

dotus, Thucydides, Aristotle, Plato, Plutarch, Theocritus, Sophron, Nicephorous, Euphorio.

Did they all betoken undesigned coincidences with any one single Greek they would demonstrate that he wrote Shakespeare, more conclusively than any thing in *Promus* indicates the Baconian authorship of any Shakespearian play.

The lexicon also abounds in Shakespearian expressions employed as the most part to the purpose that can be found,—but not quoted at all. Instances are such as these; unnatural murder, (205) weigh upon the heart, lie heavy on her soul, (481) sea of troubles, (817) quoted on page 1254, unknit the brow, (1100) time honored (1110) multitudinous, (1115), &c., &c.

Like the apostles gathering fragments, I am astonished that I have filled so large a basket so soon. Moreover, in the feast of languages served up by Liddell and Scott there are many more Shakespearian scraps worth stealing, and it is an honorable kind of thievery. It would be no wonder if I came across one the next time I open their pages. Besides, there must be further progress in the line along which those scholars have started. The infinity of delicate differentiations in the Greek will more and more drive those who would transfuse them into our vernacular to the oceanic vocabulary of Shakespeare for aptest words and most felicitous phrases. Thus more and more will the impressson be cumulative that our supreme poet was not for a day—or an age —but for all time,—for the past no less than the future. Let then the new departure in lexicography go on till the myriad-minded bard

> Shall with a bond of air,—strong as the axletree
> On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
> To his experienced tongue.

The great lesson I seem to learn in tracing the relation of Shakespeare to the Greek dictionary is the kinship of Genius. As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man. Deep calleth unto deep. Spirits finely touched to fine issues will be more and more seen to be analogous to each other not only in thought but in expression. Brethren by the higher birth,—and the language of their hearts being identical,—the utterances of their tongues cannot fail to show multitudinous similarities.

J. G. BUTLER.

ANNALS OF THE CAREER OF HENRY PORTER.

Of Henry Porter, "gentleman," nothing is known, but from the entries in Henslowe's *Diary*. These will be found here correctly enumerated. The account of them in Hazlitt's *Dodsly* is incomplete and misleading.

* 1596, December 16th.—"Pd. unto Mr. Porter five pound." This entry, which like all those asterised, is omitted by Hazlitt, is important as showing that Porter was connected with the Admiral's company before their junction with Pembrooke's in October 1587. 4 D. p. 77.

* 1597, March 7th.—Porter borrows four pounds of Henslowe. p. 77.

1567, August 23rd.—This entry relating to Night's *Isle of Dogs* is a forgery.

1598, May 30th.—*Love Prevented* was purchased by Henslowe for four pounds. This is probably the play published in 1599 as *The Two Angry Women of Abington*. It is a play of errors, shrews, jealousy; and was evidently a rival play to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

* 1598, June 25th.—Porter gives Henslowe his word for twenty shillings advanced to Chettle in earnest of his writing *Two Black Batmen of the North*, and "for the performance of the same."

1598, August 18th.—Porter, Chettle and Jonson receive six pounds in full for *Hot Anger soon Cold*.

1598, December 22nd.—Porter sells for five pounds the second part of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*. Even if I am wrong in identifying the first part with *Love Prevented* it must have been of a date anterior to this second part, and if not that play, what other could it have been?

1599, February 28th.—Porter receives two pounds in earnest of *Two Merry Women of Abington* and promises Henslowe that he should have "all his books which he writ either himself or with any other."

1599, March 4th.—Porter and Chettle receive ten shillings in earnest of *The Spencers*.

* 1599, April 7th.—Porter borrows twenty shillings of Henslowe. *p. 147.*

1599, April 11th.—Porter borrows two shillings six pence of Henslowe. p. 94.

* 1599, April 16th.—On receipt of twelve pence Porter binds himself to repay twenty-five shillings (for which his bond was forfeited to Henslowe) on the next day, 17th April; or else to forfeit ten pounds. p. 261 and p. 94.

1599, May 5 15.—Porter borrows two shillings six pence on each occasion. p. 94. And on May 26th he acknowledges that he owes Henslowe ten shillings. This is the final notice of this genial author.

F. G. FLEAY.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globe edition.]

ERRORS IN MRS. DALL'S NEW BOOK.

EDITOR NOTES AND QUERIES:

I venture to send you a slight list of the errors in Mrs. Dall's *What we Really Know About Shakespeare.*

P. 25. His plays are entirely free from the superstitious notions and errors of his time.

On the contrary, the richest chronicle of "these errors and superstitions," the most valuable treatises (so to speak) of them, are from the plays. Dozens of volumes have been written, Folk Lore, Ghost Lore, Fairy Mythology, Superstitions, etc., of Shakespeare's time, as chronicled in the plays. Goadby has an excellent chapter (*England of Shakespeare* ch. VII,) on "Science and Superstitions," and as this book is extant, and can be bought for thirty-five cents or so, anywhere; it seems a pity that a lady who writes about Shakespeare should not have heard of it.

P. 26. There is not a particle of proof that he was apprenticed to a butcher.

This statement (whatever its worth) is in Aubrey, in the same paragraph in which he states that Shakespeare was once a schoolmaster, which latter statement Mrs. Dall mentions, on p. VI of her Preface, *as an original* discovery of her own, saying that it has never been "before quoted as having significance, so far as I know."

P. 29. Shakespeare was too sincere an artist to turn the *et tu Brute* of the dying Cæsar into English.

As a matter of fact, Cæsar said, *Και συ Βρουτε*, (or as Suetonius says *Και συυ Τεκνου.*)

Greek was at that date the court language of Rome. Shakespeare, however, although he translated the passage, knew this fact. See *Julius Cæsar*, I. iii. 277.

Cassius. Did Cæsar say anything?
Casca. Yes, he spoke Greek.

P. 59. (again on p. 157). In 1608. . . . While Shakespeare and his company were traveliing along the Southern Coast.

This is a rather *ex cathedra* statement to find in a volume entitled "What we Really Know About Shakespeare" whose author says (in her Preface) that she desires only to give "hard facts" (p. IV.) and to prepare "a handbook which every child could buy."

I venture to send the above, because so far as I know and believe, they refer to points entirely conceded by every Shakespearian student. As to the statements in Mrs. Dall's book as to which there may be controversies, perhaps she had a right to tell her children that Shakespeare wrote his plays in the interest of the common people, (p. 83,) or that one of Shakespeare's pall-bearers is buried in Virginia (p. 69,). but on matters of no dispute, Mrs. Dall should cling to the truth. Nor should she make (on page 148) Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps responsible for the resurrection of the old Payne Collier forgery of the "Southampton Letter," exposed with microscope, acid and every other necessary adjunct, so carefully and completely by Sir Francis Maddern, Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Ingleby twenty-five years ago.

HORACE P. HARMAN.

NEW YORK.

MRS. DALL'S REPLY.

EDITOR NOTES AND QUERIES:

I thank you very sincerely for giving me the opportunity to reply to the notes of H. P. Harman.

P. 25. Mr. Harman's criticism on my statement that Shakespeare was free from the superstitions of his time only shows what great care is needed in condensing statements. The plays exhibit the superstitions—but not Shakespeare's faith in them. This is my opinion—and worth only so much as discriminating readers may find in it. See Charles Knight.

P. 26. It is certainly Aubrey who says that Shakespeare was apprenticed to a butcher, and also that he was a country schoolmaster. Neither statement is evidence—but what probability either may

have—*is* a kind of evidence. Now I think it more probable that Shakespeare was a schoolmaster than a butcher, and pretend to no "discovery" of either statement, but when the two statements are made by the same man and on the same page, why should they not be considered of equal importance?

P. 29. I think Cæsar's Greek might have troubled the actor, and the audience, but the words "Et tu Brute" had already been associated with Cæsar, as I supposed. I remember getting a strong impression of this from a talk with Dr. Wm. H. Furness. Is it an error?

It does not seem to be well understood that what I call "facts" in my little volume, are "facts" as represented by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps.

The ex-cathedra statement p. 59, of which your correspondent complains, is as follows:

> In 1608 Thomas Pavior impudently published *The Yorkshire Tragedy* as having been written by Wm. Shakespeare, while Shakespeare and his company were travelling along the Southern coast.

On p. 189 of the fifth edition of the *Outlines* Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says:—

> It is not unlikely that the publisher of *The Yorkshire Tragedy* took advantage of the departure of Shakespeare from London to perpetrate his nominated fraud, for the poet's company were travelling on the Southern coast about the time of its appearance.

My statement was made from memory and is a little more positive than Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's fifth edition, but not more positive, I think, than it was in an early edition. The author of the *Outlines* is much more cautious now than he was in the beginning. It is my opinion that Shakespeare wrote in the interest of the people. It was Miss Bacon's opinion, and not only she, but other critics have made this political bearing of the plays a reason for attributing them to Francis Bacon. This opinion may be a mistake, but surely I may assert it?

On p. 69 I speak of a stone in Virginia commemoratory of one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare, and I ask, "Can there be any truth in the legend?" Both Mr. Rolfe—*Literary World*, February 3—and your critic allude to this as if I had expressed faith in it. Have I done anything so uncandid? At the time my book was printed no one could tell that no such inscription was on the stone. Since then, the thorough work of Moncure D. Conway shows that the whole story hung on the mere date of the oldest gravestone north of the Carolinas, 1618. It was not strange that some dreamer should have said, "He came from Shakespeare's neighborhood, he lived two years after him, he might have been his pall-bearer," and then the story grew.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps printed the Southampton letter, after Dr. Ingleby had published his exposure of it. I should not, however, have copied it, if he had not added the remark that he did not think the evidence against it conclusive. He has since relinquished faith in it, but that I did not know, for looking through the fifth edition at the last moment so carefully that I made an index to it, for additions to knowledge, I did not observe what was *left out.*

This shows you what little I can say, on the spur of the moment concerning Mr. Horace P. Harman's notes, but will you allow me to add one word in reference to Mr. Rolfe's objection to my statement about "Gray's Inn?"

On p. 44 I call it "the only existing structure whose 'timbered roofe' we know to have echoed to Shakespeare's voice." If the Middle Temple Hall is still standing, what Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says about it is that there is "very little doubt" that Shakespeare was one of the actors who played "*Twelfth Night* there February 1601–2.

But there was a doubt, and no doubt was exppressed about Gray's Inn, and I framed my statement accordingly. In order to give the page and edition, I intended to quote I may have to search the libraries of those cities. Perhaps some of you readers could save me the trouble in regard to the paragraph about the "timbered roofe." Materials are not accessible to me in Washington.

I should like to have it distinctly understood that I always believe myself to be quoting Mr. Halliwell-Philipps's "facts" and if I adhere to any statement he now disowns, I shall be glad to make my plate conform to the truth.

My opinions are my own, and I have never obtruded them except when I thought they might help to interpret facts. It is arrant nonsense to pretend that during the five years that Shakespeare was out of sight, he *may* not not have been earning his bread on the continent.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

WASHINGTON.

"COMMA."

And stand a comma 'tween their amities.—*Hamlet*, V. ii. 42.

For comma, the invariable readings of the Quartos and Folios, Hanmer, White, and Hudson substitute *cement;* Warburton and Capell *commere;* Becket, Elze, and Tschischewitz, *co-mate;* Cartwright, *concord.* Clarke retains "comma," but ingeniously explains it as a technical term in music, "the least of all the sensible intervals in music," (the difference between a major and minor half step, repre

ented by some writers as the ninth part of a tone,) showing the exact proportion between *accords*.

Allow me to present a consideration which has occurred to me in favor of the old reading. The passage is as follows:

I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Horatio. Ay, good my lord.
Hamlet. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like Ases of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Now in forging this "new commission" great pains must, of course, be taken, and nothing would be more natural than careful observance of the details of the mechanical execution. The *penmanship* must be faultless, and Hamlet, with some complacency, discusses this in lines 32–36. The *rhetorical and syntactical construction* must be all right, and in lines 38–43 he is evidently a little proud of his success in this regard. He weighs carefully every word, and has his good-natured joke at the over-loading of the word *as*. He must carefully *punctuate* the document, and this suggests the word *comma!* As to the propriety of its use, Johnson well remarks, "The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity, the period is the note of *abruption* and disjunction."

HOMER B. SPRAGUE.

BOSTON.

HAMLET, III, I, 56.

A very entertaining book might easily be wrttten upon the various comments upon, and parallels to, the celebrated "To be or not be" soliloquy. For the latter I would refer the curious to Voltaire's *Candide*, ch. XII to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Book VIII, ch. 10, and to the long soliloquy of Charles von Moor in Schiller's *Robbers*, Act IV scene 5. My most immediate object, however, is to draw attention to a soliloquy in Thomas Otway's *Orphan* (Act V. scene 2) which though originally played in 1680 and therefore

falling within the period covered by Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse*, escaped the vigilance of the contributors to that meritorious w This alone, however, would not have tempted me to call the atten of the readers of SHAKESPEARIANA to it, if it did not mark in an mistakable way the gradual transition hanging over the English dr at the time, changing it from a literary combination of incid philosophy, description and passion, into a mere play tolerable for dramatic purposes. The novel, it has often been said, is modern substitute for the Shakespearian drama, for this alone prese the different elements that combine to give such perfection to plays exhibited in Shakespeare's days. In Otway's time, the s goer could not tolerate the long philosophical disquisitions w contribute no insignificant greatness to Spakespeare's greatness. Polydore could not come upon the stage with the intention of c mitting suicide without giving the matter a thought; and this is succinct way in which he proceeds to do it:—

> To live, and live a torment to myself,
> What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
> We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
> Because it cannot tell us what's to come?

This is an admirable instance of literary appropriation. We l Hamlet's soliloquy, so to speak, boiled down. It is like the st tree of temperate regions dwarfed to a mere shrub in the unpropit climate of the frozen North.

MONTREAL. R. W. BOOD

SONNET LVIII.

> Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
> That you yourself may privilege your time
> To what you will; to you it doth belong
> Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

By both Dowden and Rolfe it is mentioned that Malone char "*To* what you will" to "*Do* what you will," but neither follows in so doing. It can be clearly shown that Malone was right in r ing the change.

In the Sonnet preceding (LVII) we find

> Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
> Where you may be, or your affairs suppose

the equivalent of the last line being, in prose,

> *Where* you may *be*, or *what* you are *doing*;

and the response is found in the lines in question as corrected by Malone:

> *Be where* you list, your charter is so strong
> That you yourself may privilege you time;
> *Do what* you will, to you it doth belong
> Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

Chicago. J. G. B.

THE DRAMA.

THE CRITICS AND THE FRENCH *HAMLET*.

The representation of *Hamlet*, as given at the Porte-St.-Martin, interesting event as it is, is yet one whose worth it is almost impossible to estimate properly. It would be absolutely a miracle if the subtle significant spirit of pure Northern, utterly un-Gallic life portrayed in this wonderful play should find an adequate translation by MM. Samson and Cressonnois, by Mlle. Bernhardt, and by M. Garnier, and by all the necessary throng of lesser lights, acting and managerial, so that any small quorum, or "working majority" of the Parisian audience could justly feel that it had been enabled to see *Hamlet*. To catch a glimpse only of the melancholy Dane himself,—one of those many luminous glimpses, by which it is the peculiar excellence of Shakespeare's art to reveal a complex soul, so that men know Hamlet not "like book," but half-guessingly and intuitively each for himself, as he knows a living man,—to catch one such glimpse, from the French representation, this would be as much as to say that the twentieth century is at hand; that the world of men is traveling on so fast toward common ground and brotherly sympathies, that it soon may reach that broad noon where understanding shall be stronger than race and place conditions. As a hint of such golden possibility any such translation of one nation's master-thoughts to another nation is most interesting. But in the case considered, before one makes his criticisms let him think of the tremendous obstacles in the path towards lucid interpretation. I think the severe condemnations of the English critics have this against them, that their authors either have been wholly incapable of entering with any sympathy upon the French stand-point, or, holding in spite of themselves too much to their English bias, they have been unable not to expect too much, and of course have been disgusted. One says, the new translation cannot justify its existence; that its sole mission in life was to exhibit Mlle. Bernhardt as Ophelia and that her Ophelia is so wretchedly third-rate that all that remains of its mission must go to

the "demnition bow-wows" without stay of execution. Another gives the work of these young actor-authors some faint praise as being more direct and literal in some points than any other French version has dared to be.

M. Garnier is said to make a picturesque Hamlet with only two defects, a bad voice and lack of intelligence. In truth, here is a "most plentiful lack!" Another critic takes him with great seriousness and is impressed with his evident study of stage traditions in order to get all due light upon his part. He follows Mr. Irving's rendering in many respects, Macready's in the soliloquy. He delivers this face about to the audience, with eyes up, a quiet almost rapt action, and contemplative voice. But certainly he follows his own crazy lead and most un-Hamlets Hamlet when in the play-scene he drags himself on all fours across the stage from his seat near Ophelia to the very foot of the throne where he hisses out the words

He poisons him in the garden for's estate, etc.

with a fierce significance that would have justified the king's servants in dispatching him on the spot as a discovered enemy to the Royal Person.

M. Noël made such a sleek, garrulous, gay old Polonius as might be easily understood by either a French or English public. In short, was just such a jolly bit of tiresome respectability as may be recognized the whole world round. Others of the lesser characters hovered about behind the view like a conventional background that no one sees.

Ophelia stood eminent above the rest, and round her how do the critics war! A dreaming, grimacing, affected creature of feline manner, lithe caress and artificial grin, stands for the innocent dutiful daughter of Polonius. And Bernhardt's golden voice, they say, is worn, her studied rhythm, monotonous. Thin as she was, she has reached a more incredible point of attenuation, is, in fact, now quite too thin for anything but burlesque of the part of the fresh young damsel whom Hamlet loved, till those weightier matters she had not enough woman's wit in her to feel and not brain enough to follow, forced her out of his plans.

Then again, it is allowed that Bernhardt has made herself the central figure of her piece not through any favoring of the play to meet her exigencies, but through the special power of her interpretation. The critic of the *Athenæum* says:

Nothing that Mlle. Bernhardt does is without some claim upon attention. Dismiss from the mind any preconceived notion of Ophelia, and assume that the heroine is a lady of amorous complexion, whom Hamlet has inspired with a life-long passion, and nothing can be said against the interpretation. The rapture of felicity of the opening scenes, the pain and defeat of the interview in which the lover so strangely turns upon her, and the expression of returning hope when in the play scene he carries into effect some of the familiarities to which in her addresses to her he

alludes, are all admirable in art. The mad scenes have much beauty, and are indeed eminently thoughtful and original. The result, however is not Ophelia. One more is added to the poetical creations of Madame Bernhardt, but the being is a creature of phantasy.

Now what intelligent lover of the drama — of Molière's and of Racine's, along with Shakespeare's — sitting apart at his desk, outside the opportunity of seeing how things are going at the Porte-St.-Martin, but could have guessed as much. Is not Mlle. Bernhardt the polished product of French dramatic skill and time-honored stage precedents? Is she not admirably fine and finished in her art? So that, granted her ground and manner of study, little remains to find fault with in her characterizations, only, it must always be recognized that her peculiar personal intensity is such that it is bound to flavor every part she takes.

This subjective quality indeed is such that every part she takes she makes her own, a part she lives through, therefore knows how to act. Therein must come much of her difficulty in acting Ophelia. With all her cleverness she could not hit upon the conception of Ophelia's girlhood as the English critics, speaking for the English world, must have preconceived it. And if she cannot suit the best English critics, how will she make her peace with the French ones in this anxious attempt of hers to conquer new territory in the international drama?

Victor Hugo broke down the restrictions which kept French drama exclusively French, making it richer without loss of the choice individual note of the French genius. There is that in Shakespeare's plays, hearted in English nature as they are, which marks them as not the property of England solely, but as part of the general wealth of European civilization. Certainly, it is quite natural that an actress so intelligent and generally cultured as Mlle. Bernhardt should want to crown her career with essays of Hugo's and of Shakespeare's dramas. But she will find her merits in her old line in the art for art's sake her enemies in the broader field of art for life's sake. The chances must be all against her success. Yet let honor be to her for the attempt I say. Her failure may so easily be richer in results than her success was.

Some of the French critics have accorded her small favor. M. Francisque Sarcey is singularly reserved, but just and well-considered as his habit is. To this effect he writes:

I had intended this week to speak of *Hamlet*. But I prefer to wait in order to talk with you of Shakespeare's work, until the Comédie Française has given us the adaptation it contemplates. I wish to enter to-day only upon the manner in which *Hamlet* has been interpreted at the Porte-St.-Martin. The translation is, as every one knows, by two young men who both belong to the theatre, MM. Samson and Cressonnois. It has appeared to me, so far as I could judge from a single hearing, faithful and full of movement. I do not know how much of this would remain in reading it. *Hamlet* has been put upon the boards at the Porte-St.-

Martin for Mlle. Sara Bernhardt and M. Garnier. Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, it is known,—criticized in this part by one of our confraternity who is justly one of the most serious and esteemed in our profession,—has replied to him by a letter a little "fresh," and she has since taken up and explained this letter, which has not the least in the world disturbed M. Bernard Derosne. The truth in this small matter is, in short, that while Mlle. Bernhardt has said this ballad of Shakespeare with an incomparable charm, and has discovered again for the mad scene that delicious voice and that gift of irresistible seduction which was formerly a good part of her art, she has sung the rest of her lines with an intended monotony which has not been to everybody's taste. Mlle. Sara Bernhardt has believed herself able to throw over all her part a kind of child-like sing-song which has greatly pleased some of her audience, those—who like "cette note là," as Bilboquet says [or as our own Abraham Lincoln said, when a rhymster asked him his opinion of his verses,—"For people who like that sort of thing, that is just the sort of thing they like"] but which is well calculated to irritate others beyond endurance. I confess that this fashion of simplifying art scarcely suits me either. This fashion of making up a part has some relation to the method of the impressionists. Part of the audience applauded; the rest remained restless and contemplative. M. Garnier, who was very well costumed, and who has the allurement and the aspect of the Prince, seemed to me terribly uniform and commonplace during the first acts. But one must do him the justicé to say that he played the grand scene of explanation with his mother with extraordinary force. Mlle. Antonia Laurent answered him in her part with great feeling and sincerity. Luguet was a superb ghost. Léon Noël gave us the Polonius of an operetta; he never left off amusing us. In brief, *Hamlet* was listened to with much emotion during the first acts, and with respect up to the last. It is a play to see, if it were only to give us later at the Comédie Française, the pleasure of comparison.

It takes two to tell the truth, Thoreau used to say, one to speak and another to hear. So, following M. Sarcey's saying, it will take two representations of *Hamlet* to tell us the whole story. The complementary translation of *Hamlet* which will give us soon the pleasure of comparison, is by MM. Dumas and Paul Meurice. It has been diligently studied for some time by M. Mounet-Sully and Mlle. Reichenberg who will take the crucial parts, Hamlet and Ophelia.

The changes made in the conduct of the play at the Porte-St.-Martin from the usual English manner include the omission and modification of some scenes, either because they are not to the French taste or because of the inconvenience on the French stage of so many alterations as occur in English countries without fall of curtain. The first appearance of the ghost to Bernardo and Marcellus is not given; the advice to the players, and Osric's message to Hamlet, about the fencing match with Laertes, are both left out. On the other hand the appearance of Fortinbras at the close of the play, which is scarcely ever represented on the English stage, is introduced here. Ophelia herself is borne on the bier in the procession, instead of an empty coffin, hence she can not be dropped into the grave and Laertes and Hamlet can not leap in to the tomb according to the stage direction, but have to asseverate their love and skirmish around outside the brink of the grave, and fight out their struggle over the body itself.

Hamlet after having transfixed the false King with his sword

perhaps to make assurance doubly sure, then snatches up the poisoned goblet and forces the poison down the dying man's throat. This is true Irish vengeance. The king drops "kilt entirely."

But the most singular, to an English mind, of all these small alterations is the substitution of a long mournful chanting ballad for the bursts of inconsequent speech and song into which Ophelia breaks before she dies. It is especially during the recitation of this ballad that Mlle. Bernhardt indulges in the lilting *Cantilène* upon which the critics disagree.

RÉNAN'S *1802*.

If any one doubts the significance of the unusual interest in Shakespeare recently manifested in Parisian theatres, or the pertinence of the connection—as the latest illustration of changed dramatic conditions—of Mlle. Bernhardt's essays in Shakespearian tragedy and the honors accorded Victor Hugo, let his meditation dwell awhile upon the following abstract from the last *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as a curious and instructive example of an accomplished French critic's point of view. Hugo has long been put in a companion niche with Shakespeare. The place has been allowed him, both on account of his sympathies with a wider scope for the drama than the Academic French theory permits, and, also because in his own dramatic work he himself enlarged the boundaries of the dramatic empire and peopled it with a heroic brood of his own well-fitted to dwell there.

Yet now in the face of all the trumpet-blowing and palm-bearing of the great Hugo's enthusiastic admirers, M. Ganderax has the heart to remember that the author of *1802*, the birthday elegy, scarcely thirteen years ago, in *L' ante-Christ*, to give an idea of Nero's character, wrote thus:

> Let one represent to himself a man about as intelligent as the heroes of M. Victor Hugo, a Mardi-gras personage, a mixture of madman, simpleton, and actor.

And this conservative reviewer insensible to the worship of the modern god, regardless, perhaps, ignorant of Mr. Swinburne's ardent rhetoric, goes on to say that he thinks M. Renan has not forgotten these lines, and that the choice of him as the poet of the anniversary celebration at the Comédie the 26 of February is on that account the more wily and judicious. If it must be that the great poet be honored because he produced upon the boards scarcely a work that was not useless, it is expedient that one should be chosen for the office who will praise him only where he must; such a testimony will be worth more than another less discreet. It will prove that without being

duped, a friend of French Letters, even of the Theatre, can yet hail this genius.

Such evidence is not superfluous, this sceptic continues, it is necessary to say it though we scandalize some amateur of fine verses, happily for the safety of his illusions, far away from the Comédie-Française and the Porte-St.-Martin. There are stars which go out though their beams yet come to the inhabitants of the earth long after the source of them is deadened. So doubtless for most readers Hugo's dramatic work is not yet dead. Alas! we also were inclined to believe it immortal, we Frenchmen and Parisians born in the early years of the second empire, when, with the poet, his theatrical pieces were exiled. Hugo upon the rock of Guernsey appeared to us as in a cloud of glory, like Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena * * The man of action + the man of thought, this binomial was to be the expression of the epoch. "A poet who would be to Shakespeare what Napoleon was to Charlemagne," was Hugo himself. It was his own destiny he foretold when he wrote:

> Marengo! the Pyramids! Austerlitz! Moscow! Waterloo! what epics! Napoleon has his poems; the poet will have his battles.

And since, indeed, he has had them. Now, his battles among all his poems have been his dramas. Early recognized and respected as lyric poet, from 1827–1843 he fought as dramatist. * * The preface of *Cromwell* was the declaration of the rights of the modern genius in the scheme of dramatic art; and as it seems to many men that they had no rights, nor scarcely manhood, before the declaration of the rights of man, so before the preface of *Cromwell* it seemed that they had had no drama. *Hernani* was the assault upon tragedy and the ancient regime of the stage, it was the taking of the Bastile. *Marion Delorme* interdicted, *le Rois' Amuse* suspended, these were the martyrs of this revolution, but they were martyrs who had prevailed over the executioners and who had demolished the jails, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marie Tudor*, *Angelo*, in spite of all resistance advanced the limits of dramatic emotion. *Ruy Blas!* another struggle, another victory, and the brightest of all, genius at its apogee, the Austerlitz of this conquest.—A Waterloo, no, unless by the beauty of the effort. The day was hard, but poetry remained mistress of the ground.

A quarter of a century after the close of this wonderful cycle Hugo remained in our imagination as the liberator of the National Theatre. *Le Cid* 1636; *Hernani* 1830, these were the two fortunate dates of our dramatic genius, those of its birth and renaissance. Poor Corneille, he had done what he could in his time, tramelled by absurd rules: and that which he had been unable to do, Hugo had done, Hugo nourished in larger, richer air, a Corneille delivered, put at ease pushing his genius as deeply, as

widely as Shakespeare. . . . Thus the drama of Victor Hugo reached its triumphal age; but as we have seen its exaltation so we have seen its fall. Toward the end of his life the second representation of one of his master-pieces, *le Roi s' Amuse*, given a half a century after the first, marks a stop in the poet's progress to the temple. But if the triumphal car hesitates an instant, still it rolls on and making way the victor arrives at the Pantheon.

Some months pass, you go to *Marion Delorme* as to a *Te Deum*, and return from it more discomfited than from that famous jubilee, *le Roi s' Amuse*. In 1882 this master-piece was overthrown with majesty, like a great building engulfed in floods; in 1885 the other master-piece was piteously foundered. Then you begin to suspect that two disasters, blow upon blow, cannot be accidents but are the effects of permanent and profound causes. You inquire if the dramatic work of Hugo after having gained its suit in the first place, where it was aggressive, and even on appeal, where it was triumphant, if it will gain it before the final tribunal, that is to say, before posterity. Then you examine the romantic theory of the drama. According to this, tragedy and comedy had represented only a simplified man reduced by analysis to heroic or ridiculous elements. The drama came to reunite these parts and reconstruct the real man. Moreover, the man refined of the classics was as true in one country or in one century as in another; the real man on the contrary outside of the universal eternal likeness, bore the mark of truth peculiar to a certain country, to a certain epoch. Nature and history; here were the twin sources from whence the dramatic poet should draw. But how has Hugo succeeded in this? By habitual observation of nature and history. He is a magnificant example of that class Malebranche calls "visionaries of the imagination." His master faculty is not observation but imagination, and of what sort? The imagination of contrast, which can neither perceive nor conceive a white cross on a black back-ground without coupling it with a black cross on a white back-ground. He establishes antitheses in forcing facts after the manner of those people Pascal tells of, who establish themselves by forcing words as one makes false windows for symmetry. In the same way, when he imagines moral beings, it is ordinarily, in pairs each is only the contrary of the other; and as nothing is more contrary to nothing than an abstraction to an abstraction, it is oftenest a pair of abstractions that he invents.

Outside of *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas* his plays are no longer plays for the stage but for the library. One can find there fragments of ode, elegy, or epic, but no drama, for they lack humanity. Humanity! Shakespeare gives it to us, crude, Racine refined. Ask either of Hugo: he gives naught. The characters of Shakespeare and of Racine, conceived by imaginations different each, but both reasonable, can support the control of reason. Hugo's, created and governed by pure fantasy, docile and monotonous mouth-pieces of their author,

weary us if they do not irritate us; so true is it that no power, not even that of the imagination raised to the degree where it is called genius, can long make shift without reason or prevail against reason.

All this neither M. Renan at the Comédie Française nor Mlle. Simone Arnand—who honored Hugo with a fine ode at the Odèon birthday celebration—could declare. But the ingenious author of the *Dialogue of the Dead*, has let the truth be understood without declaring it. He has willed that Racine and Corneille in the Elysian Fields should desire a poet for the new age who could render warmth and brilliancy to the language after the cold of the 18th century. He has made not only Diderot but Voltaire celebrate the coming of this modern hero. But in the chorus of good geniuses assembled round the cradle of Victor Hugo, M. Renan has taken care not to make Molière's voice heard. Molière, still more than Racine and Shakespeare, is reason and humanity upon the scene, where Hugo is fantasy and chaos. If Molière was not present the 26th of February, M. Renan knows very well why.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Philadelphia theatres will be lively during Easter-week and the rest of April. Dion Boucicault's *Jilt* a new, well-acted and clever play now attracting much attention at the Chestnut St. Opera House, will then be followed, first, by the Jefferson, and then, by the Daly Company. Joe Jefferson's name stands as a symbol of all that is touching and delicately true in Dramatic Art to common human nature. And Mr. Jefferson's appearance here after too long an absence, in the old plays, always popular, *Rip Van Winkle*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, will be sure to attract the public.

At the same time at the Academy of Music, will take place the first appearance here of the American Opera Co. Mme. Pauline L'Allemand, Prima Donna Soprano of the company, at the last Thomas concert gave Philadelphians a fore-taste of this coming event. Her singing was so pleasing to the audience then, that it is quite likely to excite general enthusiasm under the more favorable conditions of operatic stage setting and accessories.

All arrangements for the great Booth-Salvini engagement have not yet been concluded, Mr. Zimmerman says, so that the whole make-up of the supporting company and other details of interest can not now be ascertained. Mme. Janauschek was first talked of to take the part of the Lady Gruach to Booth's *Macbeth*, as Mr. J. T. Raymond was for the part of Grave-digger in *Hamlet*. But as it looks now Miss Marie Wainright, her husband Mr. Louis James and Mr. Aldrich are the only fixed facts of the cast. Mr. Chizzola has the final arran-

gements in charge, and it is expected they will take final shape within a week or so.

The scale of prices for Philadelphia the public will be glad to know is not going to be exorbitant, considering that 60% of the receipts are divided between Salvini and Booth. $1, $2, $3, & $4, will stand for the range of choice in seats.

* * *

Hamlet played by Deaf Mutes in South London is decidedly the most curious of last month's events in the dramatic line. The pantomine was given by an organized company of these unfortunates for the entertainment of their brothers and sisters in affliction, but, of course, many of the normal world flocked there too to see the novel thing, and get a new sensation. Aside from the strangeness of the spectacle, much unexpected and mirthful diversion was furnished by the original readings of the Cockney interpreter. He is reported to have adjured the Queen not to lay that flattering unicorn to her soul, and to have described the picture of Hamlet's father as bearing the front of Job adorned with hypocrite curls, and so on.

This odd dumb-show gives an almost pathetic instance of the appeal the myriad-minded Shakespeare made to all humanity, of small wit or big, of sense or half sense, when he wrote his wide-reaching plays.

* * *

In London lately there has been another significant example of the old, incongruous, necessary match of art with wealth. The Queen of England after twenty-five years withdrawal from patronage of the drama comes markedly out from her seclusion to a sense of her Royal responsibilities and summons a "Society" actress to entertain her. Victoria of the Guelf family sitting in the chariot in the place of Plutus selects Lillie Langtry for her charioteer and representative of the divine youth Euphorion. The choice is funny enough to make the spirit of tragedy grin. Yet natural enough to confirm a philosopher in the justice of his cool conclusions. Why not Henry Irving and Ellen Terry or even others less distinguished but as serious in their devotion to their art? O, vain question, only to be answered by another, why the *Journal of Life in the Highlands* and other bland employments of her Royal nibs?

But seriously one of the objections, not easily answered, to the perversion of means and culture, the levelling up of low estates and the levelling down of lofty ones to the even plane of power and patronage characteristic of a Republic, has been that such general averaging of influences brings art down to the groundlings, and makes true artists mourn the magnificent autocracies of Pope Julius or Lorenzo Medici of François Premier or Louis Quatorze. But, see now how inefficient is autocratic government. What advantages remain to it when the cat

can not only look at the Queen but criticize the Royal taste and justly conclude she could have chosen better herself. After all how can it matter that conditions have changed if art in drama, letters, music, marble, paint, or brick, have a still a constant high ideal. The old difficulties remain, the kings and popes of wealth and leisure still have to be swayed and humored to accept the views, provide the tools, and guarantee the meals of genius. The play-writer and the actor have the same kind of work to do, different in little circumstances, still the same work to do that Shakespeare did, to suit the time and please the crowd, and yet translate into the common language that wide and and fresh illuminated thought which reveals the beauty and the soul of things.

If now the task is greater and the art longer, yet in the end it must win more, since not one royal patron here and there but the general body of mankind must aid in the work, receive the light, and feel the inspiration.

* * *

Oxford is far gone in her coquetting with the stage. She is not content with opening a new theatre to take the place of the shabby, historic one. The new dress and the smart ribbons with which she now honors the drama is not enough. A special visit from the hero of the English stage is what she wants. And so the Vice-Chancelor, Mr. Jewett, who seems to be responsible for this dramatic bent of the University, like a match-making lady mother, has invited Mr. Irving to come and lecture. Of course Mr. Irving is appreciative of the honor and has replied that his subject will be, *Our old Actors*. The day is not yet fixed, but the news of this approaching meeting of the Nurse of the Quadrangle with the Ambassador from the Foot-lights must be hailed with pleasure by those who would like to see the stage and the study come closer together.

* * *

The King of the Commons by the Rev. James White, a friend of Phelps and Dickens, is the next piece the Society of Dramatic Students have chosen for performance. The piece was played in May, 1846, at the Princess's, with Mrs. Stirling, and Macready as James V. of Scotland. When it was given at the Park Theatre, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were the chief actors. Mr. Charles Fulton and Miss Mary Dickens are cast for the same parts in the forthcoming representation.

* * *

The theatres are all open and the people are flocking towards them as they always do and always will. But little of literary value that is note-worthy, little that has more than passing interest is being added to the dramatic stock on hand. The superior interest of the general *public in plays* laid in well-known scenes and in modern time has *only been the inducement*, for the most part of groping, serviceable

pens to seize upon an event here or a group of timely striking situations there to patch up a plot and fit it for a temporary triumph. Rich material within the common life is at hand as it always is, but the wide grasp of a quick invention and the wise glance of a capable eye is lacking. That American life will be enriched by a dramatic portrayal of its inmost self, it is to be hoped, yes, and believed. When so many little green apples fall, some must be ripening up there on the boughs. And if the general prevailence of mediocre intelligence and easy talent means anything discouraging, I think it means chiefly this, that we will have to wait a longer time for our Shakespeare to grow out from among the throng of facile writers than it took to shape the great English playwright and fit him so he over-topped the rest.

The more complex the time the stronger must be the mind that will be able to comprehend it and express it simply and directly.

* * *

The more noted Shakespearian actors have left the Eastern cities in a state of semi-dullness. Salvini is traveling about in the West, Miss Mary Anderson in San Francisco, Mr. Lawrence Barrett in the South, Mme. Modjeska is in Buffalo, Miss Margaret Mather is playing in the smaller New England towns, and Booth is resting. The centre of Shakespearian stage interest seems to have shifted to Paris for the time being.

GOSSIP.

Mr. T. W. Keene expects to appear for the first time, as Lear next season.

Mme. Modjeska expects to spend the summer among old friends in Southern California.

Miss Anna Dickinson is said to be writing a new play, in whcih she has framed a part for her own acting.

Mr. W. H. Gillette so widely known in *The Private Secretary* is said to be play-writing also.

Herr Frederick Mitterwurzer gave *Richard III.* and *Hamlet* during his farewell at the Thalia theatre.

Mr. Booth, under the Barrett management, will open his season in Buffalo on the 8th of September '86.

Mr. Barrett himself will appear first at the Star Theatre in New York on the first of the same month.

Mme. Christine *Nilson has* been induced to bid us "good-by"

once more. "Occasion smiles upon a second leave," as Laertes says. She will sail from Paris early in September and it is said her first public appearance will be, under M. Strakosch's direction, early in October.

Victor Hugo's executors have found among his papers a drama called *Les Jumeaux* written in 1839 and abandoned because a scene similiar to a chief one in this figured also in a play of Dumas then being performed.

Mr. George Riddle opened his course of readings at Chickering Hall the 27th of March with the *Midsummer Night's Dream* accompanied with Mendelssohn's music by an orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch's leadership.

A full account of the little known yet widely known-of Shakespearian revivals at Sadler's Wells is one of the features of interest promised in the forthcoming *Life of Samuel Phelps* written by this accomplished actor's nephew and companion for many years, Mr. W. May Phelps.

Maurice Barrymore, in spite of his bad luck with *Nadjesda*, a play too dark and strong for light appreciation, has not abandoned the quill. He is reported to be at work now with a London journalist, Mr. Wm. Beattie Kingston, upon a libretto for Mr. William Fullerton's Opera which is planned to be produced next season in New York.

Rev. Dr. Gritton stated recently, in England, that a London theatre could not be carried on without the free distribution of tickets to bad characters. Does this mean newspaper critics? what other mortals are favored to any extent with free tickets? asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The odd thing about this statement is that Mr. Irving has been taking it seriously carrying on a remonstrating correspondance, on the score of it, with the reverend Doctor.

The text of Mlle. Bernhardt's naively indignant letter to her adverse critic M. Leon Bernard Derosne, reads:

Monsieur;

Votre critique est de mauvaise foi! donc, vous êtes un mal-honnête homme double d'un imbecile.

M. Derosne has his revenge in publishing this abroad.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has forgotten his Shakespeare revivals in the success, in spite of itself, of *The Lord Harry*. Having had at least three fingers in the play as actor, manager and author, in common with Mr. H. A. Jones, the writer of the *Silver King* and *Saints and Sinners*, Mr. Barrett has given this melodrama of the seventeenth century, of

Royalists, and Roundheads, and " Scapes by Sea aud Flood," every practical opportunity to make it go, but it seems likely that its days will soon be numbered at the Princess's as a play elaborately insignificant. A satellite burlesque, *Oliver Grumble*, at the Novelty Theatre, thrives in its train by poking fun at it.

Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. D'Oyly Carte were prominent members of the deputation of London theatrical managers which waited upon Mr. Childers at the Home Office the 10th of last month to urge the Government to oppose granting further power in the supervision of theatres to the present board. Mr. Irving as spokesman asked that a thoroughly responsible and skilled authority be appointed for the required inspection. The managers were prepared, he said, to pay fees of inspection, if freed from the impositions of an irresponsible elective body, and he asked the Government to secure the changes desired by the theatrical interest which expend annually £4, 000, 000 and employs upwards of 150, 000 persons.

REVIEWS.

THE DIARY OF THOMAS GREENE.*

Dr. Ingleby has done the world of letters a signal service by his Transcript of the Diary of Thomas Greene. But four leaves of this document are in existence. Of these, the first was discov- by R. B. Wheler and noticed by him in his *Guide to Stratford-upon-Avon* (1814), and the remaining ones by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who entered them in his *Descriptive Calendar of the Ancient Manuscript and Records in the possession of the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon*(1863). Singularly enough, and most fortunately, the pages are consecutive. They are all preserved at Stratford, the one known to Wheler in the Birthplace Library, the remaining three in the Muniment Room of the Corporation.

The Diary relates to the contest between the Corporation and William Combe concerning the enclosure of certain common-fields. It is, writes Dr. Ingleby, interesting on two accounts. First, as it is the private record of this contest over a piece of ground in which, besides Combe himself, the two persons having the largest interests were William Shakespeare and Thomas Greene, the Town Clerk,

* *Shakespeare and the Enclosure of the Common Fields at Welcombe.* Edited by C. M. Ingleby, L. L. D. Birmingham; 1885.

and writer of the Diary. And, secondly because Shakespeare's name occurs in it six times. These passages have been so frequently reproduced that they need not be given here, but it is worth while to notice that from the first of them we learn, as Dr. Ingleby points out, that on the 16th November, 1614, (O. S.) Shakespeare arrived in London, and three days later held converse with Greene, being the only fact in Shakespeare's life to which a definite date can be assigned, and the only oral comunication that we can positively assert Shakespeare to have made.

But there is another entry, the sixth and last, which is of greater importance than this, and is even now the subject of much controversy. The original wording is this: "Sept. William Shakespeare telling J. Greene that I was not able to *he* [erased] beare the encloseigne of Welcombe." The point which has long puzzled the heads of the wisest critics is the meaning of the underscored word *he*, some claiming it to be really *he*, others that it is intended for an *I*. Without reopening the subject here, and it is one that would require much more elaboration than could be given in the brief space of a review, it is sufficient to quote Dr. Ingleby's opinion that the writer of the Diary wrote *he* by mistake for an *I*, of which he cites several instances. — Such are the few brief items in the Diary of interest to Shakespearians. And yet brief as they are, they are of very great significance when we recall the almost absolute silence of his contemporaries concerning him. There is a strange fascination in reading this Diary of a man who had lived near Shakespeare, who knew him intimately; who had talked with him and who had coöperated with him in a great battle against oppression. It brings us back nearer to the man than does any other record we have save the few personal mementos that have come down to our day. And in this respect it has a very great value. It is true that the captious critic may remark that such reasons are sentimental, and unworthy of scholars. Call them sentimental if you will, but every sentiment that brings us closer to Shakespeare, that puts us, if one may use the expression, into personal intercourse with him, is one which surely the gravest scholar will not despise. Such feelings would have too little solid foundation to permit one to frown upon a sentiment that is genuine.

Dr. Ingleby has done his editorial work with his usual skill. The book consists of a valuable introduction, in which the editor has condensed all the known facts in connection with the Diary and a thorough *resumé* of the English enclosures. The transcript of the Diary itself follows, occupying seventeen large pages, and is followed by a brief appendix containing a few documents that are of especial interest in connection with the Diary. The editor has *had the assistance* of Mr. Edward Scott, assistant keeper of the

manuscripts at the British Musuem, who prepared the transcript of the Diary, and of Messrs. C. W. Smartt & Low, of Stratford-upon-Avon, who photographed the eight pages of the original and reproduced them in autotype. Finally, the book contains facsimiles of the two maps of the Welcombe Estate; one from the collection of Robert N. Phillipps, Esq. the other from a sketch found by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. They do not indeed, definitely settle the situation of the "Lands" and "Greensward" concerning which the dispute arose, but furnish the best key yet formed to their situation.

Two editions have been prepared. One, of fifty with autotype plates, of which five were presented by the editor to fellow-workers, and twenty taken by the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon; and the other, a cheaper one without the autotypes. It is a matter of much regret that the limited edition and great price of the first mentioned edition has rendered the book well-nigh inaccessible to students.

LITERARY NOTES.

At the Porte St. Martin:

> What, is (Shakespeare) there?
> A piece of him.

and habited in this fashion;

> Être ou ne pas être,
> Voilà la question . . . . . .
> . . . . . Mourir.
> Dormir . . . pas plus. Ainsi pour cesser de souffrir
> Ces tortures du cœur ou le destin nous jette,
> Il suffit de dormir! Ah! c'est un dénouement
> Sonhaitable et qu'on peut desirer ardemment!
> Mourir . . . dormir. . . . Dormir? Mais c'est rêver peut-être,
> Et l'angoisse devant ce doute nous penêtre
> Car nous ne savons pas a quoi rêvent les morts!
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> S'il était vrai qu'on put avec la moindre chose
> Supprimer les effets en detruisant la cause
> Qui donc voudrait gemir et supporter l'ennuie
> D'une vie insondable et pareille à la nuit?
> Lourd fardeau sous lequel à chaque pas on tombe,
> Si l'on ne redoutait l'imprevu de la tombe,
> Si l'on n'apprendait ce pays inconnu
> D'ou pas un voyageur n'est encore revenu.

The sketch of E. A. Sothern, to appear in the series of *Actors and Actresses of the United States and Great Britain*, edited by Messrs. Hutton and Matthews, is now being written by Sothern's friend, Mr. Wm. J. Florence. The chapter on Edmund Kean has been furnished by Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Bunner of *Puck* will write of Joe Jefferson, and Mr. Lawrence Barrett of Edwin Forrest.

A limited edition of one hundred and twenty-five copies is announced by J. W. Jarvis & Son, London (Scribner's Sons, New York) of Downe's *Roscius Anglicanus*, the chief authority on English stage history from 1660-1706, with notes by Garrick's biographer, Tom Davies, and a preface by Mr. Joseph Knight, the dramatic critic of the *Athenæum* and Editor of *Notes and Queries*.

The American Play is the subject of an entertaining article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March. The writer, Mr. Laurence Hutton, considers the American play as saved from non-entity, chiefly bv Mr. Frank Murdock's *Davy Crockett*. *Rip Van Winkle*, *Fritz*, and *The Danites*, the most known American plays outside America, with others less in vogue, are for one reason or another unrepresentative, not peculiarly American, or of such transient interest that they are already forgotten, and cannot be cited as establishing the existence of American drama, though, if one is hopefully inclined, they may seem to lead the way toward fine probabilities. American plays, such as they are, he places under four heads: Indian and Revolutionary, which are identical and co-existent, among which Forrest made memorable Stone's *Metamora;* Society plays, of which Mrs. Mowatt's *Fashion* and Howard's *Saratoga* are examples; Yankee Character plays like *Solon Shingle* and *The Mighty Dollar;* and plays of local low life like *Mose* or *Squatter Sovereignty*.

Professor Charles F. Johnson, of Trinity College, has a suggestive and able article called *Two Shakespearian Kings* in the *New Englander* for March. After distinguishing between the imaginative and and popular, and the realistic and historical characterizations of the hero, he considers the stories of the two kings, Richard III and John. He shows how though treated by Shakespeare in an entirely different way, the one in the oratorical Marlowe manner, the other in the poet's own fashion with shaping growing touches that simulate a developing human life, yet both evidence the power of the imaginative method which takes its cue from tradition and quite ignores the slow blind greatness of contemporary tendencies until they have been summed up and embodied in some great man who plays a part in history.

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MODERN POETRY.

'Set a poet to catch a poet,' is a maxim which only holds true of the 'irritable race' in their calmer moments. From them have come the most brilliant *aperçus littéraires;* but their effervescent temperament naturally bubbles over into undue depreciation or excessive adulation. Of this tendency both Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne have lately afforded notable examples. Their literary contest recalls the battle between Bowles, Campbell, and Byron, which raged round the body of Pope. Mr. Arnold, who defends Byron against Shelley, decrees an immortality for the prose of the latter, which he hesitates to accord to 'Adonais' or 'Alastor;' Mr. Swinburne retorts that Byron's muse is a 'drawling, 'draggle-tailed drab.' Both critics, by depreciating Pope, touch the shield of Mr. Courthope,* who with excellent temper breaks a lance on behalf of Alexander. Thus the spectacle is afforded of a triangular tournament, or, as Mr. Courthope would perhaps prefer to phrase it, of a struggle between a Liberal and a Radical critic with a Conservative firing into both combatants.

The issue turns on the time-honoured question, 'What is 'Poetry?' No answer can ever give universal satisfaction. Poetry, like Nature, abhors monotony, and displays the elusive charm of endless variety. 'Depuis le feu Protée,' to adapt the saying of Madame du Deffand, nothing is so infinite in the number of its disguises. Of such a subject iron definitions are futile. Mr. Swinburne argues that the two essential qualities of poetry are 'imagination and harmony;' Mr. Arnold holds that poetry is at bottom 'a criticism of 'life;' Mr. Courthope contends that poetry is 'the art of 'producing pleasure by the just expression of imaginative 'thought and feeling in metrical language.' It was as a drawing-room amusement that Lord Jeffrey condemned the Muse of Wordsworth, and the spirit of the 'Edinburgh 'Reviewer' seems to have influenced Mr. Courthope's definition. Pleasure is rather a condition, than the aim, of

* *Liberal Movement in English Literature.* By William John Courthope, M.A. London: 1885.

poetry. At its best it is a high and serious teacher; its purpose, to use Bacon's phrase, is to raise and erect the mind. Where doctors differ, we shall not attempt to decide. Categorical æsthetics are useless, because the final judgement of the world on questions of taste is intuitive. Catholic minds recognise genius, as did Crabbe, 'wherever there is 'power to stimulate the thoughts of men and command their 'feelings.' Mr. Courthope both denies and affirms this principle. He blames his antagonists because they condemn Pope intuitively without assigning reasons; he replies to the theories of Wordsworth that poetry is a matter 'not of argu-'ment, but of perception.' Both the manner and the matter, the substance and the style of a subject, at once so varied and so relative, will never cease to be a fruitful source of literary controversy. The true question which the critic must in each case ask is, whether the thing is good in itself. 'Poetry,' said Shelley 'is the expression of the imagina-'tion;' but while some poets exhibit the internal sensations which accompany the working of the faculty, the genius of others consists in the expression of the external objects by which its exercise is awakened. As a characteristic specimen of the latter class Pope's name will always afford a rallying point. Of his peculiar genius we recently had occasion to speak; it cannot be seriously denied that in one of the many branches of poetry he has given conspicuous proof of artistic excellence.

As an index and a school of national character the importance of poetry can hardly be exaggerated. No more potent influence exists to invigorate or corrupt the mind of society, no surer sign of the health or disease of a people, than this monument and epitome of national development. If poetry becomes enfeebled, not only is there manifested a fatal symptom of national decay, but a powerful restorative is itself infected. When, therefore, an eminent critic, like Mr. Courthope, detects the progress of disease, a question is raised of more than literary interest,—whether the principles on which his diagnosis proceeds are true or false. To Mr. Courthope's eye poetry betrays a marked tendency towards Radicalism—in other words, towards revolt from established order, existing models, and timehonoured precedents. Since 1780 it has, in his opinion, ceased to be national and social. Poets cannot write of real life without that easy familiarity with things terrestrial which is only gained by contact with the world, and of which Byron, himself a proscribed Liberal, boasted the possession. But the modern poet is a recluse, *not a man* of the world, dealing with private rather than

common experiences. He withdraws from companionship into solitude, from action to reflection. In the practice of his art he becomes a law to himself instead of conforming to those standards which have been sanctioned by antiquity. His subjects are chosen because they lend themselves to philosophical meditation, new studies in colour, or curious harmonies in sound. Mr. Courthope would, we imagine, contend that, if poets attempt pastoral pictures of real life, they misrepresent nature by artificial refinement; if they weave mediæval romances, they introduce modern sentiment; if they describe character, they exhibit it, not as dramatists, but as analysts or metaphysicians, compounding their actors by science rather than observation, reasoning back from results to their mental causes; if they place Nature before them as their goal, they either depict her meanest trivialities, because more likely to be real than sublime events, or, like Victor Hugo, oppose her to every received principle and existing institution. In all cases language is degraded from its high office as the interpreter of thought to be the material of a puzzle, the colour of a painter, or the notes of a musician. A technical jargon is created which is rarely pure and often unintelligible. Journalism, not poetry, becomes the standard of idiomatic English; poets, valued in proportion to their oracular obscurity, retort, as of old, on those who complain of their mystical utterances, 'Intelligibilia non 'intellectum fero.'

The charge thus stated against modern poetry is not without truth. It therefore becomes important to discover whether all these characteristics are symptoms of disease, and, if so, what is its source, and what is its remedy. Mr. Courthope has no doubt that poetry bears on its face infallible signs of decay, that its condition is due to its neglect of contemporary life, and that the progress of disease may be arrested by a return to the Conservative principles, diction, and metre of Pope. The romance of mediævalism which inspired Scott, the romance of common life which stimulated Wordsworth, the romance of Jacobinism which thrilled in Shelley, the romance of Wertherism which glowed with sullen fire in Byron, are extinct as poetic impulses. The literary torrent which swept away the classic barriers at the beginning of the century has run dry; the corresponding movement in politics to which the French Revolution gave so gigantic an impulse is exhausted; a Conservative reaction both in literature and politics appears to Mr. Courthope to be no less imminent than desirable. He attributes the stagnation in poetry to the individualism of the Liberal

creed. Weary of modern meditation Keats demanded 'the 'old poets and Robin Hood;' so now, Mr. Courthope cries out 'for Pope and Sporus.' Yet even this remedy of literary Conservatism promises to poetry only a maimed existence; one side at least must remain paralysed. Mr. Courthope holds that poetry inevitably 'declines when civilisation has advanced beyond a certain stage. If man is not progressive, formidable precedents may be quoted to support this pessimistic contention. But Mr. Courthope despairs of the future of poetry, because, as we think, he takes too low a view of its functions. If pleasure is indeed its highest aim, if its only healthy food is gathered from the surface of contemporary life and manners, and if the sphere of the imagination is limited by the existing ideals of society, his despondency is amply justified. But though many groves of the Muses have been occupied by previous comers, devastated by science, or felled by the woodman, we believe that poetry is 'immortal as the heart of man.' Centuries of practice have added compass and perfection to the instrument. Doubtless it requires the hand of a master to sweep the strings of the elaborated lyre, and to give combined and adequate expression to the complex movements of modern civilisation. Yet, in our opinion, there is at least one poet among us at the present day who expresses the essential aspects of contemporary life with keener and more varied insight, a greater depth and subtlety of analysis, and a larger infusion of the prevailing sentiment than any of the critical school of Pope in which Mr. Courthope would have us sit as learners.

Before proceeding to comment in detail on Mr. Courthope's theory, we must protest against the new chapter which he has added to the 'Use and Abuse of Political terms.' It prepares us for Mr. Courthope's preference of the party literature of the age of Pope. Few persons read poetry who do not hope to escape in its pure air from the dusty atmosphere of party squabbles. If Liberal and Conservative are used in 'no 'party sense,' their value to Mr. Courthope has surely disappeared, since he defends his political terminology on the ground that political and literary movements are different manifestations of analogous causes. No sacrifice of taste was necessary to assert a principle which is generally conceded. But the application to the romantic and classical movements of the terms Liberal and Conservative stands condemned not only as a fault of taste but as inappropriate. How is a terminology to be defended which compels a critic *to class* Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and Southey among

Liberals, to call Carlyle a Radical Diogenes, to condemn the lyric measures of modern poetry as the product of the intolerable itch for poetical legislation? Still more strongly is the impropriety of the terms established when Mr. Courthope is driven to contend that mediævalism and Catholicism appeal to Liberal instincts, that the eighteenth century was essentially Conservative, that no statesman or writer of distinction in that period would have hesitated, so far as principle was concerned to call himself a Whig, or that Burke with his Gothic Elizabethan intellect was a typical Englishman of his generation. Nor does Mr. Courthope escape the usual penalty of definite theories. He is led away to express extreme admiration for the critical school, and, in our opinion, to bestow a false colouring on many points of literary history.

In poetry, Mr. Courthope finds two streams. The source of the romantic stream, he, like Madame de Stäel, traces to mediæval theology and chivalry; the other is fed by the 'life, action, and manners' of the nation. The two streams which in Chaucer are combined, subsequently diverge, and, after a brief reunion in Elizabethan literature, separate for ever. To Chaucer Romance was a genuine inspiration, because its impulse was living. But the allegorical form of the *Faery Queen* proves that the associations to which it appealed were already dying. It disappeared in the conceits of Crashaw and Cowley only to burst forth again in the poetry of the Revolutionary era. Similarly the poetry of life, action, and manners vanished in the fifteenth century, revived in the satires of Hall and the plays of Shakespeare, and was carried on by Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Crabbe. It is to this lost source of poetry that we must, in Mr. Courthope's view, return for refreshment.

The starting point of Mr. Courthope's theory is arbitrarily chosen. He strikes the stream of poetry not at its fount, but after it has become a river and reached the plain. The perennial source lies higher up the slopes of Helicon, and its true spring is the human heart. Men like Scott are impelled to Romance by an instinct which continues the same whether the ideal belongs to the past, the present, or the future. Romantic writers cannot remain Conservative in instinct so long as the romantic impulse belongs to the present, and become Liberal in instinct the moment the impulse passes into history or aspires to the future. Yet, if this is not Mr. Courthope's theory, what is his ground for calling the romantic outburst of the Revolution Liberal, and the Romance of Chaucer Conservative? If Mr. Courthope's

theory were well founded, it is doubtful whether Chaucer himself could be called Conservative. His Anglo-French dialect is not the language of the day. Feudal society was breaking up; Chaucer has been with probability suspected of a leaning towards Wickliffe, and the nation was even then turning from the Crozier to the Crown for protection; the internecine war between labour and capital had commenced; chivalry was flushed not with the natural glow of health but the hectic beauty of decay. From the aspect which poetry presents at the point where he strikes the stream, Mr. Courthope is led to ignore lyric poetry unless it deals with action. As civilisation advances, men strive to express not only what others have done, but the thoughts of which they themselves are conscious. Except that abstract lyric poetry is a later development, it is difficult to see on what principle Conservatism is to be confined to the poetry of action. Whether lyric poetry deals with man piecemeal or man as a whole, whether it treats of one special phase of character, or with the prevailing mood of the poet, or with a sentiment which is partly isolated, partly predominant—whether, in other words, it is a war song, an elegy, or a self-descriptive poem like Coleridge's 'Dejection'—it is equally natural and indigenous. Its test is reality; it must be true and unaffected; simple genuine expressions of feeling rarely fail to please. The autobiography of versifiers who affect the scowl or limp of Byron finds no readers; no one was interested even in the Werther Carabin of Sainte-Beuve's *Joseph Delorme*. Men who unbosom themselves in public confessionals must be, before all things, real. Had Mr. Courthope regretted the increase of this class of poetry, because of its affectation, he would, in our opinion, have hit a serious blot.

Mr. Courthope's theory is open to other objections. It is too definite to be true. Past and future are so intertwined in the present that every century is at once historical and prophetic; no chasm separates the poetry of Elizabeth from that of the present century; no clear dividing lines interrupt its continuous development; even the reforms associated with Dryden and Pope were commenced by their predecessors; both in the manner and the degree in which they reflect contemporary activities, Elizabethan writers resemble the school of Wordsworth rather than that of Pope; except his metre Pope bequeathed little to the poets of the eighteenth century, and was rather the last of his school than the literary ancestor of Thomson, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Crabbe.

If dramatic compositions are excluded, and the range of poetry in the sixteenth and nineteenth century is compared, it will be found that in depth and width of sympathy with man and his surroundings modern poets have gained 'fresh 'woods and pastures new.' Except in writings intended for the stage, Elizabethan poets do not reflect the external features of society. They are not less subjective than the poets of the present day. Their minds colour every object which they contemplate; but they deal more directly, and without refined subtlety of analysis, with more elementary sentiments. The delicate shapes of feeling, the lighter desires and finer moods of the present century are the product of elaborate civilisation. Like Donne or Crashaw, Keats may trace his lineage from the sixteenth century. The conceits of the Jacobean poets are linked to the fantasies of the early amourists; their extravagances are not only embalmed in *Love's Labour's Lost*, but conspicuous in the poetry of Wyatt; so again *Venus and Adonis* is the prototype of *Endymion* and the ancestor of literary poetry. Nor did the poets of the Jacobean or Civil War period stand aloof from the interests of the age. Their images are fantastic; but they afford the best commentary on the rapid accumulation of varied knowledge. The shadow of the coming struggle darkened their poetry with gloom, and grave questions of religion and philosophy were discussed in verse. Each of the actors in the struggle have left their mark in literature; the rich, enjoying nature of the Cavalier is represented in Lovelace; the deep loyalty of personal religion in Herbert; the stern, passionate zeal of the Puritan in Milton, Marvell, or Bunyan. But the era was at once too stormy and too tentative to permit literature to wear a settled aspect. The tide of national life was, as it were, chopped into wavelets by the conflict of opposing winds and currents. It was also an era of experiment; models had to be created in subject, matter, treatment, language. In the use of simile and figure it was a transition period between ancient and modern poetry. Thought and image were no longer set side by side in simple juxtaposition, nor were they as yet blended and identified. This transitional character increased the number of false metaphors of which the Jacobean poets are repeatedly guilty and of which Shakespeare is not always innocent. Confusion became worse confounded as new worlds were discovered by science, or new fields of thought tempted eager enquirers. The fire of passion burnt fiercely, and words poured forth in a molten stream. Language rolled along like a Roman

triumph, bearing captive in its train strangers of every region and clime. Not content with illustrating thought by single images, poets decorated subordinate parts with lavish profusion of fancy, displaying in language, which was at once intentionally figurative and unconsciously metaphorical, all the ill ordered treasures of their abundant learning. This richness of pictorial matter weakened their power of painting, impaired their faculty of producing by words a distinct image visible to the mind's eye. The prose extravagances of Browne, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor, even the cumbrous involutions of Clarendon, illustrate the same phenomenon as the poetry of Cleveland or Crashaw. But it was not till the glow of imagination and passion had cooled, not till the eager simplicity of the student was exchanged for the conscious pedantry of the scholar, that men recognised the need of art. As soon as poets relied on ingenuity rather than on feeling, it was seen that poetry had become a wordy masquerade. Yet side by side with these extravagances ran the parallel movement which is usually associated with the names of Dryden and Pope. The Jacobean and Civil War poetry is prolific in love ditties, war songs, pastorals, allegories, religious poetry; scientific and philosophical interests appear in the *Purple Island* or *Gondibert*; satires and poetical epistles on contemporary life and manners flourished before the Restoration. Surrey rejected the 'aureate and mellifluate' terms which were already disfiguring the language: English style was cultivated by Elizabethan reformers; 'well lan-'guag'd' Daniel proves that the art of writing was appreciated; George Wither, himself an offender, protests against the fantastic ingenuity of poetic conceits. Classic models were assiduously studied; between 1558 and 1660 more than twelve translations were made of Virgil, and portions of Horace and Ovid were rendered into English. Little improvement on the iambic measure of Surrey was effected by later versifiers; but the 'coursers of imperial race' were broken to their paces by Sandys, Davenant, Denham, and Waller. Thus in choice of subject, in style, models, metre, the work of the critical school was anticipated by their predecessors.

But though the continuous developement of poetry admits of no such clearly defined stages as Mr. Courthope indicates, circumstances gave to the work of Dryden and Pope an apparent unity of purpose which was wanting in the labours of previous writers. It is difficult to overestimate their services. They made language the vehicle of clear thought,

established the laws of the imagination, taught that poetry depends on discretion as well as sensibility, that figures must harmonise, every word ring truly, and every picture be distinct. What Dryden and Pope were to Crashaw or Cowley, Dryden and Addison were to Browne and Jeremy Taylor. Prose became, like poetry, clear, precise, business-like. This critical movement was not a revolution or retrogression, least of all was it a Conservative reaction. It was a necessary course of discipline which suspended the natural growth of poetry. Classic models formed the bulk of the education; but, unless French republicans, like Marie Joseph Chenier, were Conservatives and Chateaubriand was a Liberal, the preference of classical forms is no infallible sign of Conservatism. The critical movement, though European in extent, was not of foreign origin. Circumstances brought the post-Restoration writers under the influence of their French contemporaries, but Malherbe was not the founder of the English critical school. Neither in politics nor in literature was the period one of experiment. Passion had cooled; excess produced exhaustion. Politically the Revolution was an unimaginative settlement, effected by practical men who saw the need of concession and compromise. In literature the enthusiasm for classic freedom passed away into imitation of classic forms; instead of the native model which Milton had created, foreign standards of taste were erected. The ambition of the human intellect had annexed vast territories of knowledge; it was the work of the critical school to organise and consolidate these conquests. Thus employed, poets naturally contemplated man as an intellectual, social, political being; no less naturally, literature tended to become a party literature. No feature in the movement is necessarily Conservative.

Pope is, in Mr. Courthope's opinion, the literary type of eighteenth century Conservatism, and the literary ancestor of 'Thomson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Crabbe.' To us, on the contrary, it appears that the spirit of the age was not Conservative, and that, if substance rather than form is made the test, Pope left behind him no followers.

In a limited sense the age was Conservative. Both political parties adhered to a body of rules. But the Tories did not, like the Whigs, transfer their affections from the monarch to the system. Both parties acquiesced in the present, but the Tories clung to it from despondency of the future. Except in this sense the century was not Conservative. Throughout it the forces were accumulating for the volcanic eruption of

its close. Especially is this true of literature. The audience was widening; journalists, statesmen like Chatham and Burke, demagogues like Wilkes, poets like Burns and Cowper appealed to no microcosm of fastidious critics. The study of political economy turned attention to the condition of the working classes; that familiarity with the classics, which was heralded by the robust scholarship of Bentley, fostered a love of beauty for its own sake: painting, especially in water-colours, revived a taste for inanimate nature; improved facilities of communication, the increase of travelling, the growth and wealth of trade, the progress of science enlarged the horizon beyond that of England. The love of the romantic past began to show itself in literary publications. Mr. Courthope admits that the poetry of life and manners loses its creative impulse after the accession of George III. His theory assumes the analogous results both in literature and politics of general causes. It is a damaging fact that the Conservative reaction in politics synchronises with the decay of Conservative poetry.

Between the Rubens-like Dryden, with his flush and force of colouring, and the subtle, delicate Pope, there is little similarity. As a poet of God, Man, and Nature, Pope differs still more widely from his best-known successors whom Mr. Courthope includes in the critical school. His range is narrow and superficial. 'Quieta non movere' was the motto of the age of the early Hanoverians—'a large, roundabout 'commonsense' its characteristic, a coarsegrained vigour its virtue. Yet in some respects English society approximated to that of France. To the Horace of the English Augustan age, a unique opportunity was thus afforded. Pope wrote for a narrow literary circle which formed the subject of his verse. The light artificialities with which he dealt trained him in dexterous felicities of expression. He reflects the passing hues of life; he never distinguishes its immoveable essence. He catches the light shadows of a fugitive world, but makes no effort to probe the recesses of the immortal soul. The deeper currents of society did not move him. There is no trace in his writings of any interest in the life of our forefathers; he sneers at antiquarian pursuits, the growth of science, or the improvement of scholarship; he carries his party spirit into his criticism of music; he laughs to scorn the widening circle of literary men and their readers. If he brought down poetry from heaven to earth, it was to an earth limited to the Court and the town. On the two occasions when he attempted higher flights of creative poetry

he had recourse to Romance for his inspiration. Eloisa was not one of the ladies who congregated at great Anna's tea; the sylphs who guarded Belinda were not beings in whom the Hanoverian Court believed. By concentrating himself on the changing surface of society he gains a variety to which poets who deal in the truisms of the heart can scarcely attain. But they may become universal while he inevitably remains partial. He does not sing of life and death or joy and sorrow; except when Pope is inspired by the liberal impulse of Romance, can men of the present generation hear in his poetry an echo of their own thoughts, or see the reflection of their own passions?

In the substance of his poetry Pope has little in common with his most famous successors. Towards God he expresses the intellectual feeling of the critical school. The personal religion of Fletcher, Herbert, or Donne, which died out under the cold rule of the post-Restoration writers, but burns up brightly in Watts, Wesley, Whitfield, and Cowper, is entirely absent. Man, to Pope, is a social being, to be studied intellectually without regard to the passions which constitute living men. For mankind in general he cared little; he scarcely observed more than one class—the wits and the ladies of fashionable society. With poverty or rural life he had no sympathy. He knew nothing of Goldsmith's cosmopolitanism or of the sternly realistic pictures of Crabbe, who painted the poor, as another poet of the labouring classes has said, with 'a wire brush.' The *Traveller*, the *Deserted Village*, or the *Parish Register*, do not more transcend Pope's limited range than Gray's *Elegy*, or Johnson's *London*. Pope could not have mused in a country churchyard; nor could the man who gibbeted the poverty of Grub Street as a crime, have felt for the trials of the poor like one who had himself drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of poverty. He could not have written *Sally in our Ally*, or the *Beggar's Opera*, or

> 'All in the downs the fleet was moored,
> The streamers waving in the wind,
> When Black-eyed Susan came aboard.'

The *Bard* breathes a spirit wholly foreign to his own; he never, like Collins, looks back regretfully upon the past. Nature was to Pope an inaminate order controlled by the Great Governor of the Universe; no passage in his poetry breathes a true appreciation of her beauty. He preferred his quincunx and his rockwork to her sublimest landscape;

her scenery at the most aided him to conjure up a coronation scene. In his successors are revived the lost traditions of that passion for Nature which inspired Browne or Marvell. Somerville writes like an outdoor man who delights in the horse and hound and all the circumstance of the chase; Thompson paints Nature realistically, because that was the fashion of the day; but his true, minute, exact pictures are the result of loving observation. Pope could not have delineated the sluggish river and green fields of Olney; he would not have ridden thirty miles to see the sea; still less would he have died if he had not seen 'the heather once a year.' The personal element of Revolutionary poetry, its wider feeling for humanity, its cosmopolitanism, its sympathy with poverty, its passionate devotion to Nature, its love of the romantic past are entirely absent from the poetry of Pope, but they inspired his predecessors and successors. Wordsworth and Coleridge were not the parents of a revolution, but the children of a revived impulse. They represented the feeling, which throughout the century had gathered strength, that passion and sensuousness were unduly sacrificed to the simplicity of correctness, and that creation was starved and imagination stunted by the conscious study of the critical school. In prose the same change is marked. In the hands of Fielding it became passionate and imaginative; it was cultivated as an art by Gibbon. On the stage, the conventional stateliness of Booth and Quin was replaced by the natural fire and spirit of Garrick. When Sir Joshua Reynolds went to study under Hudson, the popular portrait-painter of the day, the art had sunk to a mere mechanic trade; the use of colour had died out with Lely; he would have been laughed to scorn had he preferred a masterpiece of Vandyke to the frigid mannerism of Kneller.

A strong point in Mr. Courthope's argument is the poetical theory of Wordsworth. In literature, says Mr. Courthope, 'the strife between the spirit of aristocracy and the spirit of 'democracy began with the controversy excited by the pub-'lication of the *Lyrical Ballads*.' Henceforth poets resigned their 'function to give definite form and coherence 'to the ideal conceptions which floated vaguely in the mind 'of society at large.' They asserted their right, by virtue of superior endowments, to exercise their imagination without reference to that of their audience. It is from the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* that Mr. Courthope dates the centrifugal tendencies of modern poetry. In his account of that volume he makes an unimportant error. *The Ancient*

Mariner not only was included in the first edition, but sold the few copies that found purchasers. Though the change is undoubtedly great from the stir and hubbub of external life to the stillness of the poet's mind, Wordsworth was no revolutionist. His claim to rule the imagination of others, by virtue of his superior endowments, was intensely aristocratic; his power of association was one of the strongest characteristics of his genius, yet the faculty of linking together every object by which he was surrounded with some remote feeling is not necessarily disruptive of society. He endeavors to widen and deepen the basis of poetry, that it might cease to be partial and become universal; he penetrates from that outside which Pope painted with genius, and Hudson with fidelity, to the centre of the soul; he appeals to use his own words, to 'the primary laws of our nature;' he builds not on the shifting surface of the social imagination, but on the enduring foundation of the common feelings of humanity. Consequently in the secret places of the heart Wordsworth rules supreme. His was not the intellectual brilliancy of the Greek, but the penetrative insight into the spiritualities that connect man with the unseen world which characterises the Hebrew. More than any other he possesses

> 'the blessed mood
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lightened.'

Mr. Courthope detects Liberalism in Wordsworth's 'endeavour to awaken the mind's attention from the lethargy 'of custom.' But Wordsworth's meaning is explained by the sentence, which in the *Biographia Literaria* immediately follows the quotation, 'by directing it to the loveliness 'and wonder of the world before us.' Wordsworth, or rather Coleridge on his behalf, is asserting the latent capabilities of insignificant objects. He claims to remove the film of familiarity, which dulled perception, by the sympathy of the reverent worshipper rather than by the interpretation of an inspired dictator. Nor is it an avowal of Liberalism when Wordsworth proposes to 'present common objects to the 'mind in an unusual aspect.' He enforces a well-established principle that descriptions need not be literal transcripts. He lays stress on the distinction between poetry and prose, which in other respects he often ignores. Poetry, aiming at suggestiveness, blends two ideas together; prose presents

ideas singly, because its object is precision. Poetical descriptions add something to the picture; they must be true as compound images, but they need not be true literally. Wordsworth does not distort the external world by imputing to it his transient emotions, but interprets those hidden relations to man which, when disclosed, command conviction by their evident truthfulness. Wordsworth undoubtedly contended with exaggerated force 'on behalf of the language 'of real life.' His theory and practice are in this respect indefensible. But two extenuating circumstances may be pleaded. In spite of the many magical lines which are scattered over his poems, his own command of language was limited; flatness characterises much of his prose, and poverty of resource was probably the unconscious father of his theory. If he stated his case too broadly, the exaggeration was not unprovoked. Pedantry had become the soul of poetry. It rejoiced in the tinsel frippery of 'Pierian springs;' stock ornaments, supplied readymade to versifiers, were lauded by critics as the essence of poetry. Gray made this species of poetry almost original, partly by the abundance of his hoarded felicities, partly by the skill with which he adapted the creations of others. But with smaller men, whose fancy was not quickened by the imaginative conceptions which they borrowed, recollection superseded originality. It was against this artificial language that Wordsworth protested, in the name of reality. The truth of his theory is better expressed by Ascham than himself, 'He that would write 'well must learn to speak as common people speak, and to 'think as the wise think.' To the same purpose is the Italian proverb, 'Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana.' Wordsworth was right to protest against the classic toga and the Dantesque wreath as the necessary garb for those who woo the Muses, but he forgot that the worsted stockings of a Roland were equally out of place at court. His offence against taste is clearly established, but nothing is gained by calling it Liberalism. Both Euripides and Wordsworth were reformers of the public taste in language. The Tory Aristophanes assailed the former for rejecting the professional diction of poets; the author of the *Paradise of Birds* attacks the latter on a similar charge.

In Wordsworth's treatment of the imagination there is no revolutionary element. Mr. Courthope blames Wordsworth on two grounds: first, because he claimed to be a 'sacer 'vates,' 'rejoicing more than other men in the spirit of life 'that is in him;' secondly, because he claimed that he

'could always write poetically by the mere exercise of the 'will.' In the first claim he was, in our opinion, justified both by precedent and result; the second formed no part of his theory. Wordsworth nowhere asserts that poetry of the creative kind could be hammered out by mere determination; he did not believe that it could he produced except in those rare moments when the poet is lifted from his feet by the gush of his emotions. He thought that everything was capable of poetic treatment. Even 'the loose stones that 'cover the highway' had their moral life, could feel, or be linked to some feeling. By lonely meditation on the most homely subjects some spark of association might be struck which could kindle the imagination. A tattered cloak might become the stimulus from without, the overmastering impulse which would. raise the divine 'afflatus.' Nothing in his practice disproves his theory. His failures are ridiculous, but his task is not, for that reason, necessarily impossible. He failed because his imagination at the time refused the stimulus which he offered; without its impulse he could not interpret Nature, give the essence of things around him, or so possess himself of the life that is in them as to impart that 'unusual aspect' which might overpower the mean associations. Numerous pieces of his verse contain only the meditation without the kindling spark; the dross remains, but no ore is produced. Yet it does not seem impossible that the singing bird of the sailor's mother might as powerfully affect the imagination as the cuckoo, the celandine, or even the 'four fraternal yew-trees' of Borrowdale. For what is imagination? It is a pathetic rather than an analytic power, a power of combination rather than distinction. It fuses together the objects on which it is concentrated, till it extracts from them the essence and vital soul. It cannot create from nothing; nor, however abundant the material, can forms be produced without the plastic faculty. It moulds abstract ideas into shape, and so reads the inner truth of circumstances, adjuncts, and accidents, that it gives a collected image in which the object is seen as a whole, at a single glance, and at its best. It is thus that imagination is the genius of personification. It gives to 'airy nothings' a habitation and a name; it bodies forth things unknown in palpable forms. It reaches its end by a single effort; it is the parent of ideas. What may be the true relations of its revelations to the results of scientific exploration no one has yet determined. In its highest moods it seems to be almost a spiritual energy, a 'faculty divine.' The creative poet is

more than the most contemporary of his contemporaries; he is a seer, and the chosen interpreter of his age; his poetry is the 'breath and finer spirit of all knowledge,' 'the im-'passioned expression which is in the countenance of all 'science.' To ordinary men some subjects appear more obviously capable of poetic treatment than others. But till it is known whence comes and whither goes the capricious gust of the 'estro,' till it is explained why sights familiar from childhood, which yesterday aroused no emotion, should today awaken that overmastering impulse from without which is the inspiration of poets, we may still believe that poetry is immortal as the heart of man, and that the most trivial subject may yet become the quickening spirit of poetic imagination.

Wordsworth represented the side of the new poetic movement which was most strongly contrasted to the art of the eighteenth century. But in other points besides the change from external appearances to internal realities his contemporaries were opposed to the school of Pope. In dealing with Scott, Byron, and Shelley, Mr. Courthope is hampered by the difficulties of a theory which compels him to treat romance as a Liberal impulse. The chapter devoted to Coleridge and Keats is more successful. If poetry is to deal exclusively with the subjects chosen by the critical school, he has triumphantly established his point.

Struck by Coleridge's sterility in the midst of abundant resources, Mr. Courthope casts about for an explanation of the phenomenon. He finds it in the theory that Coleridge deliberately set himself to compose as a musician. In a recent article in this Journal we attributed the decay of Coleridge's poetic impulse after 1800 to irresolution, diffuseness of purpose, political disillusion, the peculiar direction of his metaphysical studies, ill-health, and the use of opium. Coleridge was no doubt a metrical innovator; but he was far more than a mere musician. It is a curious fact that he had no ear for music, though his love of the Æolian harp proves the fascination which sound exercised over his imagination. It is true that in his poetry action is subordinated, but it is rather to thought than to metre. The bulk of his poetry consists in attempts to versify philosphical meditations. Whether from innate abstractedness or a London education, his mind was naturally unimpressed by the outside world. To his eyes York Minster was as uninteresting as a barn. His dreaminess of disposition and impotence of will increased both his incapacity for external realities and his

faculty of insight into his own mind. Mr. Courthope's theory is based on a small portion of his best poetry, and does not take into consideration Coleridge's mental and physical peculiarities. It is founded on *Kubla Khan*, the *Knight's Darke Ladie*. *Kubla Khan* can hardly be quoted for or against the theory, since it is the waking expression of a dream produced by an opiate. Coleridge was sensitive to the associations of sound, but the real point is whether metrical affinities are the chief connecting link in his poetry. As Poe was struck by 'nevermore,' or Keats by the word 'forlorn,' so Coleridge wrote *The Knight's Grave*, under the impulse of *Helvellyn*. It was a saying of Dryden that the rhyme often helped him to a thought, and Swift's verses are sometimes only connected by repetition of sound. So far as Mr. Courthope proves his point, it may be paralleled by examples from the critical school. The other poems on which the theory is based are ballads. Coleridge's temperament, which unfitted him for action or reality, determined the direction of his mind when he attempted to compose poetry of this class. The *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* are written to reproduce the supernatural in such a form as to suspend disbelief. Bearing the purpose in mind, there is assuredly far more in Coleridge's wild Odyssey of the human soul, or the weird witchery of *Christabel* than mere sound music. Logical sequence of ideas or settled plan is not to be expected from the nature of the subjects treated; but every word tells, every touch contributes to the purpose, every line tends to increase the haunted atmosphere of mysterious suggestiveness. Coleridge was too consummate an artist not to perceive how powerful an instrument might be made of metrical accompaniment. But the affinity of sound is not the only connecting link in either poem, it is rather one among the many resources which Coleridge employs with exquisite skill. Mr. Courthope wishes poets to return to the metre which Pope dedicated to 'satire and 'unquiet thought.' If he will pardon the personal nature of the argument, he has himself supplied a sufficient reason for gratitude to the lyrical innovations and revivals of Coleridge. Does it lie in the mouth of the author of the lyrics of the *Paradise of Birds* to require our return to more formal measures?

Towards Keats Mr. Courthope appears somewhat unjust. Keats's effeminacy offends men of more masculine mould. But it is not given to everyone to carry the activities of

political life into the enjoyment of poetry. Men of sensitive temperament are often glad to interpose between themselves and realities exquisite pictures of ideal life. It is for these that Keats has written. Mr. Courthope charges Keats with the deliberate intention to paint in words, to use language as a colour box rather than as an interpreter of thought. The charge is not without foundation. Yet Keats's poetry is real; it is the genuine expression of feeling. Keats held it to be

> 'the great end
> Of poesy that it should be the friend
> To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of man.'

To those who, like himself, find the active world barren of vital interest, he speaks and will ever speak. The sentiment which he breathes and to which he appeals may be sickly. But so long as humanity is subject to human weakness, there will be temperaments to which Keats ministers the best relief. Literary poetry, of which he was the modern founder, has increased beyond just limits. In its later development it is not only sickly but often prurient. Yet it would be unfair not to recognise that Keats supplied a want. Nor does Mr. Courthope give sufficient weight to the youth of the poet. *Endymion* was written at the worst age, at that period of life when the youthful fancy strays from the actual to the ideal world, and hovers between the healthy imagination of the boy and the matured imagination of the man. Yet if twenty-one be the worst age for the imagination, it is the springtime of fancy. In their first conception classic or Gothic mythologies are the work of the imagination; their revival is the sphere of fancy. Keats's command of unreality and unrivalled facility of fancy enabled him to picture to himself

> 'The sights which youthful poets dream
> On summer eve by haunted stream,'

and to recall the associations which they suggested to the men who first conceived those half divine, half human creations. He effected for classic mythology what Shakespeare had done for the fairies that 'fright the maidens of 'the villagery.' Beauty is the essence of such poetry, and beauty is undeniably there. As a poem of fancy *Venus and Adonis* is not superior to *Endymion* or *Hyperion*. It is no slight honour for a stripling to have rivalled Shakespeare even in the earliest creations of his Muse. Keats's handling of his subject is youthful. He does not

[illegible] but [illegible] detail. His effects [illegible] they have all the [illegible] he breathes a living [illegible] their cold outline the [illegible] blood, modernises, without [illegible]. Like Wordsworth and [illegible] of the poetic art.

[illegible] poetry, which Mr. Courthope's sugges- [illegible] hope and not despair, encourages [illegible] instead of recurrence to the past. [illegible] been one of continued progress. It [illegible] over its instruments; language [illegible] more flexible; more than its old melody [illegible] has been recovered; its word pictures [illegible] depth and richness of colouring. [illegible] which the older poets were restrained in [illegible] passion are overcome; new refinements of [illegible] deeper views of character. Nature no [illegible] background of human action, but itself [illegible] of the spectator; the fuller perception [illegible] itself not in set descriptions, but in [illegible] which imply an intimate familiarity. [illegible], and philosophical verse poetry has con- [illegible] woods and pastures new.' With increased [illegible] increased difficulties. Poetry has to reflect a [illegible], and material age, to transfigure daily [illegible] its meaning, to dignify common life [illegible] lend significance to ordinary feelings and [illegible] Lord Tennyson has shown that poetry is [illegible]. His successor has not yet appeared; but [illegible] he will be, and in our opinion ought to [illegible] of Wordsworth rather than of Pope. The [illegible] inspired Shelley failed Keats; that which [illegible] has died out for his successors. In the [illegible] all was change and progress. The repeal of [illegible] Corporation Act, Catholic Emancipation, the [illegible], the Abolition of Slavery, the Repeal [illegible], the Tractarian Movement inspired men of [illegible] and enthusiasm,—

> 'See! on the cumbered plain,
> Clearing a stage,
> Scattering the past about,
> Comes the new Age.'

[illegible] turned Lord Tennyson from literary to

national poetry. The inspiration has failed. Men are not united in the bond of undogmatic Christianity; the parliament of nations is not sitting, nor is the federation of the world established. But the impulse has not lost its force; the unrest of action has yielded place to the unrest of thought, but it has made him what he still remains, the most contemporary of contemporaries. If the tide of national life is once more quickened by restored energy of confidence and hope, we have little fear that those who are now the empty singers of an idle day will become the interpreters of their age and country.

It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Courthope urges, that the more obvious materials of imagination tend to diminish with advancing civilisation. Life, in a prosaic age like the present, has lost its moral grandeur. Men are cast in moulds; uniformity starves individuality; character is overlaid with conventionality. The motley picturesqueness of provincial life is exchanged for a universal dress; local opinion is crushed by the domination of the metropolis. Originals and oddities retire before the commonplace and the normal. Contemporary epics can scarcely be written without vulgarity or exaggeration. As history emerges into broad daylight, picturesque forms of twilight disappear. Poetic faith demands passive obedience; the charm is gone when doubts are whispered. The nineteenth century is not a period which abounds in subjects that obviously and evidently lend themselves to poetic elevation. Many aspirants to poetic fame resign in despair their allotted place on the highway of the world. They rarely feed their imagination on fruit which ripens to their hands as they tread the beaten tracks. Weary of the present life they escape from crowded cities to raise hermitages in solitary deserts. Their imagination strays to that classic region which is the fabled Hesperides of the North, to chase by purling brooks the pale but immortal forms of Nymphs and Graces; or, if it lingers regretfully on English soil, sheds a visionary radiance over the memorials of the past, or contemplates with passionate eagerness and credulous humanitarianism a paradise of the future. But those who pursue these devious paths desert their highest functions to clasp a shadow; they cannot thus hope to gain the ear or touch the heart of multitudes; they deliberately incur the risk of placing their works beyond the range of ordinary sympathies. They rely on a return to the past which is an impossibility in the present, a revival which only a 'fata morgana' can cause to hover as a reality before the

lively imagination. With Mr. Courthope we deplore this withdrawal from the interests of the day. The more unpoetic a century appears, the more pressing is its needs for poetry drawn from fresh, contemporary, and immediate sources. But a prominent point of our difference with Mr. Courthope is his conclusion that the perennial fount of poetic inspiration lies in the surface pictures of man and society which are drawn by the critical school. He has not retraced the stream of poetry to its real spring. An age like our own, thronged with such varied activities, throbbing with such manifold energies, struggling so fiercely towards the light, can never be regarded as hopelessly prosaic. Poetry is not dead because it sleeps; it is 'immortal as the heart of man,' if poets depend on themselves and not on external circumstances. It is not a superficial view of the action, life, and manners of society that is required. Interests may be less salient because they are more diversified, influences less obviously rich because more complicated; but so long as the human heart throbs with anguish or swells with pride, so long as it flutters with love or pants with passion, so long as it heaves with despair or bounds with hope, so long will the material be ready whenever the true workman comes. In variety and depth of meaning the nineteenth century will not, surely, disappoint those who have the discernment to extricate, and the ability to exhibit, the treasures it supplies. The eagle eye will yet detect the ideal beneath and within the actual world; the seer will always read the permanent truths enshrined in common incidents; at the touch of the magician the apparent confusion ceases; like sungleams that turn the dewdrops into diamonds, master minds will never cease to reveal beauties that lie at our very feet, but lie there unobserved. He whose mind is burnished by contact with the world most fully collects into a single focus all the interacting rays of the light around him; he who bends his ear most patiently to the 'loud roaring loom of time' will best extract a harmony from its seeming discords.

[*Quarterly Review.*

BYGONE SHOWS.

THE meaning of the word "show," as defined by Dr. Latham, is "a spectacle, something publicly exposed to view for money;" and a very wide acceptation of this definition is in vogue with the theatrical profession. With the members of that craft everything is a "show," from a representation of Shakespeare to a performance of Punch. In the following gossip, however, I intend to limit myself to indulgence in a few reminiscences of that style of entertainment which is known as "Monopolylogue," in which the actor, sometimes with and sometimes without change of costume, takes the whole burden of the performance on his own shoulders, and constitutes himself the sole representative of the *dramatis personæ* when the introduction of such characters is necessary. In the reign of Queen Anne a man named Clench, a native of Barset, performed at the corner of Bartholomew Lane, behind the Royal Exchange. The admission fee was 1s. for each person. Clench imitated the horses, the huntsman, and a pack of hounds; a sham doctor, an old woman, a drunken man; the bells, the flute, the double-bass, and the organ in three keys, by "his own natural voice," as his advertisement defiantly proclaimed, "a feat never before accomplished." Addison, in one of his papers in the *Spectator*, alludes to Rossignol, known as "The Whistling Man," who imitated birds; but it was afterwards discovered that he had an instrument, contrived for the purpose, concealed in his mouth; and later exhibitors, in our own time, of similar powers have had recourse to the same expedient. Probably the first person of note to bring this style of entertainment under the notice of the British public was Samuel Foote, the great humorist and satirist, who, having failed dismally as Othello, and made only a mediocre success in the comedies of Farquhar, Cibber, and Congreve, suddenly took the town by his performance of Bayes in the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*. In this performance he introduced imitations, not merely of his brother actors, but of some of the leading people of the day, with such effect that he saw immediately where his strength lay, and determined upon producing an entertainment of his own, of which he should be author as well as actor. This he reasonably thought would give him the chance, not merely of showing his unrivalled powers of mimicry, but of holding up to ridicule for the public amusement, now with mirthful exaggeration now with bitter sarcasm,

[illegible] Accordingly, in the General [illegible] the following advertisement:—

[illegible] be performed this day a Concert of [illegible] a new entertainment called the *Diver-* [illegible] added a farce taken from *The Old Bachelor*, [illegible] *Roadlewife*, by Mr. Foote; with an epilogue [illegible] house. To begin at 7."

[illegible] bill of fare were of course the *Diversions of* [illegible] *Epilogue of the Bedford Coffee House*, a place of [illegible] critics, who were brought upon the stage with [illegible] closely imitated by Foote himself; but in produc- [illegible] Congreve's play of *The Old Bachelor*, the enterprising [illegible] committed a breach of the licensing law, which was [illegible] by his jealous brother actors, and made the subject [illegible] action. Undeterred, and rather spurred to a fuller [illegible] unaided powers, two days after Foote advertised as [illegible]

[illegible] noon at the new theatre in the Haymarket, exactly at [illegible] Foote begs the favour of his friends to come and drink a dish [illegible] him; and 'tis hoped there will be a great deal of comedy and [illegible] he will endeavour to make the morning as diverting as [illegible] for this entertainment to be had at George's Coffee House, [illegible] without which no person will be admitted. N.B.—*Sir Dilbury* [illegible] *and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised.*"

[illegible] taken by storm by the novelty, the boldness, and the [illegible] new entertainment, which achieved a success only [illegible] two subsequent experiments in the same line, called *Mr.* [illegible] *An Auction of Pictures*.

[illegible] Charles Dibdin, being "tired of dramatic uncertainties," [illegible] in Essex Street, Strand, by turning some rooms into a [illegible] own, and giving a musical entertainment of his own [illegible] He soon, however, moved farther westward, and ulti- [illegible] near Leicester Square, his theatre known as the [illegible]

[illegible] George Alexander Stevens was giving his *Lecture on* [illegible] songs, "comic and satirical," were published by Vernon [illegible] 1801, in a thin octavo volume, with the motto from the [illegible] fun, keep it up."

[illegible] time Collins, an actor out of an engagement, gave a [illegible] entertainment called *The Brush, or, How to drive away Care.* [illegible] of the last century Charles Lee Lewes, the comedian, [illegible] original young Marlow in Goldsmith's comedy *She* [illegible] travelled through the provinces with his entertain- [illegible] *Sketches; or, the Comedian his own Manager.* Lee [illegible] 1803.

[illegible] after the death of Foote, a young actor named

Charles Mathews, who had passed through his novitiate in the histrionic art as a member of the York Company, under the direction of the celebrated manager Tate Wilkinson, and who had been engaged at the Haymarket Theatre as the successor of Mr. Suett, conceived the idea of performing an "entertainment." For such a performance he had great natural gifts. He was something of a ventriloquist; and—notwithstanding the possession of a wry mouth, and, later in life, a limping gait, the result of an accident—he had the most extraordinary power of obliterating his own identity and assuming that of another person, not merely by change of features, but by alteration of figure. In the excellent *Life of Mathews* by his attached wife, there are stories, which would be incredible were they not well authenticated, of the pranks played by this fantastic creature, not merely upon strangers, but upon persons to whom his features were perfectly familiar, and who were in the habit of meeting him daily. Among them is a story of his dining with an opulent pawnbroker, who resided over his shop, and who, being called away from the table on business, Mathews took advantage of the opportunity to remove some of the spoons, to completely change his personal appearance, to rush down-stairs, and actually to offer the plate in pledge to the pawnbroker himself without being recognised; another, of his narrating to a friend, who came to view the celebrated collection of theatrical pictures at Ivy Cottage, his grievance against a neighbour whose intrusions were constant; and of his slipping out while the visitor was examining the pictures, and immediately reappearing as the intrusive neighbour, the imposition being wholly unsuspected. A picture by Harlow, now in the Garrick Club, shows Mathews in four very distinct characters, a "gross fat man," an idiot, a drunken ostler, and "Fond Barney," while in the background sits Mathews *in propriâ personâ*, watching these creations of his fancy.

Full of self-confidence, therefore, which was justified by the reception he had met with as an eccentric actor, Mr. Mathews, in April, 1808, just four years after his first appearance in London, produced at the Theatre Royal, Hull, an entertainment which had been written for him by the celebrated James Smith, which consisted of recitations, songs, imitations, ventriloquy, &c., and was called *The Mail Coach, or, Rambles in Yorkshire.* From that time almost to the close of his life in 1835, Charles Mathews, the elder, now at the Haymarket or Adelphi Theatres, now at the English Opera House, throughout the United Kingdom, and even in the United States—then an almost unknown field for theatrical speculation—delighted the laughter-loving populace with his extraordinary impersonations. Although provided by some of the wittiest writers of that time, the *libretti* of the various entertainments read in the present day seem somewhat poor and flat; the characters are coarse caric--

tures, as is testified by their names, Mr. and Mrs. Nickey Numskull, Sir Sheveron Scrimiver, Alderman Huckaback, &c., but vivified by the talent of the actor, they gained extraordinary popularity, and many of them, such as Dicky Gossip, the barber, and the Scotch Landlady, became household words in the mouths of the playgoing public.

As an entertainer and giver of "At Homes," Mathews was succeeded by his friend and pupil, Frederick Yates, who had for his librettists, Thomas Hood, John Hamilton Reynolds, and Samuel Beazley, and who in his monopolylogues earned a large share of public favour.

That, after the days of Mathews and Yates, there were numerous imitators of their style of entertainment, there can be little doubt. Mr. Benjamin Webster, afterwards known as an actor, and lessee of the Haymarket and Adelphi Theatres, produced at the Strand Theatre in 1833, an entertainment called *Webster's Wallet of Waggeries;* the first part of which consisted of the usual characters in costume, with rapid changes, while the second part was wholly devoted to conjuring, an art into which Mr. Webster had been indoctrinated by Benjamin Barnett, brother of Morris Barnett, the famous creator of Monsieur Jacques. Somewhere about the same time, a Major Galbraith gave at the English Opera House a *mélange* of conjuring and dissolving views entitled *Henry's Table Entertainment of Whims and Wonders.* There is some reason to believe that the libretto was the work of Douglas Jerrold. But no one taking upon himself to amuse an audience by his own unaided efforts attained any kind of celebrity until the spring of the year 1852, when Mr. Albert Smith produced at the Egyptian Hall a descriptive lecture illustrated by scenes, character sketches, and songs (but different from anything hitherto given in the fact that no change of costume was attempted), with the title *The Ascent of Mont Blanc.* Albert Smith was a man of good parts, fair education, and indomitable industry. Born at Chertsey, in 1816, the son of a country doctor, educated at Merchant Taylor's School, and trained for the medical profession at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, and at the Middlesex Hospital (where he took the Midwifery Prize), he commenced life as an assistant to his father at Chertsey, and for some years underwent all the drudgery attendant upon a country parochial practice. During these years, however, he lightened his labours by venturing upon the fascinating career of literature. Worthy Mr. John Timbs, then conducting the *Mirror*, published by Mr. Limbird in the Strand, made the young writer welcome in its pages; he was one of the earliest recruits to the staff of *Mr. Punch*, and to *Bentley's Miscellany* he soon became a looked-for contributor. Then he settled in London, first at 14, and after at 12, Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, turned his lancet into a steel pen, and devoted himself entirely to his new calling. He wrote novels, *The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury*, *The Scattergood Family*, *Christopher Tadpole*, *The Pottelton Legacy*,

and others, evincing powers of humorous observation and description, which are read to this day. He wrote dramas, adapted Dickens's Christmas Books for the Lyceum, and for the same company, then including the Keeleys, Frank Matthews, Alfred Wigan, &c., wrote some excellent burlesques. He was the dramatic critic of the *Illustrated London News*, the editor of the *Man in the Moon*, and a constant provider of buffo songs for the famous John Parry. A year or two previous to his Egyptian Hall venture, he had gone round the provinces with a lecture called *The Overland Route*, founded on his own experiences in a recent rapid run to Constantinople, and met with much success.

But Mont Blanc was the passion of Albert Smith's life; he had read about it and loved it in his earliest childhood, and with it all the eventual success of his career was destined to be connected. One of the first child's books given to him was called *The Peasants of Chamouni*, which told in a very truthful manner the sad story of Dr. Hamel's fatal attempt to reach the summit of Mount Blanc in 1820. Some years later a friend gave him an old four-volume edition of De Saussure, and his earliest efforts in French were endeavours to translate that excellent narrative. Finally, while still a child, he produced from the various descriptions he had read a small moving panorama of the horrors pertaining to the ascent; and this, he says, "I so painted up and exaggerated in my enthusiasm, that my little sister—who was my only audience, but a most admirable one, for she cared not how often I exhibited it—would become quite pale with fright." This little panorama was the germ of that entertainment which for nearly ten years was one of the chief attractions of London, and which produced a fair fortune for its originator.

Years after, while grinding away at his country practice, Albert Smith routed out his old panorama, copied all the pictures on a larger scale, compiled a lecture from Auldjo and De Saussure, and, with the combination, diverted the members of various suburban literary institutions. "I recollect," he wrote, "how my brother and I used to drive our four-wheeled chaise across the country, with Mont Blanc on the back seat, and how we were received usually with the mistrust attaching to wandering professors by the man who swept out the Town-hall, or the Athenæum, or wherever the institution might be located. As a rule the Athenæums did not remind one of the Acropolis; they were situated up dirty lanes, and sometimes attached to public-houses. I remember well the committee room—a sort of damp cell in which the final ten minutes before appearing on the platform were spent, with its melancholy decanter of water and tumbler before the lecture, and plate of mixed biscuits and bottle of Marsala afterwards. I recollect, too, how the heat of my lamps would unsolder those above them, producing twilight and oil avalanches at the wrong

time; and how my brother held a piece of wax candle-end behind the moon on the Grands Mulets (which always got applauded); and how the diligence which went across the bridge would sometimes tumble over." One of the first dramatic efforts, too, was to translate the French drama, *La Grâce de Dieu*, under the name of *Pearl of Chamouni*, for one of the London minor theatres. On the 1st of August, 1851, Albert Smith left London for Chamouni, and on the 12th of that month he made the ascent of Mont Blanc, in company with three young gentlemen from Oxford, who had formed a reading party at Ouchy, and one of whom was the Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville West, now her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Washington. These young men were in full athletic training, and to them the ascent, though nothing like such a commonplace affair as it has now become, was comparatively easy. But to Albert Smith, short, stout, and middle-aged, it was a very different matter. His performance, it was whispered among the ill-natured, was less like that of the leaping chamois than that of a sack of oats which is lifted from the waggon to the granary by means of a crane; for on approaching the summit he was so exhausted by fatigue and so "blown" that he was literally hauled up the *culotte* by the united efforts of the guides. However, there he was on the summit of Mont Blanc. The dearest wish of his life was realised, and he at once proceeded to turn it to account as best he might.

First, he wrote an elaborate and most interesting account of the expedition, which was originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, much of it afterwards being reproduced in the lecture. Then he took the large room in the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, and had it fitted up to represent parts of a Swiss village, with buildings of the actual size very carefully copied from Bernese models. The proscenium facing the audience was an exact representation of a two-storied *châlet*, with its projecting eaves, its lightly carved balcony, and its green shutters to the windows. Just behind it, to the right, was a mass of rockwork, down which tumbled a stream of water, working a little mill-wheel, and falling into a tiny lake, with lilies floating on it, and framed with admirably-imitated heaths and Alpine plants. On the right hand, close by the entrance of the audience, was a portion of another *châlet*, supposed to be an *estaminet*, with its projecting transparent lamp with "Café Billard" and the usual crossed cues duly inscribed thereon. Facing this, on the other side of the room, was a portion of a frame house, supposed to represent a village shop for the sale of Swiss carvings, curios, alpenstocks, &c. Across the front of the principal *châlet* was one of those mottoes usually carved on the Bernese cottages; in this instance it was "Rede Wenig, Rede Wahr; Brauche Wenig, Zahle Baar," which may be translated, "Speak little, Truth say; Want little, Cash pay:" the latter part of the motto setting forth the con-

sistent rule of life of the entertainer. On the left-hand side of the *châlet* was a small door, through which Albert Smith made his appearance, to find himself on the narrowest of platforms, having in front of him a small veiled pianette, on the top of which stood a model of a diligence, a set of mule bells, a horn, and other things which he made use of in his lecture. This pianette is now in the possession of Mr. Arthur Cecil.

The comfort of the audience was attended to with scrupulous care. The room was carpeted, the chairs comfortable, and, when once the entrance-fee was paid, no further charge was made for programmes or cloak-room. Visitors to the area, or two shilling portion of the hall, were treated with as much courtesy as the occupants of the stalls in this matter, each seat being duly railed off. In return for this consideration Mr. Albert Smith exacted from his patrons a strict compliance with certain regulations which he had framed. No bonnets were under any circumstances admitted to the stalls or the balcony at the evening representation. "The attendants have had orders to enforce these rules as strictly as they would at an evening concert or an opera, such a regulation being considered due to the general character of the audience," said the programme. Albert Smith was excessively annoyed by the entrance of any person after the entertainment had commenced. If the unfortunates made much noise in struggling into their places, he would suspend his recitation and remain perfectly silent until they were seated, bestowing on them anything but looks of welcome. He would do the same thing if ill-mannered persons—and there are generally some such among an audience—commenced to chatter amongst themselves during the progres of the entertainment. If his silence failed to have due effect he would openly remonstrate with the offender. He was, indeed, singularly sensitive to anything which savoured of interruption. One evening when I was present a man in the gallery commenced cracking nuts. I saw Albert Smith wince at the first crack; he hesitated and looked up at the spot whence the noise proceeded, but the cracking continued. At the third nut he looked round at the body of the audience, shrugged his shoulders, and said in a querulous tone, "I really wish that gentleman had finished his dessert before he came here." But if Albert Smith exacted much from his audience, he gave them much in return: he provided for their comfort in every possible way, he accepted every practicable suggestion to increase that comfort, he appeared before them on his little platform precisely as the clock in the room ceased striking the hour of eight, and during all the years of his career as a public entertainer, and until the commencement of that illness which speedily put an end to his existence, he never allowed indisposition, or private worries, or anything *indeed, as an excuse* for non-fulfilment of his engagements.

Before describing the entertainment let me picture the entertainer. A man of barely middle height, thick-set, broad-shouldered, and stout. He had a fine head, with keen grey eyes pleasant in expression and full of sly humour, an aquiline nose, and a mouth hidden under his heavy moustache and large full brown beard. His voice was high and flute–y, but very clear and audible; he played and sang by ear, but quite sufficiently well for his purpose. His manner of delivery was excellent, easy without being vulgar, and familiar but never presuming. No man ever more thoroughly understood his position and the terms on which he and his audience lived together; while acknowledging their support, he never failed to convey, when occasion required, that he felt he gave them their *quid pro quo*, and that there was no question of gratitude on either side.

For the entertainment let me start by stating that it was given from first to last in evening dress, and, that, though various characters were introduced, there was no change of costume. Albert Smith had an horror of what he called the "ducking down business," the old-fashioned process of diving under the lecture table, and by rapid assumption of wig and costume, reappearing immediately as some one else. The lecture was always divided into two portions, one of which, generally the later, consisted exclusively of the narrative of the entertainer's ascent to Mont Blanc. The principal stages in this ascent, the Cascade and Châlet des Pèlerins, the Glaciers des Bossons, the Grands Mulets rocks by sunset, the Grand Plateau by moonlight, the hazardous ascent of the Mur de la Cote, the summit of Mont Blanc, and the comical mishaps of the party in coming down, were all large and separate scenes painted in his best manner by Mr. William Beverly, then in his prime, who had accompanied Albert Smith to Chamouni at the time of his ascent. The story, told conversationally, with no attempt at exaggeration, was nevertheless a thrilling one, and filled the audience with breathless interest. The song of "Galignani's Messenger" with which—the party having reached *terra firma* and being once more within the confines of civilization—the entertainment concluded, was held as a pleasant relief. This song, supposed to embody the contents of a number of the well-known Continental journal, was used as a vehicle for sly comic and satirical hits at the various events of the day. It was always kept up to time, the latest news of the evening papers being worked into it, and several of Mr. Albert Smith's intimate friends, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Edward Draper, and myself, were in the habit of sending down any striking lines that might occur to us to be incorporated into "Galignani."

The first part of the entertainment varied from time to time, but was always introductory to the second, that is to say that it represented the route by which Mont Blanc was to be attained. Sometimes it was *viâ* Paris and Strasburg, sometimes *viâ* Holland and the

Rhine [I recollect going down to Birmingham with Arthur Smith, Albert's brother and manager, and there, at a third-rate lecture hall, finding and buying an admirable panorama of the Rhine, painted by Groppius of Berlin, and in excellent condition, which the owner, who had been able to do nothing with it, sold for a song, and which came out most effectively at the Egyptian Hall], sometimes by other routes. But in every case Mr. Beverly's magic pencil was engaged to portray the most striking scenes, and Albert Smith's vivacity and knowledge of character imparted colour to those sketches of the "travelling English" in which he has never been equalled. Who that heard them will ever forget undecided Mr. Parker, the man who could not ever make up his mind; or Mrs. Seymour in constant search for that black box from which she had been ruthlessly parted; or the two old ladies who, travelling in their own carriage, enjoyed Switzerland so much because they always pulled down the blinds when they came near any precipices? And, best of all, the thoroughly Dickensian character, Edwards the engineer in the service of the Austrian Lloyds, who was always impressing upon his hearer his grand discovery, "What I says is, India isn't England, Mr. Smith!" Albert Smith's delicate appreciation of the follies, absurdities, and, to put it mildly, the eccentricities of our travelling countrymen, was thorough and unique; his imitation of English-spoken French was excellent, and I have never heard heartier laughter than was evoked by his sketch of the young tourist who at the Palais Royal Restaurant, confused by the strange list of dishes submitted to him, at last seized upon the familiar word, "haricot," but exclaimed in astonishment when the dish of white beans was placed before him, "Yes—oui—quite so, *mais* (looking at it with his eye-glass) *mais où est le mouton?*"

The Mont Blanc entertainment ran with extraordinary success for more than six years, when Albert Smith, feeling the necessity for a change, rather for himself than his audience, started in July, 1858, on a hurried visit to the Celestial Empire, and in the following autumn commenced a new lecture, entitled *China*. In his old room a proscenium was arranged to represent a flower-garden pavilion, in the environs of Canton, a portion of an ordinary Canton shop, a pagoda, &c. The first part of the entertainment consisted of material worked up from his first attempt at lecturing, *The Overland Mail*. The second was devoted to China; the scenes were by Mr. William Beverly. Many old characters were re-introduced, and the evening would up as usual with "Galignani's Messenger." The experiment was a success, though it never had the vitality or "go" of the old one; but early in its second season Albert Smith was seized with an illness which precluded him from proceeding with his performance, and prostrated him for some three weeks. He partially recovered, and

too speedily resumed his work; for in the spring of the next year he was again attacked, and died on Wednesday, the 23d of May, 1860, within twenty-four hours of entering on his forty-fourth birthday.

In that same year, 1851, in which Albert Smith first made his bow at the Egyptian Hall, a young gentleman named W. S. Woodin, the son of a picture-dealer on Bond Street, produced at what was then called Polygraphic Hall, and what is now known as Toole's Theatre, in King William Street, Strand, an entertainment called *My Carpet-bag and Sketch-book*. The libretto furnished by Mr. E. L. Blanchard (to whom I am indebted for recalling to my memory many of the particulars embodied in this paper), was based on the old character-costume entertainment, and mainly relied for its success on the rapidity of the changes effected by the performer. In this respect no fault could be found with Mr. Woodin, who dived into his extra-sized carpet-bag as Martha Mivins, a domestic servant, and the next minute jumped out of it as Major Bluster, a swaggering half-pay *militaire*. These and other sketches, notably one called Mr. Oliver Oldstyle, with a song about bygone days, and the excellent scenic illustrations of Mr. John O'Connor, brought Mr. Woodin such popularity that, with his original entertainment and its successor, called the *Olio of Oddities*, he gave great delight to metropolitan and provincial audiences for several years. Two quaint stories in connection with this entertainment were current at the time. One was to the effect that, by an entirely unconscious resemblance in the "make-up" of one of his characters to a relative from whom he had great expectations, the unfortunate entertainer diverted the expected legacy into quite another channel. The other story ran that the driver of one of Mr. Woodin's perambulating advertisements, a gigantic carpet-bag on wheels, was so terrified at the approach of a policeman, who had orders to remove all such cumbrous obstructions to traffic, that he sought refuge in the interior of the carpet-bag. The policeman finding no driver from whom explanation could be obtained, took the whole affair to the green-yard and sent for Mr. Woodin; and it was not until the man heard his master's voice that he emerged from his concealment, to the astonishment of the bystanders.

Somewhere, too, about that time, and for the next few years, a complete flock of entertainers settled down upon London. Gordon Cumming, a member of the ancient Scottish Family, and a mighty sportsman after big game, appeared at the Egyptian Hall with an illustrated lecture, called *Adventures of a Lion Hunter*, without much success. Two attempts at the Adelaide Gallery, one called *The Gaberlunzie Wallet*, by a Mr. Duncan MacMillan; and the other *A*

Bottle of Champagne Uncorked by Horace Plastic (the entertainer in this case being a very young man, a medical student, whom I afterwards knew as Henry James Byron), were represented in London; the former on only one occasion, while the latter did not reach the fourth performance. Mr. Harry Lee Carter's *Two Lands of Gold*, with a panorama of the California and Australian "diggings," ... the brief run of about ten nights at the same place. About this tim too, at various literary and scientific institutions in town and country. one might have met with Mr. George Grossmith, father of the present admirable comedian, a humorist of the first water, whose quaint appearance and excellent stories made him a tremendous favourite; with Henry Russell, composer and singer of intensely dramatic pieces such as *The Maniac* and *The Ship on Fire*, and narrator of negro and American drolleries, then first beginning to be appreciated. That, too, was the time for Wilson's Scottish entertainment, *A Nicht wi' Burns*, full of Highland ditties and Jacobite ballads; of the singular performance of the Hutchinson family; of Charles Okey's *Trip to Paris*, a poor little show, chiefly remarkable for a balloon which was always painted in the right-hand corner of the diorama; and of many no longer to be remembered givers of "drawing-room entertainments," a term first used forty-five years ago by Professor Risley, and considered by him applicable to his performance, which consisted in lying on his back, clothed in a suit of fleshings and blue spangled breeches, and in kicking into the air and catching with his feet various juvenile members of his family similarly attired.

From this ruck of mediocrities stand out in bold relief the entertainments of Miss Emma Stanley, which commencing at the old Hanover Square Rooms in 1851, culminated in December, 1855, at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, with a character costume performance written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and entitled *The Seven Ages of Woman*. Never was more scope given for the varied talent which Miss Emma Stanley most undoubtedly possessed, and of which she had given ample evidence as an actress at the English Opera House and the Princess's Theatre. She was singularly versatile, sympathetic, and fascinating; she sang and danced excellently, had great mobility of feature, and a *chic* which was rather French than English. A curiously painful occurrence marked the opening night of the entertainment, *The Seven Ages of Woman*. Miss Stanley's sister was lost at sea in a shipwreck, from which her little child, a singularly beautiful girl of three years old, was rescued by the mate of the sinking vessel; but when animation was restored it was found that the child had lost the power of speech. The doctors who were consulted declared that from the natural intelligence of the child, and its obvious appreciation of all that was said in its presence, it was tolerably certain that the gift of speech was not absolutely gone,

but merely suspended, paralysed as it were, by the shock; and they agreed that it was not impossible that the power of expression might be restored to the child were it ever to experience a shock of equal magnitude. Just as Mrs. Stanley and her daughter were leaving the house to give the first representation of the new entertainment at St. Martin's Hall, the child, running before them, fell the whole length of a steep flight of stairs. On being picked up the poor little creature was seriously injured, and for the first and only time since the shipwreck the power of speech returned to her; she ejaculated, "Oh, dear grandmamma! dear aunt!" and immediately expired. Of this era too was Mr. Love, a ventriloquist whose performance extended over many years. "Love, the Polyphonist," he called himself, and as such was popular in town and country, imitating the distant voice of the man on the roof, the subdued growl of the man in the cellar, the popping of corks, the gurgling of liquid poured from a bottle, and all the well-known ventriloquial tricks. Mr. Love, who took a retiring benefit in 1857, died shortly after of paralysis of the tongue, a disease which, I may remark, has proved fatal in several instances to similar professors. The *Irish Ballad* entertainment of Mr. Samuel Lover, the well-known novelist and song writer, and *The Road, the River, and the Rail*, of Mr. J. E. Carpenter, a musical composer of inferior note, were of this date, but were neither of them particularly successful.

I do not feel that I shall be departing from the rule I prescribed to myself at the commencement of this paper, if I touch upon the "duologue" entertainments. For though in these, two persons appear before the audience, the whole burden of the performance rests upon one alone, for whom the other is simply a butt or "feeder." The latter is the person who takes the lodgings, and is constantly annoyed by the irruption of the Irish maid-of-all-work, the Scotch landlady, the drunken cook, the deaf old woman from next door, &c. &c.; he is the musical composer who is prevented from getting on with his work by the visits of the Italian, the German, and the French artistes, who desire to take part in his opera, the scene-painter, the manager, and others. All he has to do is to shrug his shoulders, to spread out his hands appealingly, to take the audience into his confidence, and to indulge in reiterated exclamations of "Bless my soul!" "Was there ever anything like this!" "This is too much!" "I will bear it no longer!" Such was the division of labor apportioned to husband and wife in what was by far the best duologue entertainment of our day, that of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. Mr. German Reed was—if I speak of these clever people in the past tense, it is only because they have retired from the public stage, both of them being, as everyone will be glad to know, alive and well—Mr. German Reed, then, was an excellent musician and composer of repute, for a long time conductor of the orchestra at the

Haymarket Theatre; his wife, originally Miss Priscilla Horton, was one of the most delightful actresses that ever adorned the English stage. For what characters of the lighter kind was Priscilla Horton not considered suitable? What did she ever undertake that she did not carry through triumphantly? Older chroniclers tell us of her success in English opera, in melodrama, in Ophelia at the Haymarket, with Macready as her Hamlet. In my boyhood I saw her as Ariel in the *Tempest*, and can still recall the sweet music of her voice; as Georgina Vesey in *Money;* and, most delightful of all, as now hero, now heroine of those wonderful extravaganzas of Planché's, which, at Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and the Lyceum, extended over so many years. The burlesque-writer who had his lines delivered by Priscilla Horton was blessed indeed: no points were thrown at the audience, all were delivered with easy grace, and not one ever missed fire. The first entertainment of the German Reeds was called *Illustrative Gatherings*, and was given at the St. Martin's Hall in March, 1855. From that time forth for twenty succeeding years at the Gallery of Illustration in Waterloo Place husband and wife were engaged in amusing the London public. The pens of all the lighter writers of the day were pressed into their service; the entertainment provided not merely revived reminiscences of old playgoers, but was exactly suited for that large class of the public which, while hankering after amusement, professes to abominate the theatre; and its success culminated in 1860 by the addition, to the little company of two, of one of the most genuine humorists that ever lived—Mr. John Parry. John Parry was born in 1810, and was an actor in his childhood; in 1833 he was favourably known as a baritone singer at various concerts, but not until six years afterwards did he take his stand as a thoroughly original genius and a *buffo* singer such as England had never previously known. He had a mobile face, with a naturally comic expression, a flexible voice, and a command over the piano which was extraordinary. No fashionable concert at the Hanover Square Rooms of those days was considered complete unless John Parry's name was to be found on the programme. The first and the last portions were occupied by Grisi, Mario, Albani, Ronconi, Giuglinia, Bosio, and other bygone favorites; but in the interval between them John Parry, blushing, advanced nervously to the grand piano, and sitting down thereat, sang, "Wanted a Governess," or "Blue Beard," or "Fair Rosamond," or "Berlin Wool," or one of those delightful patter songs, all of which, except the first-named, had been written for him by Albert Smith. Not unadvisedly do I write that he appeared blushing and sat down nervously; for throughout his life John Parry suffered under morbid attacks of shyness, of absolute "stage-fright," which always rendered his public performances painful to himself, and at last became so distressing that *he had* temporarily to abandon the profession. As a solo entertainer

he had achieved excellent success; his *Notes, Musical and Social*, his *Portfolio for People of all Ages*, had crammed the music hall in Store Street with appreciative audiences; but the nervous disorder grew apace on him. He would stand at the side of the platform previous to making his appearance in a perfect agony of fright, his face bathed in perspiration, and it required all the assiduous persuasion of his devoted wife to induce him to face the footlights. In 1853 John Parry broke down entirely, and retired to Southsea. Here he occupied himself as organist of St. Jude's Church, in giving singing lessons, and in preparing for publication—for he was an adept with his pencil—a book of remarkable caricatures. After an interval of seven years he reappeared, as I have said, as a partner in Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, taking generally the second portion for his own peculiar performance. His dramatic-musical sketch called *Mrs. Roseleaf's Party*, was one of the most remarkable combination of vocal and facial mimicry, pianoforte playing, and actual acting, ever witnessed. I have always held that John Parry was never seen to the best advantage by the public; there was always plenty to make them laugh, but his humour was so subtle, his gradations of light and shade were so delicately defined, and a great portion of the effect of his piano playing was so dependent upon the mere touch of a note here and there, as to be only appreciable by those immediately around him. All his notions were odd and whimsical, and with his power of imitation he would reproduce things which scarcely anyone else would think of observing—the strut of a barn-door fowl, the walk of a cat across a wet floor shaking its legs as it went, the distended features and protruding eyes of the gold-fish in a glass bowl, all these I have seen him reproduce to the life, the mobility of his features lending itself to the aspect of the creature imitated. John Parry retired into private life in 1869, took his final farewell of the public at a benefit performance given at the Gaiety Theatre in September, 1877, and died in 1879.

The burden of the evening was of course shifted from the shoulders of the lady to those of the gentleman in the duologue entertainment called *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews at Home*, which, written for the most part by the veteran comedian himself, and founded upon his own experiences, was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, adjoining Her Majesty's, in the autumn of 1861. Charles Mathews's travels with the Blessingtons and Count d'Orsay in his early youth, his adventures in Italy while studying as an architect, his short experience in that career, his trips to America, his managerial vicissitudes, his debts and difficulties, and even his imprisonment in Lancaster Castle—a view of which formed one of John O'Connor's clever illustrations—were all turned to account. Mathews appeared as an Italian street-preacher, *a Neapolitan* fisherman, a *contadino*, and other

personations, recited with his usual volubility, interlarded his dialogue with "patter" songs, sung as none but he could sing them, chaffed his audience and himself in the freest and pleasantest manner, and won the suffrages not merely of his old friends but of a new generation which had never before seen him so well suited. The entertainment scored a success; the receipts were rising nightly, and Mathews believed that he had at last hit upon a veritable gold-mine, when, with the almost sudden death of the Prince Consort, came a period of mourning and general gloom, under which all public amusements suffered terribly and under which the new entertainment collapsed. Other duologue entertainments, of which much need not be said, were given at the Egyptian Hall in 1863 by Mr. Edmund Yates, assisted (very much assisted) by Mr. Harold Power, a satirical dialogue on the manners of the day, without change of costume, with songs by Mr. Power and illustrations by Mr. William Beverly; *Latest Intelligence*, a duologue on the German Reed pattern, by Miss Grace Egerton and her husband, Mr. George Case, a well-known musician; and more noticeable than these, in 1860 the Misses Terry (Kate and Ellen) gave a drawing-room entertainment at the Colosseum. I have a vague remembrance of how the first-named young lady appeared, among other characters, as an old lady with white hair, and in male attire as a young swell of the period. Miss Ellen was in frocks, and gave an address to her doll which was considered very touching.

Little space is left me now to tell of the entertainers and entertainments of later years which may yet be classed as bygone. Suffice it to mention the mirth-loving man who, as George Rose, had been an English clergyman and a Romish priest, and who, under the pseudonym of Arthur Sketchley, gave for years with great success his diverting *Mrs. Brown at the Play;* Artemus Ward, the American humorist, whose real name was Charles F. Browne, who made his first appearance in England at the Egyptian Hall, November 13, 1866, and who died four months after, at the age of thirty-three; Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Sala, Mr. Burnand, with readings from their own works; Mrs. Fanny Kemble, Miss Glyn, Mr. J. M. Bellew, and Mrs. Stirling, with readings from Shakespeare—the latter also with an entertainment in which she was assisted by her daughter. The entertaining faculty is more general and is oftener called into play than is generally believed. I heard once at Wimbledon an admirable descriptive lecture on the fun and follies of a fashionable watering-place excellently given, with plenty of point, "patter," and change of voice, everything except scenes and costumes, delivered in aid of a charity by a gentleman in whom, grave and business-like, I have since recognised one of the pillars of our commerce. And in a fluent, flippant rattlepate, whose *Autumn Leaves from a Tourist's Note-Book* was the delight of many provincial institutions, I undoubtedly traced *the germ of the* poetic Mr. Ashby-Sterry.

EDMUND YATES.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globe edition.]

I HENRY VI; IV, vii, 3.

The following note of mine appeared in *The Athenæum* of 6th of June, 1885, to which I now append some additional remarks:

Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity.

Prof. Læo might have found his explanation, Death as a warrior smeared with the blood of slain enemies, anticipated in *Cruces Shakespeareanæ.*

The term is taken from the chase; compare *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, I, iv:

> By the helm of Mars, I saw them in the war—
> Like to a pair of lions *smear'd with prey:*

and *King John*, II, i, 321:

> And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
> Our lusty English, all with purpled hands
> *Dyed in the* dying *slaughter* of their foes.

Ib. III, i, 234:

> No longer than we well could wash our hands,—
> Heaven knows, they were *besmear'd* and overstained
> With slaughter's pencil.

Julius Cæsar, III, i, 105:

> Stoop, Romans, stoop,
> And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
> Up to the elbows, and *besmear* our swords.

By *captivity* I would understand *number of captives, i. e.* slain men, the captives of Death; as in Ephesians iv, 8, (margin), "*captivity* or a *multitude of captives.*" Compare *King John*, III, i, 362:

O, now doth Death line his dead chops with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men.

"Smear'd with captivity" applied to Death is equivalent to "sign'd in thy spoil," *Julius Cæsar*, III, 174:

And here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *slaughter.*

Slaughter is an emendation for "Lethee" of the folio suggested in my work mentioned above.

I may now add that *captivity* is well rendered by *quarry*, *Hamlet*, V, ii, 375:

This *quarry* cries on havoc.—O proud Death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Compare Chapman *Iliad*, XVI, 145:

A den of wolves, about whose heart unmeasur'd strengths are fed,
New come from *currie* of a stag, their jaws all *blood besmear'd.*

Chapman similarly uses *smear*, *Iliad*, V, 440:

Mars, Mars," said he, "those plague of men, *smear'd* with the dust and blood
Of humans, and their ruin'd walls,

and *Odyssey*, XXIII, 69:

It would have done you good to have descried
Your conquering lord, all *smear'd* with blood and gore,
So like a lion.

Milton employs *captivities* in the sense of *seizures of captives*, "Observations on the Articles of Peace, etc:"

The just revenge of ancient pyracies, and *captivities*, and the causeless infestation of our coast.

This meaning would be applicable to the passage under consideration, but the explanation given above appears to be preferable.

LONDON. B. GOTT KINNEAR.

PLATONIC ALLUSIONS IN SHAKESPEARE.

In a recent communication I pointed out several instances some of them, so far as I know before unnoticed, in which Shakespeare shows acquaintance with Plato. I urged your readers to contribute to other *parallels* between the great dramatist and the great philosopher. Al-

[illegible] to my former list.
[illegible] La Pucelle, says:

[illegible] gardens,
[illegible] fruitful were the next.

1 Hen. vi. 1, 6,

[illegible] suggested by Plato (*Phaedrus* p. 276. [illegible]—that I may not be suspected of warp- [illegible] theory.

[illegible] said Socrates, who is a man of sense, take the seeds, which [illegible] wishes to be fruitful, and in sober earnest plant them dur- [illegible] in some garden of Adonis, that he may rejoice when he [illegible] appearing in beauty? Would he not do that, if at all, to [illegible] a festival? But the seeds about which he is in earnest he [illegible] practices husbandry, and is satisfied if in eight months they [illegible]

[illegible] together all Platonic traces in the Anglo-Saxon or [illegible] dramatist. So far as they cannot be found in inter- [illegible] whom our playwriter must have been acquainted they [illegible] derivation from the old Greek.

[illegible] further reason for bringing forward the foregoing quo- [illegible] It has led me to find a thing as rare as a black swan or a [illegible], namely a palpable mistake in Alexander Schmidt. [illegible] Adonis in his lexicon after quoting the Shakespear- [illegible] concerning the Adonean gardens he says: "Perhaps con- [illegible] garden of King Alcinous in [the] *Odyssey*. (VII. 117– [illegible] impossible it is that Shakespeare had this Homeric de- [illegible] will be clear from the lines themselves which I trans- [illegible] translation to escape the charge of twisting the tes- [illegible] Schmidt's witness.

[illegible] flourishing trees grew, pears and pomegranates, and apple-trees [illegible] fruit, and sweet figs and flourishing olives. Of these the fruit [illegible] does it fail in winter or summer, lasting throughout the whole [illegible] wind ever blowing makes some bud forth, and ripens others. [illegible] pear, apple after apple, grape also after grape, and fig after fig. [illegible] was planted: one part of this ground, exposed to the sun [illegible] dried by the sun, and some [grapes] they are gathering, and [illegible] and further on are unripe grapes, having thrown off the flower, [illegible] changing color.

[illegible] growth and maturity is the only material point in the [illegible] That swiftness is prominent in Plato, but not brought [illegible] Homer.

[illegible] adding that the Adonean figure has betrayed [illegible] into a worse blunder than that of Schmidt. [illegible] vii. p. 255.) "No mention of any such gar- [illegible] writing of Greece and Rome is known to scholars,

[illegible] scholar than a poet, calls Eden, "[illegible] gardens feigned, or of revived Adonis, or, etc." [illegible]

Mr. White could not have been acquainted with [illegible] tion which describes exactly *such gardens* as Shakespeare [illegible] Those gardens mentioned by Mr. White in a part of his [illegible] omitted, were in fact probably "such gardens"—though [illegible] see it. If they were such his note is divided against [illegible] traying Platonic ignorance.

MADISON, WISCONSIN. JAMES D. [illegible]

THE DRAMA.

A great dramatic event was the joint appearance during [illegible] week in New York, the following week in Philadelphia, and the [illegible] in Boston, of Signor Tommaso Salvini and Mr. Edwin Booth. [illegible] undoubtedly, but greater things were promised, and greater [illegible] are possible.

Many in the large audiences assembled had seen the chief [illegible] often and in most of their parts; they know Booth's middle- [illegible] fat-growing yet slight-looking and graceful figure, his easy [illegible] walk, his reserved, sensitive, thoughtful face with the unsatisfied [illegible] eyes and the sorrowful compressed lips; they knew Salvini's [illegible] and towering form, commanding presence, instinctively pictur- [illegible] attitudes and speaking gestures, his eloquent face over which [illegible] fects of variable emotions pass as evidenly as cloud-shadows over [illegible] lit hill; they had heard often the cool, correct, justly pol- [illegible] meaning utterance of the one, and the magnetic, rich, [illegible] powerful voice of the other. In hearing and seeing them [illegible] for the first time,—Salvini as Othello, Booth as Iago,—each in [illegible] had luminously revealed to the general approval, they antici- [illegible] pleasure of a complete effect. They laid aside their wraps, [illegible] their programmes, grasped their opera-glasses and watched [illegible] effect.

The curtain rolling up displayed that particular scene in [illegible] of San Marco which is part of most every theatre's old pro- [illegible]

No matter for that; it is good enough for a background. [illegible] come Iago and Roderigo. Iago, in gray hose and crimson [illegible] broad collar and plumed cap, pale of face, contained in [illegible] alert in mind and body. Roderigo, foppish, unjudging, a [illegible] to his moulding.

But what's the matter? They can not hear Iago well [illegible] many of the fine distinctions they know he is drawing. [illegible] Brabantio is alarmed. He shows himself at the upper [illegible]

t is only because some annoyingly late neighbors are just seating elves, but waiting in vain for that retort of Iago's that Booth ive with such nice edge,—

> *Brabantio.* You are a villain,
> *Iago.* You are a —— Senator.—

lo not quite catch it and are vaguely disconcerted.
e usual, ridiculous, indifferent stage servants are knocked up the flies where they have been leisurely waiting. Brabantio in ıoarse voice rants feebly about a little and the first scene is l.
ıello in swathes of white, with a huge, red, white-rolled turban, out with dignity, at the bottom of the stage, under convoy of tute little ancient. His calm bearing flames out with effective rity at the entrance of Brabantio's party with—

> Keep up your bright swords,
> For the dew will rust them.—

mness and reverence both speak when he turns to his father-in-ith—

> Good Signor, your shall more command with years
> Than with your weapons.
> Hold your hands,
> Both you of my inclining, and the rest;
> Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
> Without a prompter.—

h a rapid gleam of proud rebuke that it is almost more instan-usly intelligible for being spoken in a foreign language.

e curtain rolls up again on the familiar scene in the lighted cil Chamber where the senators sit at the long table writing and rring with the Doge who is seated with them on his higher chair ıte. Othello, Brabantio and the rest enter. And then comes horoughly admirable speech of Salvini's which no critic can in ast gainsay; the simple, candid, noble prologue to his defence, ning—

> Most potent grave and reverend Signors,—

onfident appeal to Desdemona's witness from a direct opposition s word to her father's assertions; the solemn declaration of truth s presentation of how he throve "in this fair lady's love and she ne;" and then the story, graphic, richly suggestive, penetrative, ng, convincing. It is the speech of Shakespeare's Othello, nor ıor more. It lays an unperturbable basis for the rest of the tragedy, o my mind it shows in spite of all the clouds of selfish jealousy vakened sensuality which, later, darken the clear heaven of love,

that the love itself was soul-controlled and purely begotten in an acquaintance and sympathy of the best capabilities of these lover's natures. So understood the tragedy becomes still more "high-sorrowful." Iago's poisonous suggestions will infect Othello's heart with their own evil and grow there in their own kind; but, though it certainly is the physical trial and sensual torture of jealousy that stings him to rage, and a conventional sense of honor that makes him murderous,—it is the seated belief and joy in reciprocal trust and intimate companionship of spirit which rouses him to indignation at the deception he believes is imposed upon him and overwhelms him with grief in the loss of this ideal congeniality.

O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Three bits of silent eloquence in Salvini's Othello are vital factors of his conception of the Moor. When Desdemona enters and answers her father, Salvini's first wonderful bit of speaking silence ensues. The manifest love that lights his eyes and overflows his mobile face speaks deeper than words can. Each phase of expression is a comprehensible emanation from the man. In it is more than fondness and delight, there is faith in her truth and approval of her self which reaches their height when she claims of the Doge her right to accompany her husband to the wars saying—

My hearts' subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord,
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

In Othello's next speech reinforcing Desdemona's plea yet vouching that he begs it not

To please the palate of his appetite, but to be free and bounteous to her mind.—

I suppose those who think the Moor's love grossly sensual, his after grief merely jealous, must either suppose Othello insincere in this assertion or utterly unknowing of himself. Salvini gave this solemnly and as convincingly as though it were a self-examination.

Miss Wainright, not more inefficient than other Desdemonas,—it is a feeble race so far as I have seen, and this faint praise is all that is due in this case, clever actress as she is in other parts—interpolated a wretched little scream, "To-night!" when the senator says "You must away to-night," as though she would have said, "And all my trunks to pack, yet!" I do not know if this exclamation of regret for the interrupted bridal night, or whatever else may prompt it, is in the company's stage version of the play or not, if it is, so much the worse for the version, if it is not, so much the worse for Miss *Wainright.*

ıi's second bit of eloquent silence is when Brabantio warns

> Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
> She has deceived her father, and may thee.

·rible possibility strikes with desolation to his heart and speaks
in his face for an instant, before turning to Desdemona, reas-
ıe exclaims

> My life upon her faith.

nost touching to see how the thought of deception in his happi-
nes from a feeling he has that it is too good to be true. A
ıistrust of his equality—rough soldier as he is and of a different
ɔ the love of this delicate, white, Venetian damsel, and above
oud hurt consciousness that these Venetians do think him un-
ɡive Brabantio's words a fatal weight.
ward when Iago with the devil's own wit touches again on this
alvini's face grows painful to look upon. The beholders
om it an electrical thrill—the revelation of an immost fear,
ɔrevision of the end which broods potential here. In it they
he remembers just when and where this desolating thought
ɾisited him, that its recurrence strikes him with the force of
hat his suspicion, rage, desolation, revenge and bitter woe to be,
oomed and tasted in its essence here.
e three bits of eloquence strikes the chord of Salvini's charac-
ɔn of Othello. The after working-out of the awful theme,
: tropical variations he engrafts upon it, fall in tune with this
chord. To some degree the rest of this working out is unimpor-
intense as it is, it does not exceed the outlines he has thus de-
And in my view it does not exceed those outlines. Though
rather he did not call Desdemona from her bed to hale her
it for the murder. And I would rather he were less Oriental
ɔre Shakespearian in his death. The picturesque curved knife
ɡ terribly at his neck instead of the sudden stab at his breast
concealed dagger adds an unnecessary emphasis. But it does
:r the course of his magnificent characterization.
h, too, as Iago, reached the zenith of his incisiveness and
in the third act. Salvini was not more forceful in his agonized
ın he was in his crafty mastery of Othello's tigerish mood.

> O grace! O heaven forgive me!
> Are you a man? have you a soul or sense;
> God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
> Thou liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
> O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world
> To be direct and honest is not safe,
> I thank you for this profit; and from hence
> I'll love no *friend, sith love* breeds such offence.

Poor Othello ! Not all his ponderous sinew is match for the impalpable force of Iago's subtlety.

> *Othello.* Nay stay; thou shouldst be honest.
> *Iago.* I should be wise, for honesty's a fool.
> And loses that it works for.
> *Othello.* By the world
> I think my wife be honest and think she is not;
> I think thou art just and think thou art not.
> * * * *
> I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied !
> *Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
> I do repent me that I put it to you.
> You would be satisfied ?
> *Othello.* Would ! nay, I will.
> *Iago.* And may : —

And so the serpent has him in his coils again.

During this scene the waiting people in the audience realized that complete effect for which they had been watching.

Booth and Salvini, like oil and vinegar, did not combine effects readily, but in the heat and friction of this encounter they united for a complete moment, and the event was great.

It would have been a rare comparison for study of *Othello* if a second appearance of these great actors, Booth as Othello, Salvini as Iago had followed as was first planned. And if *Lear*, as it was also promised, had been acted, with Salvini as Lear, and Booth as Edgar. But though there is something churlish in greatness after all, if there is not in managerial possibilities, if the public is stinted of the highest satisfaction, yet that which is accorded is good enough to be worth much gratitude.

As for the support, though it was not worse, indeed was slightly better, than the general run of support, it was not adequate to give a living picture of the play.

Miss Wainright as Desdemona and Mrs. Bowers as Emilia have received much praise from the newspapers, and they do deserve indulgence. Desdemonas have been so emptily pretty and Emilias so tame and unmoved where Shakespeare most moved them, that on a lower grade of comparison than that one keeps for judgment of original conceptions, one may be pleased to acknowledge that there was a little something in the one, besides an effective white slightness in shining draperies; and that in the other, there was a fine presence, a deep powerful voice that made itself heard, and a clamorous indignation that, though it lost the thread of its discourse once or twice as in—

> I care not for thy sword;
> I'll make thee known
> Though *thou* (instead of I) hadst twenty lives—

yet had force and fervor.

To young Alexander Salvini, as Cassio, much praise is due. His graceful form and handsome face, his rich voice, full of soft throat and chest tones, far-reaching and distinct though so velvety and low, his unaffected and intelligent reading, his ease in gesture and attitude, all promise excellence. If his study continues as diligent, the public is bound to welcome him as worthy of his father's "royal siege."

* * *

Jolly, cleverly done and prettily set, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* as played and sung by the American Opera Company is a very agreeable operetta to witness. But aside from the plot of the piece—which, too, might almost as easily have been taken, as far as *vraisemblance* goes, from the *Tales out of Purgatorie* as from Shakespeare,—one familiar with the play may in this opera entertain himself as with "one that [he is] not acquainted withal." If he looks on in a cool mood, jealous for the preservation of the full rich flavor of the wise and witty roistering of this country Comedy, he must feel some vexation at the watering it suffers in the opera.

Falstaff has certainly "laid his brain in the sun and dried" it and set it to music besides when for:

"Have I caught thee heavenly jewel?" Why now let me die for I have lived long enough. * *

I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord,—I would make thee my lady. * *

What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art thus, and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds that come like women in man's apparel and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time: I cannot, but I love thee; none but thee,—and thou deservest it.

he trills out;

Have I at last then caught thee,
My heavenly jewel rare,
This eager heart that sought thee,
Shall make thee lady fair,
How now my love abandon care
Come sweetheart cast aside all terror,
As I am chaste and free from error
Your fears I'll all disprove.

* *

Well heaven knows I love you
I am your own true knight
By yon bright sun above you
You are my soul's delight.

But the climax of operatic paraphrase is reached, when the antlered Falstaff, in the wood, embracing the Merry Wives, instead of the whimsical declaration;

Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing comfits; and snow eringoes. Let there come a tempest of provocation I will shelter me here.

he joins the *primme donne* in this quatrain;

> Let the sky now lighten and thunder,
> Rain or snow hot sulphur and pitch;
> Naught shall tear us three asunder,
> Make us feel affliction's stich.

Yet after all, the comparison is funnier than fair. When you go to the opera, said Southey, you should leave your brains in the lobby with your wraps. When you go to a Shakespearian opera expect to entertain yourself as with a set of characters you are "not acquainted withal," and you will then be the more touched when some fruity phrase of the poet is put in the mouth of the inconsequential anthropoid fairies who inhabit the fantastic domain of un-Wagnerian opera, and whose sole

> —purpose is to parle, to court, and dance.

REVIEWS.

DR. FURNESS'S EDITION OF *OTHELLO.**

Dr. Furness's *New Variorum* has long been recognized by Shakespearian scholars as a veritable mine of everything relating to the plays of which the volumes treat. The publication of a new volume of this wonderful and most valuable work is therefore an event not to be lightly passed over; and those who have studied the former plays will be best able to appreciate the improvements contained in this edition of *Othello*. In fact Dr. Furness has gone on steadily improving his work, and each play has been better edited than the last, until the present one leaves nothing undone which unwearying care and many years of experience could suggest.

The first glance at the book will show that he has departed from the plan adopted in the previous plays in regard to the text. Instead of giving a modernized version, he has printed *verbatim* the First Folio text. After referring to the well-known deficiencies of the Folio he says: "Can any good reason be urged why, in this present play at least, we should not in the hours devoted to study, be it remembered, have the text of the First Folio as our guide? Is there not every reason why we should? If misspellings occur here and there, surely our common-school education is not so uncommon that we cannot

* A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard *Furness. Vol.* VI. Othello. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. London: *15 Russell Street*, Covent Garden. [1886].

silently correct them. If the punctuation be deficient, surely it can be supplied without an exorbitant demand upon our intelligence. And in lines incurably maimed by the printers, of what avail is the voice of a solitary editor amid the Babel that vociferates around, each voice proclaiming the virtues of its specific? Who am I that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakespeare's own words?"

The editor's wonderful power of condensation was never more happily exhibited than in the notes to this volume. A couple of lines often give the substance of half a page of commentary. Nothing is omitted which is needful to be given, but it is delightful to read the verbose notes of many of the older commentators in the terse form in which they are here printed; and students will be grateful for being spared the toil of wading through pages of twaddle to get at a few ideas. The editor has done that work for them, and he is to pitied for having had to do it.

Another feature is observable in the notes which will be gladly welcomed by all who use the volume, and that is the individual notes of Dr. Furness. They are always valuable, and are to be accepted as the results of one who has given years to the study of the subjects of which they treat. The number of these to be found in the present volume give it an individuality not so noticeable in the former ones. After printing what all the other writers have said, it is refreshing to have Dr. Furness's own opinion on many disputed passages.

The collations are very accurate, and the trouble they must have cost the editor almost surpasses belief. He tells us (p. 461) that he has gone twice over every syllable of the text of the forty or more editions he collated, at an interval of several months! This has been done with the conscientious care and accuracy that marked the editor's collations in the former volumes, and the student can safely rely upon them. It will never be necessary to do this work again for any editions that Dr. Furness has collated. He has done it well, and for all time; and the labor involved in it can only be understood by those who have attempted it themselves.

One of the most interesting subjects treated of in the volume is the color of Desdemona's face after Othello smothered her. Being struck with the expression "Pale as thy smock," Dr. Furness considered that it either showed an oversight on the part of Shakespeare, or else that he intended that Othello should stab her, probably when he said: "I would not have thee linger in thy pain. So, so." On this point Dr. Furness consulted some of the most eminent surgeons and physicians, and he prints their opinions in his notes. Such men as Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, Dr. D. G. Brinton, Dr. J. M. DaCosta, Dr. William A. Hammond, Dr. William Hunt, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, etc.f all pronounce it to be entirely in accordance with the highest anatomical knowledge of the human frame that Desdemona's face

should be pale in death, and they all bear witness to the correctness of the poet.

Another feature of the notes which gives them great value is the fact that Edwin Booth prepared, specially for Dr. Furness, a full account of his manner of acting both Othello and Iago (they being celebrated parts of his;) and the opinion of a great actor like Booth is often worth more than those of a dozen ordinary commentators.

The appendix is wonderfully full and interesting. It commences with an essay on "the text," and is followed by an elaborate one on "the date of composition." The date and duration of the action occupies fifteen pages of small type, and then comes "the source of the plot," and this includes a copious extract from Giraldi Cinthio, accompanied by an English translation of the same. Under the head of "Othello's colour" all that has been written on this very interesting subject is to be found, while under the title of "actors" Dr. Furness gives extracts containing accounts of the acting of Kean, Garrick, Kemble, Booth, etc.

Next is printed "English criticisms" (twenty-three pages of small type,) followed by "German criticisms" (sixteen pages,) and "French criticisms" (six pages.) The above are all condensed with great fairness and ability.

Under the question "Can Shakespeare be translated?" Dr. Furness gives specimens of the attempts of various translators; French, German, Greek, Italian, etc.; to render certain passages in their native tongues, and arrives at the conclusion that it cannot be done successfully.

A list of editions collated, another of books from which extracts have been made, and an index, complete the volume, the value of which has only been faintly indicated above. The amount of real hard work, the countless references to books and periodicals, often to find the trouble has been in vain, and the great knowledge, judgment, and patience necessary to complete it, are only known to few. Of the value of the work too much cannot be said, and students of Shakespeare are to be congratulated that *Othello* has been added to this noble edition.

Having published *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* (two volumes,) *King Lear*, and *Othello*, Dr. Furness's next play will be *The Merchant of Venice*.

J. PARKER NORRIS

MR. DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE CIPHER.

ONE of the most remarkable features in what is known as the 'Baconian movement,' and to those who believe in the solidity of its foundations one of the most significant, is the large number of persons to whom the idea has suggested itself independently of the conclusions of others. There are not a few among the party which entertains the confident belief that Bacon was the author of the works which have come down to us under the name of Shakespeare, who, at the time when their suspicions were developed by further research into full conviction, believed that they had then for the first time lit upon the discovery, and only later learned, in some cases by mere chance, that they had been pursuing parallel but entirely independent paths which issued upon the same conclusion.

But, whereas the grounds upon which the adherents of this theory in England and Germany have hitherto based their belief may all be considered either internal or external testimony of the common type, the latest development of the movement is concerned with evidence which is not to be classed under either of these two heads in its ordinary sense. Till lately the confidence of the believers has rested upon the results—to speak in the most general terms—first, of a comparison of the works of Shakespeare with those of Bacon, and secondly, of an examination of the career and correspondence of the latter. A new light has suddenly burst upon the subject. What appears to be confirmatory evidence of an entirely novel nature is announced from beyond the Atlantic, and the 'Baconians' are startled by a report the confirmation of which they would be able to hail as a proof, no less final than unexpected, of the validity of their independent conclusions. It comes in the shape of a declaration from Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, of Hastings, Minnesota, ex-Member of Congress, that he has discovered, running through the Plays, a Cipher narrative in which Bacon claims their authorship, giving also a detailed account of a considerable portion of his own life and of the Court history during the period of his rise and greatness.

Too much prominence cannot be given to the fact that the 'Baconians' do not rely upon this Cipher for the unflinching belief

which they accord to their theory. Their convictions were established and their numbers on the steady increase before ever this astounding announcement reached England, and, as far as their creed is concerned, it is only as a most gratifying confirmation of the truth of their conclusions that they welcome the report of this discovery. But from another point of view it is to them an invaluable ally. They consider, and with reason, that the addition of this piece of evidence to that already published in Europe will, owing to its peculiar character, swell their numbers more rapidly than would otherwise be the case; for it must be borne in mind that the evidence already existing in this country and in Germany is of a nature that does not necessarily appeal to any not conversant with the life and writings of Bacon, whereas the Cipher, when published, will, through its comparative simplicity, enlist a far greater number of recruits to their ranks. Mr. Donnelly's work will shortly have reached a stage sufficiently advanced to enable him to make public in detail the methods and results of his task, which is at present known of by few, and by the majority of them through rumours only. It will then be easily within the reach of all; whereas a conviction based on the other evidence can only be obtained after considerable labour. Another point that arises in connection with the two classes of evidence—for the ordinary internal and external may for this purpose be classed together—is the obvious fact that, whereas the Cipher must be either entirely conclusive or an unmitigated fraud, that already existing, through its essential character, does not stand or fall all in one piece. It is the collection of the independent work of several minds, and the discovery of a flaw in any one item of the evidence in no way affects the credence due to the rest. This will be plain to those conversant even with such proportion of the case for the 'Baconians' as is to be found in the writings already published on the subject from time to time. In other words, Mr. Donnelly's contribution to the Society's polemic literature is of a mathematical nature, and dependent each step on each for its validity; while that which it has come to supplement is circumstantial, and it is for each individual juryman of the public to decide for himself how far the total of its items is to be considered conclusive. The 'Baconians' claim, however, and apparently with much reason, that, though the total eclipse of Mr. Donnelly and his work would not in any way injure their position, founded beforehand on evidence of an utterly different nature, yet that the establishment of the indisputable truth of the Cipher method would outweigh all arguments of whatever nature on the other side—that is its reward in case of victory for the uncompromising audacity of its claims.

Although for a full understanding even of the Cipher portion of the total evidence—such of it as is here stated—some knowledge of the rest is requisite, any reference to the latter that can be dispensed *with will* be rigorously excluded. That is, or shortly will be, avail-

able in its entirety to those interested, and the mass is far too large to justify even a near approach except when absolutely necessary. The following pages will be confined to a notice of the methods and results, as far as he has at present made them known, of the worker who has now been so long engaged over this Cipher.

Let it be at once stated that the key to its solution is not yet forthcoming. Mr Donnelly writes that only after immense labour he has discovered it, and that its application to the Plays is a very slow and tedious operation. And he has not yet made such progress in the deciphering but that if the whole rule were to be given others might be able to anticipate the publication of his work. What he has at present thought it safe to divulge are the observations which first roused his suspicions and the confirmatory evidence which his researches brought to light. These will probably appear to many inadequate and far-fetched, but Mr. Donnelly has his own reasons for withholding at present a detailed statement of his case.

He had long been a 'Baconian,' and had thus taken a more than ordinary interest not only in the Plays, but also in the acknowledged works of Bacon. It struck him as curious that, while Bacon lived in an age when the state of the political and social world had habituated public men to an extensive use of cipher, there was no evidence on record in any of his biographies that he ever made any use of an art which he had taken the pains to acquire. For that he devoted considerable labour to the subject we learn from his philosophical writings, in which he not only dwells on the great usefulness of secret means of correspondence, but also gives samples and rules for the best kind of cipher work. For the perfect cipher he lays down that

> the highest degree is to write *omnia per omnia*; which is undoubtedly possible, with a proportion quintuple at most of the writing infolding to the writing infolded.*

Again—

> The infolding writing shall contain at least five times as many letters as the writing infolded;†

and there follows a specimen of a cipher

> which I devised myself when I was at Paris in my early youth, and which I still think worthy of preservation; for it has the perfection of a cipher, which is to make anything signify anything.

This is based on the rule just given.

With these passages he compared the following, which occurs in a notice of the 'enigmatical method' of delivery:—

* *Advancement of Learning*, ii. (in Spedding, Ellis, and Heath's edition, 1857 vol. iii. p. 402).

† *De Augmentis*, vi. 1 (S., E., & H., vol. iv. p. 445).

This method was itself used among the ancients, and employed with judgment and discretion. But in later times it has been disgraced by many who have made it as a false and deceitful light to put forward their counterfeit merchandise. The intention of it, however, seems to be by obscurity of delivery to exclude the vulgar (that is, the profane vulgar) from the secrets of knowledge, and to admit those only who have either received the interpretation of the enigmas through the hands of their teachers, or have wits of such sharpness and discernment as can pierce the veil.*

Other passages of a kindred nature are to be found throughout his writings.

Having here not only a proof that Bacon was in this respect no exception among the statesmen of his day, but also what he took to be an encouraging though dark hint that his suspicions were well founded, Mr. Donnelly set to work to discover, if possible, a cipher in the Plays. The immediate reason of his applying himself to this department of Bacon's writings seems to have been his inability to believe that the writer of such works would ever renounce them, and his opinion that in the Plays themselves would most probably be found the assertion of his authorship of them. He turned to the Folio of 1623, which Grant White had pronounced, in his edition of Shakespeare, to be 'the only authentic form in which the text of his dramatic work has reached us.' In this volume, while intending to investigate the matter of the text in the light of the above remarks on cipher work, he made discoveries of an entirely different nature.

The condition in which the Plays are presented to us in the Folio has been a source of amazement and regret to many generations of commentators, but nothing more satisfactory has been suggested by way of explanation than that it 'must be attributed merely to the lack of proper editorial supervision.' This is the conclusion of Grant White after an enumeration of the 'defects and blemishes' that disfigure 'that precious volume.'† Mr. Donnelly's investigation resulted in his discovering, in addition to the items enumerated by Grant White (unless indeed these are the 'minor errors' referred to by the latter), what he characterises as 'irregular paging, arbitrary italicising, meaningless bracketing, and senseless hyphenation.' Now the book is known to have been brought out at great cost, and was evidently intended to be a first-rate edition of the Plays. Is it conceivable, argued Mr. Donnelly to himself, that the editorial supervision should have been carelessly conducted? Surely those

* *De Augmentis*, vi. 2 (S., E., & H., vol. iv. p. 450).

† He remarks (vol. i. p. cclviii), 'Besides minor errors, the correction of which is obvious, words are in some cases so transformed as to be past recognition, even with the aid of the context; lines are transposed; sentences are sometimes broken by a full point followed by a capital letter, and at other times have their members displaced and mingled in incomprehensible confusion; verse is printed as prose, and prose as verse; speeches belonging to one character are given to another; and, in brief, all possible varieties of typographical derangement may be found in this volume, in the careful printing of which the after world had so deep an interest.'

who put forth so expensive a volume would have been at the pains to make it perfect in such common matters as are concerned with typographical correctness. If there is one thing in which printers are careful, it is the paging of the work which they do. This is not the author's work but the printer's, and surely the printer would have been called to sharp account for any incorrectness in this branch of his art. Can the irregularities in this respect and in the use of the italics, brackets, and hyphens be with any semblance of plausibility attributed to the carelessness of the editors? Is it not a far more natural supposition that this extraordinary derangement in matters so simple was the result of deliberate and jealously carried out intention—that these irregularities were purposely inserted? And is it not at least a fair hypothesis that these may in some way contain the key to the Cipher? The *De Augmentis* was published in the same year as the Folio. Is it altogether unwarrantable to suggest that in the simultaneous appearance of these two works Bacon with one hand presented to the world a locked-up secret, and with the other a key by means of which that secret could be unlocked? Would not this most amply justify the words of Sir Tobie Matthew, who, in a letter to Bacon, answering one which accompanied the gift of a 'great and noble token' of his 'Lordship's favour' (believed to have been a presentation copy of the Folio), remarks, 'The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another'?*

Such were the pregnant thoughts that at this time suggested themselves to Mr. Donnelly. It must be remembered by those who now hear of his work for the first time that, owing to his long-standing conviction that the Plays were Bacon's work, the notion did not appear to his mind one of extraordinary audacity.

The following are instances of the four points referred to:—

(1) The *pagination* of this volume is as follows: The Comedies come first, and are paged consecutively to page 303. Then follow the Histories, beginning again at page 1. Page 100 sees the end of the text of *II. Henry IV.* Two then follow unnumbered. Then comes *Henry V.*, beginning suddenly on page 69. *Henry VIII.* ends on page 232, and is succeeded by *Troilus and Cressida*, the third page of which is numbered 79, and the fourth 80. Here the pagination abruptly ceases, the remaining twenty-five pages of the play following unnumbered. Then comes *Coriolanus*, starting afresh with page 1. Soon after the beginning of *Hamlet* page 156 is followed by page 257, and from this number the pagination proceeds consecutively to the end of the volume, except that the last page of all, which follows 398, is numbered 993.

* For this letter in full and its circumstances, see Holmes' *Authorship of Shakespeare*, pp. 172 ff. (3rd edition, New York, 1875).

(2) With respect to the *italics*, it must suffice here to quote one instance of their inconsistent use. Proper names are as a rule italicised, but sometimes, when no rational explanation for the change suggests itself, they appear in Roman type. Perhaps the most remarkable instance is to be found on page 56 of the Histories (*I. Henry IV.*). There the name 'Francis' occurs five times in italics and sixteen times in Roman letters.

(3) The irregularity in the use of *brackets* is well seen in comparing pages 70 and 71 and pages 72 and 73 of the Histories, in which occur respectively one and three bracketed words, with pages 74 and 75, immediately following, where there are eighty-six. For another example reference may be made to page 53 of the Comedies. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is here in progress, the page containing the end of Act iii. and the beginning of Act iv. A study of this page will give a good idea of the curious use both of italics and of brackets.

(4) *Hyphenation* is most irregular and unaccountable throughout the volume. For instance, in *I. Henry IV.*, Act ii., Scene 1 (page 53 in the Folio), Gadshill is made to remark—

> I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie.

Again, in *II. Henry IV.*, at the end of the Induction (page 74), we read—

> From *Rumours* Tongues
> They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse than True-wrongs.*

On pages 74 (a two-thirds page) and 75 occur twenty-one hyphens; on the two preceding them, 72 and 73 (a half page), are five. (This is reckoned excluding six that occur at the end of the lines in prose diction on pages 72 and 73. There is no prose on 74 and 75.) How far the appearance of any of these is natural must be left to the judgment of each reader.

Mr. Donnelly was also struck with the strange use of capital letters. This needs no illustration to any one who has ever studied one page of the Folio carefully. Mr. Donnelly was, however, particularly interested in this matter from noticing the fact that in all the four places where the word 'Bacon' occurs in the Plays it is found with a capital letter.† It will be noticed that these four passages are all in close connection with scenes to which Mr. Donnelly's attention had been called through other peculiarities. Further research convinced him that in suspecting the capitals throughout the volume he had hit on a true light.‡

* There are none of these antics in the corresponding passages in the Quartos.

† The references are: *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 1; *I. Henry IV.* ii. 1; *I. Henry IV.* ii. 2 (twice—once in the composition 'Bacon-fed').

‡ For the use of capitals in Shakespeare cf. the remarks of Mr. Allen Park Paton in his (Hamnet) edition of *Macbeth* (Edinburgh, 1877).

With a mind fully bent upon the discovery of a secret the existence of which he now considered proved, Mr. Donnelly commenced a series of laborious experiments in order to satisfy himself as to whether or not, and if so in what manner, the curious features which the Folio presents were connected with the cipher which he believed the Plays to contain. He writes to a correspondent in England—

> I counted up all these peculiarities and set myself to consider how they could be used as factors in the problem. After some experiments I obtained the following results: I found that in many cases where some remarkable word, such as 'St. Albans' or 'Bacon,' is in the text, that word is reached by multiplying the number of the page at which the scene begins by the number of italic words in the first column of that page.

For instance, on page 53 of the Histories (*I. Henry IV.*) there are seven italic words in the first column. $53 \times 7 = 371$. The 371st word is 'Bacon.' On page 67 (same play) the first column contains six words in italics. $67 \times 6 = 402$, and the 402nd word is 'St. Albans.'* These are two significant instances out of many given by Mr. Donnelly.

He seems to have found further encouragement in the fact that there are several individual pages in the volume in which more than one peculiarity of strong suggestiveness occurs, as though to attract the attention of the reader. Thus the page 53 just referred to contains, to start with, the strange hyphenation in Gadshill's speech, the word 'Bacon' with a capital letter, and 'Nicholas' twice. On the next page are found 'Exchequer' twice, 'Bacons,' and 'Bacon-fed,' and on page 52, in that portion of the page which is exactly opposite to Gadshill's speech on page 53, the words—

> And now I will unclasp a secret book,
> And to your quick-conceiving discontents
> I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
> As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
> As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.†

Mr. Donnelly considered this simile forced. It may appear so or not to others, but Mr. Donnelly states that subsequent researches have convinced him that it was only introduced to bring in the word 'Speare,' the latter half of 'Shakespeare.'

Again, on page 53 of the Comedies, already referred to as illustrative of the irregular use of brackets and italics, the word 'Bacon' is found in a most irrelevant scene in a most irrelevant pun, based on a story which is told, perhaps by Bacon himself, of his father, Sir

* The accuracy of these statements, as well as that of the others made by Mr. Donnelly and quoted here, may be verified by any one who can give an hour to the study of the Folio.

† The spelling &c. in this passage, being for this purpose unimportant, have been modernised. The last word appears as 'Speare.'

Nicholas.* This scene does not occur in the Quarto of 1602. Nor does what Mr. Donnelly terms the 'very forced and unnatural construction' on page 54, where the jealous Ford is made to strike himself on the forehead and cry 'peere-out, peere-out;' nor, again, the description on page 56 of Herne the Hunter, who

> shakes a chain
> In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

The occurrence of these two words 'shakes' and 'peere' under these circumstances is also among the observations which in the mass have been so much encouragement to Mr. Donnelly.

It will now be seen that his researches proceeded upon a rule based on the mutual relations of the paging, the brackets, the italics, and the hyphens of the Folio text. This implies that these irregularities were inserted in manuscript for reproduction in the text, and that the proofs of the latter must have been submitted to their author for correction at the risk of rendering necessary a re-setting of a large portion of the type. This is a tremendous assumption indeed, but even for this there is something to be said. In the first place, the corrections would amount to nothing more than the addition or deletion of one or two hyphens or brackets, in case there was a word too few or too many in the page or the column; and in the second place Mr. Donnelly is content to wait until the publication of the Cipher with its workings and results will reduce this consideration from the rank of an objection to that of an eternal source of amazement. That this would be the case in the event of his establishing the genuine nature of his assertions seems clear, for that the Cipher should be true is not impossible, while that a continuous story should be mathematically worked out of the Plays by means of a consistent use of a non-existent Cipher is, by any known or conjectured law of chances, plainly out of the question.

With respect to this matter of the addition and deletion of hyphens &c. in the proof sheets, an examination of the text will show that these do not really present the difficulties that at first appear inevitable. Hyphens might have been inserted between words which have such an original connection that their typographical junction would not create suspicion to the ordinary reader; this is

* *Apophthegms*, S., E., & H., vol. vii. p. 185:—'Sir Nicholas Bacon being appointed a judge for the northern circuit, and having brought his trials that came before him to such a pass as the passing of sentence on malefactors, he was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned for to save his life; which, when nothing that he had said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon, and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Judge Bacon, "*you* and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged, for Hog is not Bacon until it *be well hanged*."' It is of no importance whether or not the anecdote is given by *Bacon himself*.

lered more likely by the fact that words in some cases appear joined in one place while in another they stand separate, as e-tells,' 'first-born,' 'death-bed.' It seldom happens that the ssities of the case produce such striking irregularities as that ted above from the Induction to *II. Henry IV.*, where the words the last of their page, as if the corrector had been on this occasion l driven to make the numbers come right. An italic more or can be secured by adding or omitting once the name of the rlocutor. Brackets are not so easily managed, and hence the e noticeable is their arbitrary use.

[r. Donnelly reports other extraordinary discoveries. Agamem-'s speech containing the reference to the 'Masticke' jaws of rsites (*Trolius and Cressida*, i. 3.) does not appear in the Quarto, is in the Folio inserted in the middle of the speech of Ulysses. s word commentators have generally altered into 'mastiff.' Mr. nelly assures us that it forms part of the word 'satire-o-masticke.' he description of Falstaff's death in *Henry V.*, ii. 3, the Folio ing (p. 75 of the Histories) is 'for his Nose was as sharp as a , and a Table of greene fields.' (This passage does not appear in Quarto.) Theobald's emendation is now generally accepted—d 'a babbled of green fields.' Mr. Donnelly declares, 'There a necessity to speak in that sentence of the word "table," and it to be dragged in whether it destroyed sense or not.' * 'I found,' he says 'scores of other instances where the sense and words were so twisted to bring in the Cipher story, and in many s the necessities of the Cipher compelled Bacon to make his acters talk nonsense in passages that have puzzled commentators that day to this.'

he above is an outline of what Mr. Donnelly has up to the ent thought it safe to make known with reference to the origin progress of the work of deciphering. It certainly is not much, for reasons already given he declares that he cannot yet publish whole rule. People must wait until he is out of danger of being stalled, in the meantime taking what he says on trust.

he multiples are, he writes, not the most important part of the ıer. They do not bring the words out in their order. The sposed words have to be rearranged in proper order according nother system, which it took him two more years to discover. n the rule is published, it will prove 'to be so simple and clear any one with a reprint of the Folio can decipher the Plays ıimself.' † To his correspondent in England he writes enthusias-ly—

It is, however, considered not improbable that 'mastiff' and 'babbled,' or ed,' were the words originally written, and that Bacon foresaw that commenta- would easily hit upon them.

Besides the large and *expensive* reproductions, there is one in reduced facsimile

It is a most marvellous piece of work. The ingenuity used in constructing it is as great a subject of wonder to me as the genius manifested in the Plays has been to the world. . . . He seems to have written it, as it were, reckless of the trouble it would give him to work the words into the Plays—that is, *the Plays were bent and twisted to conform to the Cipher, not the Cipher to the Plays.*

Later:—

I find it almost hopeless to attempt to give you a due impression of the marvellous nature of this Cipher. You, however, if any one can, will be able to conceive the marvellous ingenuity, versatility, wittiness, and patience which are here revealed to our contemplation, Bacon's ingenuity and nimbleness of mind were a thousand times greater than his genius, though that genius was the vastest and profoundest ever known in the world. . . . It was to these Plays that Bacon alluded when he spoke of the 'pinnacle of human industry.'

This is strong language with a vengeance, but it must be remembered under the influence of what circumstances Mr. Donnelly was writing.

Again:—

As I work the marvel grows upon me, how any human brain could have been ingenious enough to construct such a wonderful mosaic work. These Plays (I think I told you before) are that 'pinnacle of human industry' to which Bacon alludes, enigmatically, in his acknowledged writings, when he asks that the reader 'will not be appalled by them' (I quote from memory), 'considering the great experience that was had.' . . . The publication of the Cipher and my work will place Bacon upon an unapproachable height in human estimation, as not only the first of men, intellectually, but, as *you* know, with a vast gap between him and the second.

In another letter he refers to the slowness of the process:—

It cannot be hastily or perfunctorily performed: the miscounting of a word, the reckoning of a hyphen too little or of a letter too much will throw out the count for pages and break the thread of discovery.

In another he writes:—

I know that it is hard to believe that one set of writings could be made the vehicle of another set, but the character of the age must be remembered, an age of tyranny and suppression; and we must remember too the extraordinary character of the mind that wrote the Plays—a mind not to be measured by any ordinary standard of ability or industry.

A very interesting part of his correspondence is that in which he speaks of the results of the application of the Cipher rule to the text:—

At first, as you know, I expected no more than to find written into the Plays (perhaps a word on a page) a brief statement that Francis Bacon was their author. But as I went on the Cipher grew under my hands until I found it to be a complete and elaborate narrative, perfect in all its parts, minute in detail; containing not only a statement of facts, but a description of his own feelings in the midst of the

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great troubles and dangers which surrounded him. . . . Beginning, as I chanced to do, upon the Plays of the first and second parts of *Henry IV.*, I found myself plunged into the middle of the Cipher story. You know how indignant Elizabeth was at the excitement and interest caused by the performance of the play of *Richard II.* . . .

Upon the subject of this play, the circumstances of the production of which are of such great importance to 'Baconians,' he has fortunately much to say; but this is concerned with such a wide subject, that it cannot be entered upon here.

The Cipher story, he tells us, after treating of Essex's plots against the Cecils, proceeds to a minute and detailed account of Robert Cecil's jealousy of his cousin Francis Bacon and his detection of the drift and authorship of the Plays, of his confiding his suspicions to the Queen, and of the complications that ensued. On this point Mr. Donnelly has written at length to his friend in this country, quoting in full the graphic description in the Cipher of the exciting events that took place, in which Shakespeare, Burleigh, Bacon himself, and his faithful servant Harry Percy are the chief actors. This last-named person occupies a very prominent position throughout the Cipher story; he seems to have been admitted to the greatest intimacy with his master, and to have thoroughly deserved the confidence reposed in him. Shakespeare's character, antecedents, and career are dwelt upon at some length. With the utmost detail is recorded how the Queen ordered him to be arrested, and, if necessary, racked to divulge the name of the real author, and how Bacon managed to save the disclosure. It is, writes Mr. Donnelly, a wonderful story

how Bacon sent his faithful friend-servant to find Shakespeare and to get him to fly the country when the Queen gave orders for his arrest. Percy's disguise of himself; how he stooped down and embraced Bacon for the last time, as he was about to start on his mare (note the minute details) from the orchard at St. Albans; how he comforted him and told him that he would save him, Bacon meanwhile standing in the darkness and listening to the dull beats of the hoofs of his horse on the hard ground as he receded. His fondness for Percy's faithful and cheerful spirit, his feeling that only the errand of that one true man stood between him and the greatest disgrace and shame, &c. &c. The internal story will be found to be as thrilling and as absorbing and as powerfully rendered as the Plays themselves. . . . The interview between Percy and Shakespeare takes place at Stratford in the presence of Shakespeare's wife and daughter. It is told with the utmost detail. The whole Shakespeare family is described, his young brother Edmund, his daughter Susanna, his wife, his sister. The very supper bill of fare is given, and a very mean one it was—'*dried cakes, mouldie and ancient*,' roast mutton far advanced in decomposition, the odour of which *perfumed* the room, bitter beer and worse Bordeaux stuff. The smell of the meal took away the dandy Percy's appetite. He told Shakespeare that the Queen's officers were after him, to arrest him as the nominal author of *Richard II.*, which represented the murder and deposition of the King, and which was held to be an incentive to treason. Shakespeare, Percy said, must fly to Holland or Scotland, and there abide until the storm blew over. Thereupon Shakespeare became violently abusive of Bacon—'Master Francis' he calls *him—for getting him* into such a scrape. '*He* is, says Percy, '*the foul-mouthedst rascal in England.*' Shakespeare declares that he will confess,

the truth and clear his own skirts. Thereupon came the first anti-Baconian argument. It is the parent of all later ones. Percy told Shakespeare (not, probably, as a fact, but as a threat, and to drive him from the country, so as to save Bacon's exposure) that 'Master Francis' would deny the authorship, and that the world would surely believe him and not Shakespeare. For who, says Percy, 'could conceive of one man putting the immortal glory of the Plays on the shoulders of another? Did not Shakespeare bear his blushing honours through all the disreputable houses of London? Did he not profit by the Plays? Was he not transformed in new silk and feathers, and looked upon in the low society in which he shone as the one who wrote the Plays? The Queen would ask, "*Why kept'st thou silence so long?*"' and much more to the same purpose. So you see there is nothing new under the sun. Harry Percy anticipated all the anti-Baconian arguments by nearly two hundred and ninety years.

After other passages of a kindred nature Mr. Donnelly sums up as follows:—

If the Cipher were nothing more than the internal history of the Plays and of Bacon's life it would be intensely interesting; but it is more than that: it is the history of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, with all its plots and conspiracies and their effects on great historical events. As I take it, it is Bacon's appeal to posterity, and his impalement, for all the ages, of those who had so cruelly suppressed and persecuted and humiliated him. A terrible revenge! the gall and bitterness of a tortured life embalmed in poetry and the merriment of comedies. He was not only a Creator, like Providence, but, like Providence, he left his veins of secret meaning running hidden through the texture of his work. . . .

Mr. Donnelly is not unaware of the obvious objections to his demanding credence for a statement not supported by more evidence than is here produced. The reticence which in self-defence he is at present compelled to preserve will, he recognises, be held up as a proof that his assertions are one vast fraud. These suspicions he must for the present be content to undergo; but, though positive evidence must for a short time longer be withheld, he writes on this subject from another standpoint:—

Why should I assert that I have found such a Cipher—not a hop-skip-and-jump Cipher, but a mathematically accurate rule—if I have *not?* I ask no money from any one. If I published a book that was a fraud or a delusion, the few copies which might be sold before the truth was discovered would surely not compensate me for the everlasting shame and ridicule which would fall upon me. Can any one believe that I would concoct a deliberate lie, which only a few months would explode? And for what? Not for notoriety; I have enough of that already Is it to be believed that I would imperil whatever little honour I may have gained by my exceptionally successful books *Atlantis* and *Ragnarok* by a pretended claim to a great discovery?†

With this the public must for the present be contented—or discontented. They will probably not have to wait long for the full exposition which will ensue upon his arrival in England. He is expected here within a few weeks, but the exact time must depend upon the amount of progress he is able to make with his work.

† *These two* most fascinating books are now in their twelfth and sixth editions *respectively.*

I hold no brief for the 'Baconians.' The above is not an enunciation of their position. As before stated, their belief is not grounded upon this discovery. Though it is perhaps hardly fair to Mr. Donnelly's contribution, which will to the general public appear of less force, standing as it does here by itself, I have been anxious not to introduce any of the evidence upon which the Society's conviction rests. Nor have any of the *à priori* objections to the theory been adduced, not from any want of recognition of their number and force, but because against them are arrayed the publications containing the rudiments of the movement, which are available in England.

To the Cipher alone the foregoing pages have been confined. Consequently it is due to the 'Baconians' to point out that those not conversant with the rest of their evidence will not only not have learnt from the above any fair notion of the nature of their belief, but also will hardly be able to approach this phase of the movement in the same spirit of preparedness as they would otherwise bring to its consideration.

PERCY M. WALLACE.

[*Nineteenth Century.*

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.*

A discussion, in which many eminent persons took part, was lately held with a view to finding an answer to the question, "What hundred books are the best?" It would have been more profitable for us had we been advised how to read any one of the hundred; for what, indeed, does it matter whether we read the best books or the worst, if we lack the power or the instinct or the skill by which to reach the heart of any of them? Books for most readers are, as Montaigne says, "a languid pleasure;" and so they must be, unless they become living powers, with a summons or a challenge for our spirit, unless we embrace them or wrestle with them.

Now if some of those who have proved their power of getting to the heart of great books were to tell us of their craft or their art or their method, we should listen with interest and attention; and if we were to compare method with method, we could not fail to learn something worth learning. One would like to know, for example, the process by which Sainte-Beuve dealt with an author; how he made his advances; how he invested and beleaguered his author; how he sapped up to him, and drew his parallels and zigzags of approach; how he stormed the breach and made the very citadel his own. We have heard of the secret of Hegel; but it is not Hegel alone who has a secret. Every great writer has a secret of his own, and this is none the less difficult to discover because the great writer made no effort at concealment. An open secret is as securely guarded as any, like Poe's purloined letter, which was invisible because it was obviously exposed upon the mantelpiece. Every great writer has his secret, and there are some writers who seem to cherish their secret and constantly to elude us, just at the moment of capture; and these, perhaps, are the most fascinating of all, endlessly to be pursued. Who, for example, has ever really laid hold of Shakespeare? He is still abroad, and laughs at our attempts to capture or surprise him. If some fine interpreter of literature would but explain to us how he lays hand on and overmasters the secret of his author, we should feel like boys receiving their lessons in woodcraft from an old

* In this article I have said nothing of the historical study of literature and its interpretation through the general movements of the life and mind of nations.

hunter—and we are all hunters, skilful or skilless, in literature—hunters for our spiritual good or for our pleasure. How to stalk our stag of ten; how to get round to the windward of him; how to creep within range; how to bring him down while he glances forth with startled eye (yet does he not always elude us?); yes, and how to dismember him and cart him home (but is he not far away, filling the glades with ironical uproar?)—in all this it is that we should like to be instructed by some experienced ranger of the woods.

We speak of the interpretation of literature; and it may be asked, is not literature itself an interpretation—an interpretation of external nature and of the nature of man? Why, then, should we speak of an interpretation of that which itself interprets, an interpretation of an interpretation? And persons who talk in this way are also likely to say that a work of literature—a poem, suppose—which does not explain itself is not worth explaining. But literature is more than an interpretation of external nature and of human life; it is a revelation of the widening possibilities of human life, of finer modes of feeling, dawning hopes, new horizons of thought, a broadening faith and unimagined ideals. Moreover, every great original writer brings into the world an absolutely new thing—his own personality, with its unique mode of envisaging life and nature; and in each of us he creates a new thing—a new nerve of feeling or a new organ of thought; a new conception of life, or a new thrill of emotion. We sometimes call him by even a higher name than revealer; we call him a maker or creator. The ideal world in which we live and move and have our being—a world in the most literal sense as real as the material universe—is indeed in great part the handiwork of man the creator. By countless generations of men this world of thoughts and hopes and fears and joys and loves has been brought into existence, and it is still in process of creation. To reveal or to create this world every great thinker, every great artist has helped in an appreciable degree. It is inhabited by noble creatures—men and women—Achilles, Odysseus, Prometheus, Oedipus, Helen, Antigone, the Socrates of Plato, the two explorers of the circles of Hell and the mount of Purgatory, Don Quixote on Rosinante, Hamlet, Imogen, Cordelia, Falstaff, Prospero—all born of the brain of man the creator. That we should understand the facts and the laws of this ideal world is surely little less important to us than that we should measure the courses of the planets or explore the universe that lies in a drop of stagnant water.

Now if literature be part of a gradually opening revelation or creation from man's spirit, it is easy to understand how it should need to be interpreted. It cannot be comprehended all in a moment; its widening horizons can hardly be recognized. The

light of a new truth, coming suddenly upon us, blears our eyes. Seeing, we see, and do not perceive; hearing, we hear, and do not understand. A great point is gained when men acknowledge that something has indeed come before them, though what it is they cannot tell; when they see men as trees walking; when they know that a voice has spoken to them, though it be as the voice of a trumpet, the words of which they cannot understand. At first with most men the revealer can do no more than this; whatever he utters must be for them at first a dark saying or a parable. The majority of men are slow to apprehend new truths, are slow to become sensitive to new feelings. They require to have these things demonstrated and brought home to them. Or, if they try to take things up at once, they take them up, as we say, by the wrong handle, and get no good of them. But time alone is needed, with a serious effort on the part of each man to interpret things to and for himself, using in that effort whatever aid he can obtain from his fellows, who may happen to be better qualified than he to come at the meaning of the widening revelation. A great writer never fails ultimately to become his own interpreter; only this may need much time—perhaps the lifetime of a generation of men. And thus it is quite right to say that a poem which does not explain itself is not worth explaining; only we should add that it sometimes needs twenty, thirty, forty years to explain itself to the mass of men, and that for a long period it may be able to explain itself only to a few chosen disciples.

The professional interpreters of literature, as a class, do not help us much. These are the scribes of literature, who expound the law from their pulpits in the reviews, weekly, monthly, quarterly. The word "critic" by its derivation means a judge rather than an interpreter, and the function assumed by these ministers of literature resembles that of a magistrate on the bench. Now a crew of disorderly persons, often of the frailer sex, each of whom, more perhaps through weakness than wickedness, has been guilty of bringing into the world a novel in three volumes; now a company of abashed and shivering poetlings, each charged with the crime of having uttered counterfeit verse, comes before his worship the reviewer, who lightly dismisses some with a caution, and sentences others to public laughter and the stocks during a week. And the sad thing is that though instances have been known in which a poetaster reformed and became a respectable citizen, the female novelist, having once erred, is lost to all sense of shame, and inevitably appears before the bench again and again, once at least in every six months during the period of her natural life. We need this police and magistracy of literature, and we may cheerfully admit that, unless bribed by friendship or malice, they do in the

main truly and indifferently administer justice of a rough-and-ready kind.

But, if in the company of petty poetical offenders there happen to be one true prophet—a Shelley, a Wordsworth, a Keats—the chances are that his worship the reviewer, hearing the evidence against him, and being addressed by the prisoner in an unknown tongue, for which no interpreter can be found in the court or in the city, will, with irritated patience, sentence him to the stocks for seven days, which under no circumstances can do much harm, and which may teach him the advantage of learning to speak plain English. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, Whitman—each in his day has stood in the stocks, and every fool has been free to throw a cabbage-stump or a rotten egg at the convicted culprit. In the case of some of these, perhaps, the sufferings of their late apotheosis have been more severe than the light affliction of their early martyrdom.

When we inquire what were the obstacles that hindered or delayed the recognition of such writers as these, and turn to the utterances of the critics who gave expression to the popular thought or sentiment, we find the accusation of obscurity a constant part of the indictment drawn up against them. The poet has been well termed "a pioneer of beauty," and he may also be a pioneer of passion and of thought. But nothing is more unintelligible, nothing looks more like affectation, folly or downright madness than enthusiasm for ideals of beauty which the world has not as yet learned to accept. If we were asked to name a poem of this century, the beauty of which now imposes itself inevitably on every reader, we might well name Coleridge's *Christabel.* But to the *Edinburgh* Reviewer *Christabel* was "a mixture of raving and drivelling;" and he goes on to suggest that the author of the poem may possibly be under medical treatment for insanity. "A more senseless, absurd and stupid composition," wrote another critic, "has scarcely of late years issued from the press." If we were asked to name the highest poets of the middle of the eighteenth century, we should instantly name Collins and Gray. And of Collins, the great eighteenth-century critic, Johnson, wrote, "The grandeur of wildness and the novelty of extravagance were always desired by him, but were not always attained;" and he specifies the faults of "harshness and obscurity" as characteristic of Collins. "My process," he writes contemptuously in his life of Gray "has now brought me to the *wonderful* 'wonder of wonders,' the two sister odes [*The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*], by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense, at first, universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those

that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of *The Progress of Poetry*." The same accusation of obscurity, coupled with the accusation of childish simplicity and puerility, was brought a generation later against the leader of the reaction against Gray's poetical style. In Johnson's place now stood Jeffrey, as the representative of critical taste, judgment and sagacity. And Jeffrey was a critic of no ordinary powers; a quick and keen understanding, great versatility of mind, a certain enthusiasm for literary beauty, much wit and fancy, a brilliant manner of setting forth his ideas—these were Jeffrey's gifts. In 1807 appeared two little volumes containing some of the noblest poetry of Wordsworth, his loftiest sonnets, his most radiant and profound poems of Nature, some of his most pathetic renderings of human passion. The collection closed with his great ode on Intimations of Immortality, "beyond doubt," said the *Edinburgh* Reviewer, "the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication. We can pretend to give no analysis or explanation of it." Four years later the critic of the *Literary Register* lamented the "incomprehensible system of poetry" which was the ruling power in these two volumes of verse; Mr. Wordsworth's "drivelling nonsense" was better "calculated to excite disgust and anger" than anything the critic had ever seen. In other words, the poetry of Wordsworth brought a new thing into English literature, and its speech was at first an utterance in an unknown tongue. In 1816 was published the first high achievement of Shelley's adult years, *Alastor*. The *Monthly Review* condescended to notice the slender octavo and pronounced it absolutely unintelligible. "We entreat Mr. Shelley," the critic wrote, "for the sake of his reviewers as well as of his other readers (if he has any) to subjoin to his next publication an *ordo*, a glossary and copious notes illustrative of his allusions and explanatory of his meaning." Seventeen years later the earliest of Mr. Browning's dramatic monologues, *Pauline*, appeared. A copy fell into the hands of John Stuart Mill, then a young man and known as a literary critic. Struck by its originality and power, he wrote to the editor of the magazine to which he was a contributor, requesting that he might be allowed to review the poem in the next number. The editor replied that unluckily it had been already reviewed. On turning to the criticism of *Pauline* Mr. Mill found that it had at least the merit of brevity, for it was contained in a single line: "*Pauline*, a piece of pure bewilderment." Only within the last two or three years has the charge of unintelligible obscurity brought against Mr. Browning been silently dropped; and now we are in the most correct fashion if we express surprise that any one should ever have delayed perplexed in the tangle of the

lved period of "Sordello." The whirligig of time, in the half a century, has brought in its revenge.

we hear this accusation of obscurity brought against a :er we may remember a word of Goethe: "He who would ın author with obscurity, ought first to make an examina- .imself, to be sure that he is inwardly clear. A very clear y not be legible by twilight." In other words, do you ring light or darkness to the study of the author? do you ention, clearness and energy of mind, a patient receptive eadiness to respond to what is admirable even though it be -for with all these you bring light, and without them you kness, or at least a shadow.

nd accusation, sometimes justly but often recklessly ad- which tells with great effect for a time against a certain oets and artists, is the accusation of immorality. If it can d with the charge of obscurity it tells with double force.

of obscurity, the less courteous word "nonsense" is often , and if it can be represented that the poet invites his partake not merely of a dish of clotted nonsense, but also se which is poisonous, a twofold motive is supplied for way from what he offers.

is accusation of immorality, as brought against a great ay be wholly false, or it may be true in some respects, but eing advanced absolutely and without qualification. The ıdency of a writer may be towards righteousness, and he :viled as an immoral writer. Or, what more frequently his dominant influence on character may be potent for on certain side issues he may be ethically unsound; these hed from the whole and are represented as central. A io brings to his age some new and precious gift, some g of moral sensibility, some reinforcement in spiritual faith tual passion, is peculiarly exposed to this reproach. We ard to conceive, and yet it is a fact, that to the early *h* Reviewers the writings of Southey and Wordsworth langerous in their moral tendency. Where, asked the of public morals in the *Edinburgh Review*, did the Lake nd its inspiration? Primarily in the anti-social and dis- sensibility of Rousseau, his discontent with the present on of society, his paradoxical morality, and his perpetual after some unattainable state of voluptuous virtue and . Discontent with the present constitution of society— he high crime of Wordsworth and Southey in their follow- usseau, and to be virtuous means to be satisfied with things e. So it was also with Charles Kingsley when he pub-

lished his "Yeast;" the little leaven of Christian socialism might possibly leaven the whole lump of society. With the eager anger which inflames celestial minds, the *Guardian*, representing orthodox English churchmanship, flung against Kingsley its vile accusations of profligacy and heresy. "It is the countenance the writer gives to the worst tendencies of the day," so wrote the *Guardian* reviewer, "and the manner in which he conceals loose morality in a dress of high-sounding and philosphical phraseology, which calls for plain and decided condemnation." But immorality may be of many kinds, and to be a child of the devil, if we may trust the derivation of that name of the father of lies, is before all else to be a false accuser. The truth indeed is great, and will prevail; but sometimes the lie does not rot until its work is done, and the truth prevails too late,

"When none cares whether it prevail or not."

Perhaps the most grievous wrong is done when the accusation has a fragment of truth to countenance it. Such was the case with the charge of immorality so persistently brought against the poetry of Shelley. Setting aside the crude work of his boyhood, there is undoubtedly in Shelley's writings an element of unsound thinking, derived in the main from the teaching of Godwin's "Political Justice," which may be fairly termed immoral. To be unjust to the past out of which we have grown is immoral, and to the eighteen hundred years of Christendom Shelley is constantly unjust. It is the part of impiety to think scorn of our heritage from the ages which have helped us to whatever we possess of wisdom and generous passion, and the power of high resolve; and Shelley's gaze was so ardently fixed upon the future, and so dazzled by the vision of things yet to be, that he could not estimate aright the precious increment of good received from many generations of men. But the central influence of Shelley's poetry was on the side of justice, charity, beauty, truth. He, more than most other writers, inspires his reader with an unquenchable aspiration after ideals of beauty, love, gentleness, truth, justice, purity. And it was his special glory to have kept in vital relation with the spiritual forces issuing from the last century, and full of constructive power for modern society, at a period characterized all over Europe by terror and base reaction.

Let us remember that a chief function of the poet is to free, to arouse, to dilate the consciousness of his reader. True to the abiding laws of morality, he is often compelled to revolt against the temporary moral conventions of the Scribe or the Pharisee, for whom the quickening truth has hardened into a crust of tradition, which impedes all free growth and movement. It is his part to be through his finer sympathies and through his imagination a moral

:r, discovering new duties of the heart, or hand, or head. But icken a new life in men, he is sometimes compelled to wage gainst a morality which has stiffened into mere routine. In epoch when the moral ardour of man has been roused, and a ›us movement initiated in favour of a higher or a wider con- ›n of human life, the reformers have had to face the reproach noving ancient landmarks—which indeed they do—and of gering the settled order of society. We can easily conceive dangerous to virtue the doctrines of Christianity must have red to an old Roman moralist—how vulgar and popular must appeared the new emotional movement. And it sometimes happen that the reformers, though rendering a high service to nity, are driven, in this direction or in that, by the pressure of leas forcing them forward, or by the exaltation of their own siasm, beyond the bounds; they are human instruments of truths, and it were strange if they did not mingle an element firmity and error with what they achieve. Our duty towards in such a case is to recognize the error, to condemn it, to ‹e the erring mortal, and to remain loyal to him and his cause. at the present moment, should we see a woman of pure and geous heart widening, by life or by literature, the accepted of woman's part in the world, and asserting her right to spend :easures of love and devotion in the attempt to check or remove of the foul wrongs and injuries and unwholesome sores of ınity, and should she be betrayed, in life or in literature, into or excess through generous zeal, or the pressure of her con- ›ns, we must judge that error or excess severely and condemn :rnly, and forgive it freely, and remain true to our new mer and the cause which she, encumbered with weakness, sents.

t us then understand that these two reproaches brought ıst an original writer—the reproach of obscurity and the reproach ımorality—may in fact signify that he offers some precious gift ought or passion to the world, which as yet the world is un- ng to receive. Mr. Mill, in his essay on Alfred de Vigny, 'asted admirably two types of poet or artist—the Conservative and the Movement poet. The Conservative poet, resting his ıtions on the broad basis of a settled faith, the broad basis laid ıe past, will attain, with little struggle if he be a man of high :rs and rich human sympathy, a high level of excellence, and he receive an immediate and wide recognition. Such was Walter :. The Movement poet is in some respects more fortunate. He s his way towards radiant apparitions of faiths, hopes, charities, ‹e feet have not yet touched the earth. Borne forward with ing courage, he may soar straight and high, but also he may be

caught in tempestuous gales too strong for him, and be whirled he knows not where. Such a writer is peculiarly exposed to the accusations of obscurity and immorality; and it is quite possible that for lack of the safeguards of organized social life, from which perhaps he has been unjustly cast forth as a rebel, now and again failing of his radiant heights, and baffled and dispirited, he may in fact sink below the level on which they tread safe, who have no wings to soar.

An immense and sudden popularity can belong only to the writer who interprets into art the settled feelings and established convictions of his time, or to him who stands at the head of some large advancing movement already organized. It can never belong, at the outset, to one who goes forward alone as a pioneer. And popularity, of course, may be suddenly attained by the charlatan or the lucky retailer of moral platitudes. From count of copies sold we cannot determine whether the fortunate author be a Tupper or a Scott. But there is one indication of the presence of some exceptional quality of genius which never fails. We can point to no writer who drew early to his side a small band of eminent disciples, and at the same time suffered shame and scoffing or total neglect from the crowd, who did not in the end prove a power in literature, and gradually win acceptance from the world. Such was Wordsworth's position in the opening years of our century; such a little later was Shelley's position. Such was Carlyle's half a century since, and Mr. Browning's at a date more recent. Such also was Mr. Whitman's position until of late, when a considerable company has gathered to his side and the voice of opposition has almost fallen silent.

Now, if any one of us be drawn towards a great writer, and resolve that in spite of obstacles he will interpret, for his own use or that of others, the writer's meaning or message, the first thing to attend to is this—that the author and his work be regarded as a whole bearing on life as a whole.* Our prime object should be to get into living relation with a man; and by his means, with the good forces of Nature and humanity which play in and through him. This aim condemns at once all reading for pride and vain-glory as wholly astray, and all reading for scholarship and specialized knowledge as partial and insufficient. We must read not for these, but for *life;* we must read in order to live. Only let us bear in mind that in order to live our best life we do not chiefly need advice, direction, instruction (though these also may be put to use); we need above all an access of power rightly directed. And hence we must guard against a growth of a spirit which is perpetually

* I borrow a phrase from Mr. Frederic Harrison, who writes in his essay on "The Choice of books": "There is this stamp upon every stroke of eighteenth-century work —*the habit of* regarding things as wholes bearing on life as a whole."

craving the didactic, or narrowing power into preaching. There are many great works of literature and art from which we learn little or nothing, at least consciously or in set term and phrase; but we go to them as a swimmer goes to the sea. We enter bodily, and breast the waves, and laugh and are glad, and come forth renewed and saturated with the breeze and the brine, a sharer in the free and boundless vitality of our lover, the sea. We have won health and vigour, although the sea has only sung its mysterious choral song, and the waves have clapped their hands around us, nor has ocean once straitened his lips to utter a little maxim or a moral sentence. And with such writers we may be trustful and generous, and put aside the petty spiritual prudence which it is well that we should make use of when we go to one who is chiefly a teacher. Such an oceanic writer as Shakespeare or Goethe may contain within his vastness some things that belong to the rankness and garbage of the earth; but so antiseptic is his large and free vitality, played upon by the sun and breeze, so wholesome is his invigorating saltness, that we may dash fearlessly across the breakers, and quit his sands and shallows for a gleeful adventure in the deep.

We are often instructed to enter on the study of a great writer in a spirit of reverence, and this is well said when it means that we should be neither impertinent nor impatient; but it is ill said if it tend to foster in us the spirit of hero-worship. Approach a great writer rather in the spirit of cheerful and fruitful fraternity; this is better than hero-worship; and do homage only to the eternal laws of Nature or of God. The great master is better pleased to find a brother than a worshipper or a serf; and only to a brother, no matter though he be a younger brother, will he lay bare his heart. Surely the master has no particular affection for the idolatrous coterie that reprints his worst verses, with a monograph on the number of occasions on which he turned the loops of his y's and g's to left or right. This is neither literature nor life, but pedantry and puerility. It was not because Carlyle was a hero-worshipper that he wrote so admirably of Burns and Johnson; it was because he found in each a brother-man, and took the hand of each in the close grasp of fraternity. If any author or artist lead us to a dim shrine, and bid us bow before the idol of himself, he secludes and shuts us in from what is larger and better than himself; but indeed what a great writer desires and will do for us, if we permit him, is to bring us forth into the sun and air, and give us strength and courage to enjoy them, and wisdom to go our way, cheerful wanderers over a wide earth under an open heaven.

Approaching a great writer in this spirit of courageous and affectionate fraternity, we need all our forces and all our craft for the friendly encounter. If we love ease and lethargy, let us turn in good time and fly. The interpretation of literature, like the interpretation

of Nature is no mere record of facts; it is no catalogue of the items which make up a book—such catalogues and analyses of contents encumber our histories of literature with some of their dreariest pages. The interpretation of literature exhibits no series of dead items, but rather the life and power of one mind at play upon another mind duly qualified to receive and manifest these. Hence, one who would interpret the work of a master must summon up all his powers, and must be alive at as many points as possible. He who approaching his author as a whole, bearing upon life as a whole, is himself alive at the greatest possible number of points, will be the best and truest interpreter. For he will grasp what is central, and at the same time will be sensitive to the value of all details, which details he will perceive not isolated, but in connection with one another and with the central life to which they belong and from which they proceed.

In the first stage of approach, however, the critic, while all the time full of athletic force, must cunningly assume a passive aspect, and to do so he must put restraint upon his own vivacity and play of mind. His aim is now to obtain a faithful impression of the object. His second movement of mind will be one of recoil and resilience, whereby having received a pure impression of the object, he tries to surprise and lay hold of the power which has produced that impression. And these are the two chief processes of the critical spirit in literature. To make a pure observation or receive a faithful impression calls for a strenuous patience, and a disinterestedness that are rare. "Receptiveness," George Eliot has said, "is a rare and massive power like fortitude." "We are so ready," says Goethe, "to mix up our own imaginations, opinions, judgments, with what comes under our notice, that we do not long retain the quiet position of observers." The peculiar difficulty in the study of literature and art of observing the object purely arises from the fact that in making the observation it is not merely the intellect which is employed, but also the emotions. We must not only see accurately, but feel vividly and truly. Of what value, for example, were any observation of a lyric of Shelley's, unless we recognize the peculiar delight which it excites? And in order to do this, we must feel that delight vividly and aright. But the moment our emotions are called into play we cease to be guided by the dry light of intellect; a personal factor enters to disturb our calculations. If only we could be an instrument of rich tone and ample compass, perfectly in tune, on which the poet might play, capable of rendering back with faultless vibration the meaning of his every touch. This some of us can never be, or anything resembling this. In matters of art and literature there is an election of grace. The poet, it is said, is born, not made; he is in fact both born and made. The lover of literature is also born—born with a

finer sensitiveness than other men, and Pope was in the right when he said of poet and critic :

> "Both must alike from hev'n derive their light,
> These born to judge, as well as those to write."

But happily the gift of a capacity to enjoy what is beautiful is widely distributed, and where it exists in any degree much can be done to develop the capacity. In a very rare and high degree, however, the gift of natural sensitiveness is not common; and where it is intense in quality it is sometimes limited in range. To feel widely and at the same time to feel exquisitely is an exceptional gift. From those who lie open to only a few impressions, and who respond to those few impressions with peculiar intensity, arise the sects and heresies of literature and art—unless indeed they acknowledge their own limited range, and put their gift to wisest use. But as the sects and heresies in religion have often been witnesses at a particular time for a neglected truth, so also have been the sects and heresies in art and literature. What constitutes their doctrine a heresy is not the portion of truth which it possesses, but the falsehood which substitutes the lesser truth for the greater, or a part for the whole. They gather around some master—never one of universal power, but a master of narrow range and exquisite gift—and they call themselves after his name, and make his special qualities their standard of judgment. They are fastidious, and fastidiousness always means the presence of a narrow, intense sensibility, lacking the larger and more generous passions which arise from rich sensitiveness to the chief sources of emotion in human life. And even of exquisiteness and subtlety, the very highest kind is attained only through that larger and richer sensibility. The Venus of Melos is not only freer and nobler than the newest and most adored ingenuity of the Grosvenor Gallery, but her beauty is finer, subtler, and more exquisite.

Those who feel sanely and nobly in matters of literature and art keep themselves in vital relation with the great facts and laws of life and Nature, and refuse to immure themselves in any monastery of art, or of so-called culture. And the great facts and laws of life and Nature they find made visible and vocal in the highest works of the universal masters of all ages and lands. In keeping close to Homer, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Dante, Molière, Cervantes, Goethe, we keep close not to literature merely but to life. With them we are in the great highway of life; with them we rock in no sequestered bay, but cross Atlantic and Pacific Seas. If therefore we would exclude, as far as possible, a personal disturbing element in our recognition and judgment of literature and art, and also exclude the prejudices and partialities of the sects and schools, we shall do well to keep constantly in the company of some one of the universal writers,

which means keeping in relation to the great facts and laws of life as rendered most truly and nobly into literature. Thus we shall be members of the One Catholic Church of literature, and shall run small risk of being seduced by the allurement of any sect or heresy, for indeed we shall be able to recognize and appropriate for a catholic purpose whatever neglected truth the sect or heresy may proclaim. If we are faithful children of this Catholic Church of literature and art, it will not greatly matter who may be the bishop of our particular diocese—Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Goethe, Cervantes, Molière; any one of them will teach us the catholic doctrine of art—"quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus." Only let him really shape and form us, let him produce his full influence, let him drive the truth deep into our heart—to accomplish which he must have ample opportunity and time. We shall not grow really wiser by running from teacher to teacher, quitting each before he has done half his work. It is well perhaps to have a notion as to what are the hundred best books; but it is folly to suppose that we can really make acquaintance with half a hundred teachers. Each teaches the truth universal, but in his own way and with his own methods, and to submit ourselves to any one is a discipline. It is a moral impossibility while we are undergoing the peculiar and exacting discipline of Goethe to undergo at the same time the peculiar and exacting discipline of Dante. But perhaps in the course of years we can do this; and some of us who are studious of perfection may strive to pass through various rules of discipline, in attempting which we should choose masters like Dante and Goethe, who, while each one of the greatest of all time, and each an interpreter of the catholic truth of human life, yet differ, each from the other, as widely as is permitted to interpreters of the truth universal. To submit ourselves to as many masters as may be counted on the fingers of one hand, is perhaps as much as can really be accomplished in a lifetime; for we too have to live, and our master's teaching is never more than notional unless we put it into use and effect in our own lives.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has recommended that we should always have in our mind lines and expressions of the great masters, which may serve, he says, as a touchstone to other poetry. "Of course," he adds, "we are not to require this other poetry to resemble them; it may be very dissimilar. But if we have any tact, we shall find them, when we have lodged them well in our minds, an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic quality in all other poetry which we may place beside them." He instances, among others, the words in Homer addressed by Achilles to the suppliant Priam:

καὶ σέ γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μέν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι;

"Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast, as we hear, happy;" and Dante's simple, but perfect, simple line:

"In la sua volantade è nostra pace,"

"In His will is our peace;" and Shakespeares's:

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;"

and Milton's:

"Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek."

It would need Mr. Matthew Arnold's tact to assay poetry by such a method as this; but after all only his metaphor is wrong, not his meaning. Such a passage of flawless poetry as any one of those quoted is not a touchstone to apply to other passages of poetry, but a tuning-fork to ring for ourselves; and if we do not answer true, we had better not proceed with our observation of any other piece of poetry, for we cannot hope that our observation will be pure. We are out of tune with the highest.

While submitting ourselves patiently and disinterestedly to the impression of the object, and holding our own vivacity in check, we are not really passive. We are not as wax which receives the impression of a seal, for in this case the wax is instinct with life, and moves towards the seal, and clings around and into it. In this patient energizing of the mind to receive a true impression or to make a pure observation, we should above all endeavour to distinguish the relative values in the object; what is central in the object should be central for us, and each detail should be perceived in relation to the centre. There is a criticism which delights in pointing out the "beauties" of an author, sometimes to the obscuring of the total impression of his work. In this criticism Leigh Hunt was pre-eminent; his pleasure in dainty phrases and exquisite lines was so quick and fine, that he could not let them remain quietly in their right places, but in his eager and almost sensuous delight he must put in his thumb, and pick out his poetical plums, exclaiming, "What a good critic am I!" With Leigh Hunt the parts become often more important than the whole. He emphasizes and underlines each curious felicity of diction until we forget that fine lines and phrases must grow out of the heart of the subject, if they are not to wither like the rootless blossoms stuck in a child's flower-bed. And yet Leigh Hunt was a critic with many admirable qualities, and was swift and generous in his recognition of genius as yet unnoted by the world. What other critic has ever had the happiness to make discovery in one short article of two such poets as those dis-

covered by Leigh Hunt in his article entitled *Young Poets*, in the *Examiner* for 1816? One of the two had published a slender volume of verse in the preceding spring, and one had printed a few sonnets in a newspaper. The first of these became the author of *Prometheus Unbound*; and the second the author of *Hyperion*.*

Such indicating of what is obvious as we often find in Leigh Hunt's essays has been nicknamed "signpost criticism." Yet he must indeed be a traveller of rare experience and sagacity who has never felt grateful for a signpost. On a stráight unbroken road it is an impertinence to advise the wayfarer how to advance. But among mountain tracts, where the mists descend, we may well consult a guide. And to study any great author is to traverse a difficult mountain range, or if he be an author of vast width, as Goethe was, it is to traverse a series of mountain ranges. A modest pedestrian, if he desire before nightfall to reach some definite point (and the night at farthest is not far off) may rejoice to be saved from objectless wanderings or to be turned aside from entering a cul-de-sac.

When, after a period of patience and observation, the student of literature has obtained a faithful impression of the object, he casts his self-restraint aside, and leaps or darts forward to discover if possible the law governing the phenomena which he has observed. They are not isolated phenomena; they belong to an organic whole; they are determined by the law of its life. What, then, is that law? Sometimes the unity of a work of literature or art is found in a single dominant conception; sometimes in a dominant passion; sometimes in a single, low-toned mood of mind; sometimes in a harmonious sequence or suite of emotions; sometimes in a character; sometimes in an action; sometimes in action, character and passion united. In each case we form a hypothesis as to the motive of the composition, and endeavour to colligate the facts under that hypothesis. Should our hypothesis fail to colligate the facts, we reject it and try another and yet another. Not that the skilful critic of literature will care to present the public with anything which has a scientific or pseudo-scientific aspect. His theory as to the motive of a work of art is not obtruded as theory, but it determines his point of view, and enables him to exhibit the life of the composition, where otherwise he could do no more than set forth a series of dead items and details. Occasionally he can at once and without hesitation put his finger on the precise motive of a work—it is some single definite conception. Thus amid all the varied imagery of Keats' *Ode on Melancholy* the idea of the poem stands forth. The melancholy of melancholies, Keats would say to us, is that of

* A third name included in Leigh Hunt's poetical prophecy was that of Keats' friend John Hamilton Reynolds.

joy which must pass away, and of beauty which must fade and die.

> "She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die
> And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu."

And here we are fortunate in being able to watch the idea in its inception, and assist, as it were, at the very act of creation; for we know the earlier opening of the ode, rejected by Keats because the raw-head and bloody-bones conception embodied in those rejected lines was felt to be out of harmony with the general effect of luxurious tenderness.

In studying more complex works we must guard against looking for a thought, or a truth, or an abstract notion, or a doctrine, or a passion, or even a character or an action as central; and especially in the study of dramatic poetry we should resist the tendency to excessive simplifying of motives. Ordinarily in the drama—always in the Shakespearian drama—an action, a character, and a passion are inextricably twisted together to make the central knot of life, the heart, which sends its life-blood pulsing through every member of the whole. It is otherwise with the drama of ideal passion, in which the characters are created as mere vehicles for the passion which forms the real subject of the play. Thus in each of the dramas of Shakespeare's greatest contemporary, Marlowe, the protagonist is a single dominant passion, exalted to heroic proportions, and using the character of the chief person of the drama as the field for its display. In *Tamburlaine*, the Scythian king is of dramatic value only as he incarnates the lust of power, which finds its manifestation in him. Nor in the play which bears his name is Dr. Faustus so much the dramatic centre as is the lust of knowledge—of knowledge as a means to power—which possesses and dominates the ambitious student of the magic arts. This is not Shakespeare's method. And if we would learn by unhappy example the danger of the attempt to reduce any one of Shakespeare's plays to an abstraction or an idea, we have but to glance into the criticisms of the *Merchant of Venice* by eminent German scholars. It was Shakespeare's purpose in the *Merchant of Venice*, says Gervinus, to delineate man in relation to property. No, declares Ulrici, for its ideal unity lies in the principle *summum jus summa injuria*, a view on which Rötscher improves by exhibiting the topic of the play as "the dialectics of abstract right." For a modest English critic the play has no other centre than the Merchant placed between Shylock and Portia, with the passion of generosity and mercy set over against the passion of vindictive hate, and a three-times varied action—the story of the caskets, the story of the pound of flesh, and the story of the rings—strung together upon the thought of how promises and bonds and inherited obliga-

tions should be regarded; an action brightly serious in the casket story, tragic in the story of the merchant's bond, and closing with play and laughter in the jest of the betrothal rings.

The happiest moment in the hours of study of a critic of literature is when seemingly by some divination, but really as the result of patient observation and thought, he lights upon the central motive of a great work. Then, of a sudden, order begins to form itself from the crowd and chaos of his impressions and ideas. There is a moving hither and thither, a grouping or co-ordinating of all his recent experiences, which goes on of its own accord, and every instant his vision becomes clearer, and new meanings disclose themselves in what had been lifeless and unilluminated. It seems as if he could even stand by the artist's side and co-operate with him in the process of creating. With such a sense of joy upon him, the critic will think it no hard task to follow the artist to the sources from whence he drew his material—it may be some dull chapter in an ancient chronicle, or some gross tale of passion by an Italian novelist—and he will stand by and watch with exquisite pleasure the artist handling that crude material, and refashioning and refining it, and breathing into it the breath of a higher life. Even the minutest difference of text between an author's earlier and later draft, or a first and second edition, has now become a point not for dull commentatorship, but a point of life, at which he may touch with his finger the pulse of the creator in his fervour of creation.

From each single work of a great author we advance to his total work, and thence to the man himself—to the heart and brain from which all this manifold world of wisdom and wit and passion and beauty has proceeded. Here again, before we address ourselves to the interpretation of the author's mind, we patiently submit ourselves to a vast series of impressions. And in accordance with Bacon's maxim that a prudent interrogation is the half of knowledge, it is well to provide ourselves with a number of well-considered questions which we may address to our author. Let us cross-examine him as students of mental and moral science, and find replies in his written words. Are his senses vigorous and fine? Does he see colour as well as form? Does he delight in all that appeals to the sense of hearing—the voices of Nature, and the melody and harmonies of the art of man? Thus Wordsworth, exquisitely organized for enjoying and interpreting all natural, and, if we may so say, homeless and primitive sounds, had little feeling for the delights of music. Can he enrich his poetry by gifts from the sense of smell, as did Keats, or is his nose, like Wordsworth's, an idle promontory projecting into a desert air; Has he, like Browning, a vigorous pleasure in all strenuous muscular movements, or does he, like Shelley, live rapturously in the finest nervous thrills? How does

he experience and interpret the feeling of sex, and in what parts of his entire nature does that feeling find its elevating connections and associations? What are his special intellectual powers? Is his intellect combative or contemplative? What are the laws which chiefly preside over the associations of his ideas! What are the emotions which he feels most strongly? and how do his emotions coalesce with one another? Wonder, terror, awe, love, grief, hope, despondency, the benevolent affections, admiration, the religious sentiment, the moral sentiment, the emotion of power, irascible emotion, ideal emotion—how do these make themselves felt in and through his writings? What is his feeling for the beautiful, the sublime, the ludicrous? Is he of weak or vigorous will? In the conflict of motives, which class of motives with him is likely to predominate? Is he framed to believe or framed to doubt? Is he prudent, just, temperate: or the reverse of these? These and such like questions are not to be crudely and formally proposed, but are to be used with tact; nor should the critic press for hard and definite answers, but know how skilfully to glean its meaning from an evasion. It is a dull cross-examiner who will invariably follow the scheme which he has thought out and prepared beforehand, and who cannot vary his questions to surprise or beguile the truth from an unwilling witness. But the tact which comes from natural gift and from experience, may be well supported by something of method—method well hidden away from the surface and from sight.

This may be termed the psychological method of study. But we may also follow a more objective method. Taking the chief themes with which literature and art are conversant—God, external Nature, humanity—we may inquire how our author has dealt with each of these. What is his theology, or his philosophy of the universe? By which we mean no abstract creed or doctrine, but the tides and currents of feeling and of faith as well as the tendencies and conclusions of the intellect. Under what aspect has this goodly frame of things, in whose midst we are, revealed itself to him? How has he regarded and interpreted the life of man? Under each of these great themes a multitude of subordinate topics are included. And alike in this and in what we have termed the psychological method of study, we shall gain double results if we examine a writer's works in the order of their chronology, and thus become acquainted with the growth and development of his powers. and the widening and deepening of his relations with man, with external Nature, and with that Supreme Power, unknown yet well known, of which Nature and man are the manifestation. As to the study of an artist's technical qualities, this, by virtue of the fact that he is an artist, is of capital importance; and it may often be associated with the study of that which his technique is employed

to express and render—the characteristics of his mind, and of the vision which he had attained of the external universe, of humanity and of God.

Of all our study the last end and aim should be to ascertain how a great writer or artist has served the life of man; to ascertain this, to bring home to ourselves as large a portion as may be of the gain wherewith he has enriched human life, and to render access to that store of wisdom, passion, and power easier and surer for others. If our study does not directly or indirectly enrich the life of man, it is but a drawing of vanity with cart-ropes, a weariness to the flesh, or at best a busy idleness.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

MASSINGER AND THE BANKSIDE.

Southwark, or to use the Domesday Book title, Sudwerche, is a great Nineveh to the antiquarian student. Here stood the Tabard Inn from whence started Chaucer's pilgrims,

> The holye blissful martyr for to seek.

Here was that celebrated hostel, The Beare at the Bridge-foot, mentioned by Pepys, and an aristocratic resort from the time of the third Richard. Here was the chapel from which Bunyan sounded his allegorical warnings.

The lover of dramatic archæology, however, will turn from all these to that narrow strip of land, called Bankside, facing the river and extending from the Priory of St. Mary Overy (now called St. Saviour's Church) almost to the Blackfriars Bridge. Here stood four theatres—The Globe, The Rose, The Hope, and The Sun. Here was, also, the celebrated Paris Garden, where Queen Elizabeth frequently witnessed "bowll-baytynges" and "beare-baytynges." Close by stood the Folken Inne, the favourite lounge of Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Burbage, Peele, Massinger and many others. In a narrow street beside St. Mary Overy's Shakespeare lived and wrote many of his plays; in the adjacent churchyard he buried his "player" brother Edmund, of whom so little is known. On the Bankside, in the same house, Beaumont and Fletcher. The air is thick, and the rough cobble-stones laden, with memories. Here, after a long lapse of years, lived Oliver Goldsmith, plodding about with his nostrums—a quack doctor! To come to my text, here lived and died Philip Massinger. Summing up his career from his birth until his appearance at Bankside, it runs *roughly* thus: Born at Salisbury in 1584, he went to St. Alban's Hall,

Oxford, in 1602. Here he remained four years, leaving without taking a degree. Coming direct to London, for sixteen years he all but disappeared. To quote his own words, he "had but faintly subsisted if he had not often tasted the bounty of his patrons." When we find him sojourning at The Bankside, he was assisting Fletcher in playwriting. To judge from Sir Ashton Cockayne's lines, addressed to the publisher of the folio Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger would seem to have had, at least, as large a share in the volume as Beaumont.

> In the large book of plays you late did print
> In Beaumont and Fletcher's name, why in't
> Did you not justice give to each his due?
> For Beaumont of those many writ but few,
> And Massinger in other few . . .

The titles of thirty-eight plays from his pen descend to us. Of these eighteen are still in existence, the remaining twenty being lost, chiefly owing to the barbarous negligence of Mr. Warburton. He had collected some sixty MS. plays, by various authors, and had entrusted their safe keeping to the hands of a female servant, who made rapid use of them as firelights, consuming all but three. May she, leading Newton's dog, wander everlastingly through the groves of Hades!

Massinger's first play, *The Virgin Martyr*, was not printed until 1622, three years before Fletcher's death. Giffard, however, proves it to have been written many years before. From 1622 until his death he produced always one, and sometimes two, in a season, thus proving the fertility of his pen, noticed in the lines of a contemporary poet.

> Ingenious Shakespeare, Massinger that knows
> The strength of plot, to write in verse or prose,
> Whose easy Pegasus will amble o'er
> Some threescore miles of fancy in an honr.

In his *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and especially in the creation of Sir Giles Overreach, he probably approached more nearly to Shakespeare than any other fellow-craftsman. It was this character, as played by Edmund Kean, which shocked Mrs. Piozzi, and sent Lord Byron into hysterics.

Massinger was not a fanciful nor a particularly witty writer, yet in many ways his comedy is a model of what comedy should be. A vivid reflection and history of the age, in which satire—that antidote to rudeness—is applied to folly, and vicious manners are unsparingly scourged. His tone is wholesomely didactic, sometimes oppressively so. His women, although dignified, are over feminine. Not so natural, perhaps as the Centaures, Otters, and Fallaces of Ben Jonson, every one of whom, we know, objected to latch-keys and poked the fire from the top. Still, his Madames and Misses have pitiful hearts and variable tempers.

As I noticed before, in 1622 Fletcher left Massinger. He was taken away by the Great Plague, and was buried in the yard of St. Mary Overy's. His death is thus alluded to by Sir John Aubrey: "In the great plague a Knight of Norfolk or Suffolk invited him (Fletcher) into the county. He stayed in London but to make himself a suit of clothes, and when it was making, fell sick and died. This I heard from the tailor, who is now a very old man, and clerk of St. Marie Overie."

For fifteen more discolored years Massinger struggled on, like Marlowe and Nat Lee, a Bohemian pauper. In some hovel situate amidst those infamous stews, inseparably connected with the Bishops of Winchester, he produced his more matured works. His last play was staged but six weeks before his death, yet no trace of it now remains. His death came suddenly on the 17th of March, 1639.

Although then in the meridian of his fame, his fate seems to have attracted but little, if any, notice. Reputations, to-day, are made and lost quickly, and a tolerably well-known man may slip from the world very quietly. Still, the collected curiosities of present-day biography could not compete with the disappearance of Massinger. If the meanest little "adapter" who ever spoiled Sardou, and who breathes the Strand air to-day, were to pass over to the majority to-morrow, he would have his circle of mourners, who would follow him to Brompton or to Kensal Green, make a subscription for his widow, and raise above his bed a £5 memorial in Aberdeen granite. Here was a man in the very front rank, falling suddenly from that rank without exciting post-mortem comment or admiration. Not even a sneer was put into print to commemorate him.

The indigence which marked his whole life, followed him to the bottom of his grave. He died, if not in a brothel, surrounded and pent in by brothels. His funeral was a pauper's. Hurried through the narrow twisting closes leading from the Bankside, distant but an odd hundred yards; followed, perhaps, by a few threadbare poets, scarcely more alive than himself, his body reached the churchyard of St. Mary Overy's. Here, some "barber o' prayers" muttered a few words above the coffin, through the gaping seams of which he could catch more than a glimpse of all that was mortal of our "dear brother." Down went the box and body, parting as they fell, and in went the clods, rattling and drumming upon them. Even as the sexton, with a few dexterous taps of the back of his spade, flattened and smoothed the surface, the clerk in the adjacent vestry shook sand upon the following entry.

Burialls. 1639 March, 18, Philip Massinger Stranger.

No doubt all names are the same when it comes to register and coffin; the wonder is they spelt this one correctly.

The lover of Massinger who visits Southwark for some trace of his

;-place, will be in a fix more pitiable than that of the Turkish
n who went forth to seek her lover, having no clue but his name.
ıt sought among the living, the other must seek among the dead.
g amidst the relics of what M. Rénan calls the "dear shades,"
ranger will encounter dingy slabs commemorating lord mayors
:her nobodies, in dull language, dismal epitomes of their com-
ace existences. He may frown himself blind endeavoring to
ıer unreadable inscriptions. He may wander backwards and
'ds over a meagre tract of scanty, scrubby grass, and imagine
te he pleases for the nameless tomb. He knows but a "trembly
holds him from Massinger, yet not even the most mendacious of
s dares a suggestion as to the locality of that sod. "He died
as buried" remains the sum total proven. One sweet consola-
:mains, wherever he lies, Massinger has Fletcher, his sometime
ırator, for a bedfellow. Those who mingled wits so happily
ıingle bones in most admirable confusion. This last rests on
ɔrd of their "good old friend," as he styles himself, the before-
l Sir Aston Cockayne.

In the same grave was Fletcher buried here,
Lies the stage poet, Philip Massinger;
Plays they did write together, were great friends,
And now one grave includes them in their ends.
So whom on earth nothing could part, beneath
Here (in their fame) they lie, in spite of Death.

t Massinger could pass from the actul business and quick tri-
; of the stage, to be buried as a pauper-stranger, can only be ex-
d by the fact, that he left more than enough to fill his place. This,
rse, and a moderate wealth of cynicism, would explain anything.
less, on that March night Massinger's ability was discussed and
nted, at the neighboring "Folken Inne." Doubtless the funeral
ns were deep and frequent, and many an one got drunk to the
ı of R. I. P. No doubt, amid the curl of smoke raised by those
ıad learned to "take tobacco" in the Low Countries, the fact
l taken no college degree was commented upon. No doubt his
ıs pronounced far greater than he himself had stated it. No
many if not all present had noticed him failing and his mind
of late. His bibulous propensities were doubtless exaggerated.
the timid man in the corner, who had received stray kindnesses
hands of the dead poet, let his gratitude exceed his modesty,
ammered forth a defence, he was soon silenced in the bluff
ethan way, I warrant you. Blushing, but angry, he remained
:il the unsteady old men reeled home, when his pent-up indig-
took the form of melancholy. Wanting further information,
ll of pity, here we must leave Massinger, close to the dry ribs
tcher,

In the ground fast ramm'd,

te from that expressive epitaph attributed to Shakespeare.

TOM RUSSELL.

NOTES AND QUERIES

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NOWELL

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should mention not only the acts and scenes, but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases follow the Globe edition.]

DRAYTON A DEBTOR TO *RICHARD II*.

Richard II was first published in 1597; its composition is ascribed to a period several years anterior to that date. The *Heroical Epistles* made their earliest appearance in print in 1[illegible] give evidence that their author was well acquainted with Shakespeare's tragedy and had not disdained to borrow from it. Compare the following passages:

Queen. For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is *not yet known; what*
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe I wot,
—*Richard II*: II, i, 36–40.

But hard (God knows) with sorrow doth it go
When woe becomes a comforter to woe;
Yet much (methinks) of comfort I could say,
If from my heart some fears were hid away;
Something there is that danger still doth show,
But what it is, that Heaven alone doth know.
—Drayton: *Epistle of Queen Isabel to Ric[illegible]*

King Richard. Doubly divorced! Bad men, you [illegible]
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then *betwixt me and my married wife.*
—*Richard II*: V, i, 71–3.

Drayton unquestionably had the lines just quoted in his mind when writing those which follow. Isabel in France is writing to [illegible] Pomfret:

But Bullenbrook devis'd we thus should part
Fearing two sorrows should possess one heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny

That one poor comfort left our misery;
He had before divorced thy crown and thee,
Which might suffice, *and not to widow me;*
But so to prove the utmost of his hate
To part us in this miserable state.

[illegible]

King Richard. Part us Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, *set forth in pomp,*
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.
—*Richard II:* V, i, 76–80.

Drayton elaborates the contrast between the Queen's coming and her going thus:

When I to England came, a world of eyes
Like stars, attended on my fair arise,
Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,
And all are set, before my going down;
The smooth fac'd air did on my coming smile
But I with storms am driven to exile.
Queen. Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joined.
—*Richard II:* II, ii, 64–66.

Drayton has a recollection of this passage in his *Epistle of Harry Howard to Geraldine:*

Care draws on care, *woe comforts woe again,*
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.

PHILADELPHIA. A. M. BEVERIDGE.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF MACBETH.

On p. 87 of Vol. II. of Shakespeariana, "Sirron" desires further particulars concerning the author of this work, but unfortunately but little is known of him.

Peter Buchan was born at Peterhead in 1790. He established himself as a printer in that town, and died in London, September 19th, 1854.

His principal production is entitled:—*Gleanings, of Scotch, English, ana Irish scarce old ballads, many of them connected with the localities of Aberdeenshire, with explanatory notes.* Peterhead, 1885 16°. This collection, although praised by Scott, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, is said to have been manufactured "by two very young men, who amused themselves by imposing their productions on the not very critical or judicious editor."

Buchan's MSS., in two large folio volumes, containing many curious ballads, never before printed, afterwards became the property of Charles Mackay.

ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y. ALBERT R. FREY.

[Mr. Frey has entirely missed the point of Sirron's note. The latter did not ask for information concerning Peter Buchan, but *did* want to know something as to the very curious book *entitled The Secret History of Macbeth* and Mr. Frey's *communication fails to shed any light on this.*—ED. N. & Q.]

THE DRAMA.

All English lovers of Shakespeare's genius who have read
fer's just comments upon the poet's work and mind must k
well,—if only by that single sign of critical insight,—that a
ing, intimate and genial appreciation of Shakespeare's pro
is not the mythical, impossible thing the general run of
English writers seem to believe it is. Telling over certain
other judicious Frenchmen of letters as they chance to reco
Mm. Barthélémay, St. Hilaire, Vacquerie, Coppée, Ar
Paul Meurice, I can not but feel sensible of the awkwardness
ing to involve them in the impertinent accusation an apolog
implies. Yet, I may be absolved from such an implication,
after all, the apology is not superfluous. The English publi
nothing but disappointment from French Shakespearianism,
refuses to see that a lover can wear true appreciation with
ence in the cross-gartering,

Inadequate, over-Gallic translations and representations
speare on the one side, and ingrained insular prejudices on
have combined to limit the free interchange of appreciation
tured minds should give brotherly, gratefully and justly to
of all time. On both sides there has been too much stupid
insistance on inherited differences which should be transmu
enrichment of the common stock.

The latest suggestion of such transmutation is afforded by
production of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream* at the Odéon
the following account has reached this side of the world:

Paul Meurice is not discouraged by the failures of those
gone before him in producing Shakespeare's plays on the
He thinks they have not succeeded because they were not
letter and spirit of the greatest English dramatist, and he
believe that Parisians were repelled by the alleged grossn
of Shakespeare's language. There is not a single demon
he holds, in all the works of Shakespeare. M. Paul Meu
in his conviction, brought out last month at the Odéon
of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, which has the
he so earnestly aimed. An orchestra, with M. Colon
performed the music of Mendelssohn. The celebrated

was enthusiastically applauded. Several scenes were curtailed or cut out, but the translation, so far as it went, was reverently faithful. A few choruses have been added, but I regret to say that, notwithstanding these devices to please and amuse, the audience appeared to think the different scenes rather long. Few seemed aware that in this strangely beautiful drama the imagery is of the most wild and fantastic, and that dreams are embodied before our eyes. The spectators were generally at a loss to understand the visionary character of the *dramatis personæ*. The name of Bottom the Weaver, being untranslatable, was left in English. The names of the other actors were thus rendered:—Quince by Etrique, Snug by Lecoing, Snout by Groin, and Starveling by Le Famine. Bottom's ass's head was a tremendous success, and by some internal machinery he was enabled to prick his ears, which set the house in a roar of laughter. However, the effect produced by the sweet and skillfully composed nocturne of Mendelssohn, and the braying of the ass when Titania was asleep, was too incongruous to please. The saying of Bottom, "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life," was thus expressed in French—"Si vous vous imaginez que je suis un lion vivant, je suis un homme mort." There were in all eight tableaux. The last representing the wedding of Theseus and Hyppolita was magnificently gorgeous, and its scenic splendor was heightened by the finest music, both choral and instrumental. A ballet was introduced. The piece on the whole was a success.

* * *

Mdme. Modjeska closed the steady work of her last season at Newark, N. J., on the 24th of last month. Not until the 12th of July will she again appear, and then in San Francisco, in the meanwhile enjoying a long vacation, resting part of this time in the mellow air of Lower California.

During her next regular season, which opens at the Union Square Theatre in New York on the 25th of October, several unusual features will add attraction to her three months engagement there. At least two original plays by American authors are hinted at. Of one of these a promising rumor is astir. Mr. Julian Hawthorne and his brother-in-law, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, are now rounding out the lines of an ingeniously-constructed play which has been read to Mme. Modjeska and is approved by her. It is in the title *rôle* of this play that the public may anticipate her appearance, and in this play, planned by the quick invention of Hawthorne the younger, aided by Mr. Parson's careful pen, it may be hoped the public shall find at last a worthy contribution to that elusive thing called the American Drama.

* * *

The students of the University of Pennsylvania whose pleasant task it has been *to make themselves* Greek for the time being, effected an

unusually sympathetic and satisfactory representation of *The Acharniaus* of Aristophanes at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 14th May. The selection of this comedy was found judicious. The play is well suited for such a representation, because the stir of State affairs that enlivens it; the familiar references to municipal life that give it local color; and the frank and cynical common-sense that prevails in it, embodied and triumphant in Dikaioplis the imperturbable man of peace, all bring the Athenian world of twenty centuries ago into comparison with our's in points that an American audience may feel are intimate with all their remoteness, and in spite of the differences which lend fresh light on an old political story.

The musical part of the entertainment was performed under the direction of Prof. Hugh Archibald Clarke. He very ably managed, under the bonds of the Cretic meter, to insinuate an original and concordant musical motive. And upon his success in composition, as well as upon the training of the chorus, and the leading of the orchestra, he deserves appreciative congratulation.

Many distinguished representatives of the chief American Colleges were among the spectators who made up the large and enthusiastic audience. After the last strains of the overture, the chorodidaskolos introduced, had died away, Dikaiopolis entered,—in the person of Mr. George Wharton Pepper, who gave the part with ability, grace and accuracy,—and began his fluent and witty complaints. He had worked himself into a humor that could have no patience with anything but the prosperous jollities of peace, when the Athenian public came hustling in to the meeting. Here, and when the Persian embassy appeared below, and the chorus filled the welled-in space beneath, about the white altar of Bacchus, the symmetrical beauty of the simple scene was most refreshing.

The hubbub and determined opposition of the revengeful Acharnians; the help Dikaiopolis secures of Euripides to make his cause effective before a jury; the war of words between the martial and resplendant Lamachos, who believes in heroism, and the clever Dikaiopolis, who believes in comfort, and pokes no end of fun at salaried valor; the Megarian episode with its significant example of the ancient origin of bad old proverbs; the mock ceremonies and culinary elegies of the Feast of Flagons;— all the outline incidents of the action can be readily grasped and enjoyed, where wit less homely and manifest would have escaped unscholarly recognition. Add to this reminiscent palatableness of a good old vintage, the studious care of the managers and the skill and attention of the young student-actors, and it may be seen how this revival of a Greek play 2000 years after its last known presentation was not only an event interesting to scholars, but was also an entertainment agreeable to a modern audience.

While not Philadelphia alone, but, in sympathy, the scholastic world, generally, on this side of the Atlantic, has been interested in the performance of *The Acharnians* of Aristophanes given at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on the 14th May, by the students of the University of Pennsylvania: Greek thoughts, Greek ways and Greek actions have been occupying the most prominent place on the London stage, as well. On Thursday the 13th May a tremendously fashionable audience, at a guinea apiece, sat out four hours of the story of *Orestes*, played by a number of amateurs at the large Prince's Hall. There was a series of tableaux arranged by Professor Warr, of University College, condensing the three chief plays of Æschylus into a single evening for the benefit of the higher education of women in that institution. The Prince and Princess of Wales and all their family came, to everybody's surprise, and remained till the very end. On Friday afternoon a similar series, arranged from Homer, was performed under the title, *The Tale of Troy*. On Monday a still bigger Greek play was performed by professional actors and actresses in an original English play on a familiar classical subject, reconstructed strictly according to the rules of the Greek drama and called *Helena in Troas*. In order to secure a stage auditorium exactly like a Greek theatre, the promotors took Hengler's Circus (which is now in the old Covent Garden Theatre) and built a proscenium stage across one chord of the circle, boarded over the ring and turned it into a Greek orchestra, with the altar in the middle. The result was a theatre the proportions of which are almost exactly like those of a theatre of Dionysius in the Acropolis in Athens. All details as to dresses and adjuncts had been prepared with the greatest care. Elaborate music was written for the occasion. The Prince of Wales was present, and everything indicated a big success, from the dances to the chorus.

SHAKESPEARE AND M. MEURICE.

Titania— * *

I am a spirit of no common rate,
The Summer still doth tend upon my State;
And I do love thee; therefore go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

* *

[*M. N. D.* III, i.]

Mais vois-moi douc! Je suis une divinite;
Mon empire est celui de l'éternel été,
Et je t'aime! Á ma voix, tes servantes, les fées.
Viendront tresser les fleurs sur ton, front en trophées;
Elles t'iront chercher la perle au fond des mers;
Elles te berceront de leurs plus doux concerts;
Tu seras, dépouillant l'envelope charnelle,
Comme moi-même, un souffle, un rêve, une âme, une aile!

REVIEWS.

GARRICK AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

I spoke so familiar, sir, and so little in the *hoity-toity* tone of the tragedy of that day that the manager told me I had better go to grass for another year or two.

The honest energy of Charles Macklin and the heavy naturalness of his acting was thus opposed, at his first appearance in London, to the stiffened traditions of the School of Betterton, notably embodied then in the jealous pompousness of surly James Quin, the last of the Betterton line. But though it was not until the full noon of the Eighteenth Century, when all London surrendered unconditionally to Garrick, the true king of the new dynasty, that the forced declamatory methods of the old inheritance were superseded by a dramatic action fed directly from the fresh sources of nature; still the student of English histrionic development will not fail to recognize in Macklin a father of the modern English Stage. Rough and unpliant as were his talents, lacking in the sprightly and illumined variousness that crowned the genius of Garrick, his clear sense and undeceived judgment enabled him to get the first sight of the new territory, and his solid ability entitled him to take rank as the usher in and teacher of the new school.

It is, therefore, justly planned that Macklin's biography should open the first volume, devoted to Garrick and his contemporaries, in the series of histrionic annals Messieurs Matthews and Hutton are now issuing. In this admirable anthology* skillful arrangement has here and elsewhere added its unifying charm to the separate savors and contrasting tints of the bouquet these clever editors have bound together.

Only a few years behind Macklin in his first appearance at the English capital, yet Garrick was not an even-running rival. He belonged to a younger world; and, while he surpassed his teacher, acknowledged that his elder's criticism had been his aid.

In an upper room at St. John's Gate strange events were prepared, alike interesting to modern actor and modern critic as foreshadow of a new order of procedure in stage effects and in dramatic criticism. When the little actor from Lichfield rushed, with short prelude and small training, suddenly into the full gaze of the London play-going

* *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the days of Garrick to the present time.* Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. *Vol. I.* Garrick and his Contemporaries. Cassell & Co. New York, 1886.

already gained the approval of
the little room over the Gate. The
town-townsman in green and quiet
the great Samuel Johnson's under clique
Gentleman's Magazine,—and therein insti-
and magazine criticism,—had hailed
; and these approved friends stood ready
appreciators who could certify to the general
the new dramatic practice, which Horace Walpole
wonderful in.

appearance, in 1741, as the very jew "that Shake-
place two months later than Garrick's great *début*
but the one had worked his way slowly though a
to the eminency he gained as actor, playwright,
and Nestor of the Stage; while the other, with one
alert, flexible faculties, over-leaped drudging, and
ready to worst the prepared but clumsier forces of
Quin, as Macklin, his old competitor, too much like
though in his theory of acting different enough, could
worsted them.

's plain face, sharp tongue, and warm-hearted, hoy-
-place nature accompanies the figure of the versatile
Garrick in the retrospective picture of the period. But
true, as Johnson said, that what she did best she did
he, she was no companion-piece for him. The head
stage chambermaids, though she lighted up the honest
her stage presence with that most delicious and rare of
, true humor, she was not capable of personating the
which her ambition aspired. And one who had some
hold her from rising simply and with easy dignity to
of Portia, Desdemona, or Ophelia, cannot claim a
of the blood in that art where Garrick, throughout the
or low, always found himself at home.

Woffington, the apprentice and *protegée* of a tight-rope
could blaze out with power in Lady Macbeth, and soften
archness in Rosalind, Margaret Woffington,

> 's daughter with the delicate long fingers, the imperious beauty
> -street, who was the finest of stage fine ladies, whose distinction
> , whose manners were perfect,—

any other till the nobler Siddons comes, may take the
of honor beside the inimitable Garrick.

quick-witted and plausible race, across the Irish Sea
the handsome, loveable, and gentle actor whose
dled to very respectable talents, carried the louder
Garrick's Romeo and Othello. His Othello was

doubtless great. His Romeo was the ideal of lovers. And in many lesser parts Barry's graces of manner and interpretation gave him irresistable advantages. Still, perhaps it may be assumed that, great as his merits were, he lacked that greatest and peculiar power of seeming identification, unmistakable and inseparable, with his part, which is indicated in the distinction drawn in the following lines between his Lear and Garrick's:—

> The town has found out different ways,
> To praise its different Lears;
> To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
> To Garrick only tears.
>
> A king? Ay, every inch a king—
> Such Barry doth appear:
> But Garrick's quite another thing;
> He's every inch King Lear.

Barry's wife gained as great prominence as a clever actress as her husband did as an actor. But her capacity was greater than her skill; and if her eminence proved temporary, it was the fault of her untempered vehemence, never schooled and controlled to a truer and more effective gradation by proper study.

Among the lesser lights of the middle of the Eighteenth Century, Samuel Foote owed the prominence he had to his best endowment, a certain light-hearted and generous proneness to comradry. He was the Bohemian of Bohemians. In all respects as typical a stage *gamin* as though he had never known gentle breeding or seen the inside of an Oxford College. A saucy and most incorrigible joker and mimic, who fattened on local gags and sharp personalities, although a facile and successful comedian, he never ranked more than second-rate. As play-writer, he was as alert as a modern newspaper-man in seizing opportunities in vogue, and in introducing pat themes that brought him passing luck and gained for him a bubble reputation. He deserved, perhaps desired, no more. Always in debt, yet he was never in trouble, so prompt and cat-like was his recovery, so ready was he, in spite of his free-handedness, to find ways, mainly through his forte of pleasing people, to the means he was always needing. The story Johnson tells of him shows—

> in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his power of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform *Mr.* Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's *small-beer no longer*. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and

s boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, d grimace, that when he went down-stairs he told them, "This is the finest man have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer."

Tate Wilkinson should follow at Foote's coat-tails, a shadow's shade, a mimic's mimic," yet, like Foote, a shrewd, companionable fel- w; born with an instinctive love of the green room, hobnobbing ith all the players, taking them off on the stage, writing them up in s *Memoirs*, and managing his companies generously, he is entitled ther by implication than by well-earned right to a place in a selected st of the actors of his day.

Richard III. has been, curiously enough it seems at first thought, e most played of all Shakespearian pieces, and the one most familiar the *débuts* of ambitious actors. Doubtless because of its abrupt id rough effectiveness, its lack of fine gradations and the normal id true development that characterizes Shakespeare's later work, it is been the play which could easiest lend itself to the impetuous tempts of immature tragedians. It was in *Richard III.* that Thomas, e second Sheridan, first appeared, in Dublin, more than two years ter Garrick's great entrance at Goodman's Fields in the same part; id it was also as Crooked Dickon that Mossop, having already eased Dublin audiences in the part, made his first London appear- ice at Garrick's Theatre in Drury Lane in 1751.

Sheridan's good education and literary connections, his earnest forts as lexicographer and lecturer on elocution and good English, is wife's intellectual attainments and fine social tact, above all the nportance his brilliant son's achievements lent him, combined to ve him an eminence which his scholarly, tasteful acting did not de- act from, yet was not alone adequate to build. Othello, Hamlet, id Brutus, as well as Richard III., were all parts he affected, but in one did the public consider him so meritorious as in King John.

Mossop was a much more impressive actor. With Barry in Dublin, id even afterward, when without the complementary attraction of this dicious actor, and also while in London, his energetic and com- anding powers earned him for a short time a full measure of success. lis sulking vanity and small pettishness, his weak decline into insignifi- ance, his miserable poverty and early death—ignoble and pitiable oints in his history—are redeemed in one's remembrance by a token of till in his art and painstaking in his preparation that may well close ere, as it does in Mr. Lowe's sketch from which I quote it, this brief cord of one of the greatest of Garrick's contemporaries.

It is a speech from Wolsey, one of Mossop's parts, as he marked it, id as recorded in the *Mirror* of 1799:—

(Eyes upwards.) (Surprise and peevish.)
What should this *mean?* *What* sudden anger's this?
(Sudden turn of voice—quick.)
He parted frowning from me, as if *ruin*

(Smart.) (Wild.)
Leap'd from his *eye* . . . . . .
(Voice loud and quick.)
I must read this paper;
(Transition. Much breath. Opens paper very hastily.)
I *fear* the *story* of his anger.—'Tis so—
(Strikes it quickly.) (Vast throbs of feeling.)
This paper has undone me. 'Tis the account
Of all that world of *wealth* I've DRAWN together
(Cunning and head nod. Dislike, teeth close, lips partly pressed.)
To *gain* the Popedom. O negligence!
(Quick and high.) (Wild, sudden, spitefully and peevishly.)
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross *devil*
(Hurried spirit and all in a breath.)
Made me put this MAIN SECRET in the packet
(Pause.)
I sent the king?—Is there no way to cure this?
(Face full to audience.)
(Side look, cunning, fretful and musing—swelling inward.)
No new device to beat THIS from his brains?
(Force.) (Loud.) (Pause.)
I know 'twill *stir* him strongly.
(Then sudden turn.)
(Opens letter.)
What's this?—to the *Pope.*
(Still look to the letter. Rest. Breathe out. Slow steps, head declined.)
The *letter*, as I live,—with all the business
(Quite calm and resigned.)
I writ to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
(G tone with feeling, but low.)
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
(No jerk.)
And from that full *meridian* of my glory,
(Under feeling.) (Finger pointed down.) (G tone. Sudden pause.)
I haste now to my setting; I shall fall
(Solemn.) (Mournful.)
Like a bright *exhalation* in the evening,
(Weak manner, and feeling restrained.)
(Wildness of old man.)
And *no* man see me more.

Francis Barton Abington, and George Ann Bellamy were a frail, fair pair of adventurers, sprouting delicately from the slums and blooming above the mud with wonderful contrasted beauty. At the taverns in Covent Garden reciting Shakespeare, with the table for a stage, and a group of public-house frequenters for an audience; later, following a degraded life, but having strength soon to emerge from it and make a first appearance as innocent Miranda; illustrating well the elegance and wit of Shakespeare's Beatrix, or Congreve's Millicent; playing

varied parts—Desdemona, Olivia, Portia, and Ophelia among them, with discernment, though, Lady Teazle was her fittest *rôle*;—setting the fashions in caps and fans; vexing Garrick with her peevish exactions, and holding herself prudishly in her later years;—Francis Abington, with all her cleverness and perseverence, was unable to push herself to independent heights. And George Ann Bellamy, complete and lovely Juliet, heroine of countless rakish adventures, she, even more than her stronger sister drew the sap that enlivened her art from the unclean conditions that, while they brought her success as a female player, forbade her nobler growth as an artist. So are the sirens themselves subjugated at last by their own wiles.

From the fashionable wickedness and sophisticated pleasures of the swarming London atmosphere, to the Puritanic environment and the severe face-to-nature manners of the sparsely settled colonies of a new world come a dozen actors headed by Lewis Hallam the elder. Starting, in 1752, when Garrick was at the noon of glory, from the same theatre in Goodman's fields, whence the "great little man" had arisen, this adventurous company set out on the first American starring tour. In the brisk, bright metropolis where Irving and Terry were received with open arms and open purses less than a hundred years later, Lewis Hallam the younger opened the first theatre, and finding it expedient to spare the public any ungodly shocks, advertised the projected entertainment as a course of lectures to begin with a prologue and end with a pantomine. But it was not to the chiller air of Northern States that the elder Hallam brought his dramatic discoverers. They touched first on richer ground under the genial sky of Virginia. Mr. Edward Eggleston thus graphically pictures their coming:

> On the unsteady deck of the *Charming Sally*, day after day during the long voyage, the actors diligently rehearsed the plays with which they proposed to cheer the hearts of people in the New World. Williamsburg must have proved a disappointment to them. There were not more than a thousand people, white and black, in the village. The buildings, except the capitol, the college, and the so-called palace of the governor, were insignificant; and there were only about a dozen "gentlemen's" families resident in the place. In the outskirts of the town a warehouse was fitted up for a theatre. The woods were all about it, and the actors could shoot squirrels from the windows. When the time arrived for the opening of the theatre, the Company were much dlsheartened, It seemed, during the long, still hours of the day that they had come on a fool's errand to act dramas in the woods. But as evening drew on, the whole scene changed like a work of magic. The roads leading into Williamsburg were thronged with out-of-date vehicles of every sort, driven by negroes and filled with gaily dressed ladies, whose gallants rode on horseback alongside. The treasury was replenished, the theatre was crowded, and Shakespeare was acted on this continent probably for the first time by a trained and competent Company. The *Merchant of Venice*, and Garrick's Farce of *Lethe*, were played, and at the close the actors found themselves surrounded by groups of planters congratulating them, and, after the Virginia fashion, offering them the hospitality of their houses.

That first night in the Virginia capital was also a first night for

Hallam the younger. He made then a stage-frighted entrance upon the scene as Portia's servant. From then on he took up diverse characters with skill. He created anew from native studies the part of the negro slave Mungo, in Dibdin's *Padlock*, and during fifty-six years until his death at Philadelphia, in 1808, was the mainstay of dramatic art in this country.

Among the many who supported English art during the last half of the 18th century, John Henderson was one of the strongest and staunchest. The disadvantages he had in person and voice could only be overcome by a masterly inner intelligence, and a thorough devotion to his art. By firmness and force of discernment, and unremitting study, he did thus overcome them. He was great in a wide range of Shakesperean parts—Lear, Richard the Third, Macbeth, Benedick, Othello, Iago, Shylock, Falstaff, Hamlet. Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, who writes his biography for *Actors and Actresses*, quotes a criticism from a paper of the day, which makes this distinction between Holman's Kemble's and Henderson's Hamlet: Holman is Hamlet; Kemble, Prince Hamlet; Henderson, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

With Henderson closes the first volume of this judiciously planned and attractive series of histrionic biographies. The sketch given of each actor's life is furnished by a special student of the stage history of that period, pertinent extracts from old stage annals, memoirs, letters, newspaper notices, and magazine articles, are appended, and thus of biography, anecdote, and criticism combined is twisted a thread to tie up and classify the odds and ends of good stuff for stage history that have hitherto been so widely scattered. Four more volumes, separable from this, but like it in design, and forming with it a portraiture of the stage from Quin and Macklin, to Irving, Salvini, and Booth, will follow. The one now in press will discuss the Kembles and their contemporaries; the third and fourth will take up the players of the middle of this century, from Edmund Kean and Junius Brutus Booth, to Macready and Forrest, while in the fifth and last volumes the players of this day and generation will be considered.

Judging from the specimen now before the public, this summary of histrionic records will prove a hand-book of both value and interest to all lovers and students of the English stage.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

A PLEA FOR THE PLAYWRIGHT.

MR. IRVING is reported to have said, somewhere and at some time, that the drama must pay as a business before it can flourish as an art; and this dictum has been hailed with delight by the fanatics of our commercial theatre as an authoritative judgment in their favor. Supply and Demand, the "great Twin-Brethren" of modern mythology, are held to be installed once for all in supremacy over the Muses, the high priest of the lesser deities having formally done homage at the shrine of the greater. For my part, I believe Mr. Irving has been misunderstood. I do not think he intended to lay down a general principle, but simply to state a particular fact as to the conditions of the English drama at the present day. If he intended his remark as an axiom, valid for all time, a glance at the theatrical history of Athens, Paris, Copenhagen, Vienna, and many minor German capitals, confutes it instantly. If, as I believe, he merely meant that a London manager cannot afford to play to empty benches in the interests of high art, he was obviously right. A State Theatre is not within the range of practical politics; an Endowed Theatre is an Alnaschar dream which seems to haunt everyone except the millionaire who could realise it; and until this stage-struck silver-king appears, it is clear that management must pay as a business before it can flourish as an art, for the simple reason that managers must live. Some playwrights may contest the necessity, just as some authors are apt to marvel at the tenacious prejudice which leads publishers to cling to their abhorred existence. But for the purposes of the present argument we may assume that the British manager must manage somehow to support life, and that he cannot do so upon an empty treasury.

The English drama, then, for the present and for an indefinite time to come, must pay as a business if it is to flourish, or rather if it is to exist, as an art. If taste comes into collision with supply and demand, so much the worse for taste. To this idea we have all resigned ourselves long ago. I am not even so Utopian as to suggest the possibility of partial sacrifices for the

sake of art. It is not in human nature that a manager who now clears £10,000 a year should content himself with £5,000, even if by this sacrifice he could initiate the most beneficent reforms—could break down the long-run system, create a school of accomplished and versatile actors, revive many masterpieces of our dramatic literature now dead to the stage, and foster an original and serious modern drama. Even if these ends were all attainable by such a sacrifice as I have indicated, it would be absurd to expect it, and we should merely waste time in discussing its possibility. We have managers who, as the French say, will throw money out at the windows in pursuit of scenic magnificence; but it is always in the confidence that it will return to them by the doors, and that with interest. I am far from proposing that any manager should run counter in the slightest degree to the dictates of supply and demand in order to further what we "bookish theorics" believe to be the true interests of English dramatic art. What I wish to ask is whether these interests might not be better furthered than they are at present without the sacrifice of a single farthing of profit. Are our managers, even the most successful, intelligently alive to the true conditions of their trade? Might not some of them, with no extra expenditure, unless of brain power, help on the English drama far more efficiently than at present? Are they always sensitive to what the public really demands? And do they recognize the undoubted fact that demand can be created, or at least modified by supply? Supposing that there are two ways of making £10,000 a year, one beneficient, the other noxious, to the English drama, can we trust our managers to choose the former and refuse the latter? I fear not.

Putting aside for the moment the question of money, let us enquire what should be, artistically, the chief end of management. On this, I take it, there can scarcely be two opinions. The intelligent manager of a dramatic theatre—dramatic in contradistinction to musical or music-hall—should make it his business to present to the English public a series of healthy and worthy English plays. English plays old and new of course; but his special thought and care should be directed towards the new plays, in which, the living dramatic instinct of the time bodies itself forth, poetically, realistically, melodramatically, humoristically. Revivals of all sorts and from all periods are good in their way, but life cannot be sustained by everlasting chewing of the cud. So, too, it is good to import from abroad whatever is worthy of importation; but no nation ever did or ever can find wholesome dramatic nourishment in foreign fare alone. The drama of the past we have, in some sort, always with us; it is an accomplished fact, and does not depend for its existence, nor even for its due appreciation upon presentation from day to day. The drama of our neighbors is no immediate concern of ours. However useful and delightful *it may* be to study the life and manners of other nations, we are

under an antecedent obligation to speak our own language and think our own thoughts. We want to see English ideals celebrated, English problems discussed, English manners depicted and criticised by English men and women. Given two plays of equal intrinsic merit, one French, the other English, the English play, by the mere fact of its being English, has clearly the first claim upon our attention. We do not live on French novels alone: why should we on French plays?

It may be said that this is a bygone condition of things; that the English stage has shaken off French domination, and that no English playwright of talent now finds his career closed against him by managerial prejudice or stupidity. That we are freeing ourselves from the supremacy of France is the very point on which I wish chiefly to insist. My contention is that our managers do not see how rapidly the yoke is falling from our shoulders, and do not realize that it is their interest as well as their duty to hasten instead of retarding the process. If the stage is to maintain its present popularity, much more if it is to become a really national institution, uniting all classes in a common love of art, the existing germs of an English school of dramatic authorship must by all means be fostered, and we must learn to produce, from day to day, the staple of our daily sustenance. We cannot live much longer on our forefathers and our neighbours. A few theatres may, indeed, continue to find useful and profitable employment in revivals and adaptations; but the manager who wishes to be abreast of the times and to secure an honorable place in dramatic history will make his theatre neither an old curiosity-shop nor an emporium of Parisian novelties, but a hospitable home for the living English drama.

Let us glance at the record of some of our leading managers, and see what they have done for English dramatic authorship.

Mr. Irving's services to the drama as a whole deserve the warmest recognition, but what has Mr. Irving, as a manager, done for the British playwright? Surely not much. Before his accession to the throne he made, or at least confirmed, the reputation of Mr. Wills; since he has been monarch of all he surveys he has produced one new play, and one only, to wit, *The Cup*. Two acts, and two *such* acts, though signed with so great a name!—a rich harvest, truly, for eight years of management. For the rest, we have had revivals of Shakespeare, Mrs. Cowley, Colman, Bulwer Lytton, Boucicault, Albery, and Wills, and the last-named playwright has been permitted to perpetrate a parody of *Faust*, in which the countrymen of Shakespeare may be said to have avenged with interest Goethe's maltreatment of *Romeo and Juliet*. This policy has no doubt justified itself in pounds, shillings, and pence, or rather in pounds, dollars, and cents; but is it clear that Mr. Irving's coffers would have been a drachm the lighter had he swerved once or twice from this

cautious hugging of "the shores of old romance," and steered boldly into the ocean of novelty? We have heard—he himself has told us—of new plays he has secured, plays by Mr. Merivale, Mr. Wills, Mr. Frank Marshall, and others; but they have every chance of attaining a venerable antiquity before they see the footlights. If a play by mere keeping matured into a classic, Mr. Irving would be a benefactor to present-day playwrights; as it is, he merely stops the way for them. "Consider my services to Shakespeare," he may say, and they are indeed worthy of all consideration. But would Shakespeare have suffered had a new play been substituted for *The Iron Chest*, or *The Lady of Lyons*, or *The Corsican Brothers*, or *Faust?* "I dare not risk a failure," he may again urge; and this is an argument which meets us at every turn. I shall attempt a general answer to it later on; as regards Mr. Irving in particular, it is sufficient to remark that the man who can risk *Faust*, and make a great success of it, can risk anything.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has assuredly deserved well of the English drama. He produced Mr. Bronson Howard's best play (for the purposes of the present argument no distinction need be drawn between Americans and Englishmen), and he may almost be said to have discovered Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. H. A. Jones. But for his insight and enterprise these now popular playwrights might have spent years in forcing themselves to the front, and might even have given up the battle in despair. This must always be remembered to Mr. Wilson Barrett's credit, and it must be remembered, too, that his insight and enterprise have met with their reward, the manager who has trusted most to English authors having been among the most successful of his day. Latterly, one regrets to add, Mr. Barrett has succumbed to the chief temptation of the actor-manager, and has sought to impose his own crude conceptions upon the playwrights who work for his theatre. It is a natural illusion, but an illusion nevertheless, which leads a successful actor-manager to imagine himself a heaven-born dramatist, lacking only the faculty of literary expression. He has placed on the stage one, two, three successful plays, which have been cut down here, there written up, at his suggestion, and which he believes, perhaps rightly, to owe a large part of their success to this manipulation. The one point on which Mr. Jones and Mr. Herman agreed, in their recent regrettable controversy as to the authorship of *The Silver King*, was that Mr. Wilson Barrett helped greatly to lick the play into shape during rehearsal. Thus led to place implicit faith in his own instict for dramatic effect, and especially feeling confident that he himself knows better than any one else the particular situations, costumes, attitudes, tirades, which suit him as an actor, the manager asks himself, "Why should not I take the initiative, tell my playwrights exactly what I want, get my *plays written* to order, and add the laurels of authorship to those

which already load my intellectual brow?" The answer to this question is simply that a very good critic may be a very bad creator. The manager who, in staging a play, suggests judicious modifications, is in the position of a critic, nothing more. When he brings his playwright a plot (or more often a mere set of out-worn or impossible situations), and says, "Write me the text to this conception," he aspires to be a creator. More presumptuous than Apelles' cobbler, he not only criticises above the boot, he actually seeks to outline the picture, saying to the artist, "Come, colour me this!" Of course there is no reason in the nature of things why an excellent manager and tolerable actor should not be a praiseworthy playwright as well. Shakespeare and Molière, actor-managers in their day, are held to have written some creditable dramas. But Mr. Wilson Barrett has given no proof of being a Shakespeare, or even a Jones. On the contrary, he has collaborated with Mr. Jones in two plays, with Mr. Grundy in one, all three having this feature in common, that they are greatly inferior to the average work produced by Mr. Jones and Mr. Grundy without Mr. Barrett's collaboration. It is surely reasonable to presume that the two constant elements in the case—inferiority and Mr. Barrett's interference—are connected in the relation of effect and cause. I am much mistaken, too, if an appeal to that infallible standard, the managerial ledger, would not enforce my assertion of the marked inferiority of *Hoodman Blind*, and the almost total worthlessness of *The Lord Harry*. The rhetorical vigor and scenic picturesqueness of *Clito*, combined with Miss Eastlake's admirable acting, may make it a genuine success, but the fact remains that Mr. Barrett's scenic instinct, instead of producing a good play, has merely blunted that keen sense of theatrical logic which used to be Mr. Grundy's chief merit.

Mr. Bancroft is no longer on the active list of managers, but a glance at the history of his career at the Haymarket is essential to my argument. During the five years of his management how many original English plays did he produce? One only. He opened with a revival of *Money*, he closed with a revival of *Masks and Faces* (which has been twice revived in the interim), he revived and re-revived the Robertsonian repertory, he revived *The Rivals*, he revived *Peril and Diplomacy*, he revived everything that could be revived, and some things (as it proved) that could not; and for the rest what did he do? Why, he paid large sums to Monsieur Victorien Sardou or his agents, not in the first instance for his plays themselves, but for the refusal of plays as yet unwritten. In these plunges into the Sardou lottery he secured two prizes, *Odette* (if that can be called a (prize) and *Fédora*. He also drew at least one blank of the very blankest, *Daniel Rochat* to wit. This buying of French pigs in a poke is surely as unbusinesslike as it is unpatriotic. Might not the £500 or £600 paid for the refusal of *Daniel Rochat* have been ex-

pended to better purpose in giving the public the refusal of an English play by an English author? Supposing they *did* refuse it (and they have been known to refuse even the French plays accepted by Mr. Bancroft) the author would at least have gained experience and might succeed better in a second attempt; whereas Sardou, who can sell his plays to English managers, sometimes twice over, whether they suit the English market or not, has certainly learnt no lesson from the failure of *Odette* and the rejection of *Daniel Rochat*. Mr. Bancroft has assured us that his one English play, Mr. Pinero's *Lords and Commons*, though it did not run long, was a financial success; which gives us all the more reason to enquire with astonishment why the successful experiment was never repeated. But even supposing it to have been a financial failure, we may still ask why Mr. Pinero should not have been given an opportunity of profiting by his experience, and taking his revenge, as the French say, in a success. No manager of the smallest insight would place the failure or slight success of a play of such obvious ability as *Lords and Commons* to Mr. Pinero's discredit. It was simply the fortune of war. Augier himself has had his disasters; Sardou has many a time been routed with great loss. And Mr. Pinero is only one of four or five playwrights to whom Mr. Bancroft might surely have applied, not for pigs in pokes, but for plays specially fashioned to suit himself and his wife, his company and his audiences. There is no reason why a manager in Mr. Bancroft's position, in ordering a play of Mr. Jones, Mr. Grundy, or Mr. Merivale, should not lay down certain specifications as to subject, length, number of characters, manner of treatment, &c. This is a quite different matter from Mr. Wilson Barrett's claim to collaborate with any author whom he admits into his theatre. In ordering a racing yacht of Mr. White, of Cowes, I may quite reasonably stipulate for a certain tonnage and draught, but I do not insist on laying down her lines any more than on hammering the planks and upholstering the saloon. If I am a man of special experience in yatch-sailing, I may even consult with the builder over details in the designs; but I do not on that account announce that I have collaborated with him. I may have an effective voice in the rigging of the ship, the weight of the spars, the cut of the sails, and so forth; and this is strictly analagous to the manager's function in staging the play. When at last she is ready for me, it is my business to sail the yacht so as to win the cup. In this I may fail, sometimes through a fault in the build or the rigging, sometimes through my own bad seamanship, sometimes by the merest chance, the snapping of a rope, the breaking of a spar, a sudden squall, or a sudden calm; but in that case I do not at once despair of English yacht-building, and rush off to France to give an unlimited order, with a large retaining fee in advance, to the fashionable shipwright *of* Havre or Honfleur.

With changed names the same tale is to be told of Messrs. Hare and Kendal. They have produced two original plays by Mr. Pinero, *The Money-Spinner* and *The Squire*, and one by Lord Tennyson, *The Falcon*. I can recall no other English plays, except one or two comediettas by Mr. Theyre Smith, which have seen the light under their management at the St. James's. Even their revivals have been mainly adaptations—*Still Waters Run Deep*, *A Scrap of Paper*, *A Quiet Rubber*, *The Queen's Shilling*, *Home*, *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*. They have also revived *As You Like It* and *Black-eyed Susan*, modernised by Mr. Wills. With the exceptions above-named and one other (a worthless American play named *Young Folks' Ways*), the novelties produced under their management have all been adaptations from the French. *Coralie*, *The Cape Mail*, *Impulse*, *The Ironmaster*, *Mayfair*, *Antoinette Rigaud*—in all these plays has Mrs. Kendal been forced to devote her splendid and specifically English talent and temperament to the representation of characters which, even when they masqueraded under English names, were foreign in thought and sentiment to all that was best and most genuine in her nature. There are few sadder sights on the modern stage than to see Mrs. Kendal, the very embodiment of healthy, homely, gracious English womanhood, writhing through the sickly-sentimental Coralies and Claires of the new Gymnase school of drama. She plays these characters admirably, in parts superbly, and, custom having become a second nature, she may even imagine herself truly at home in them. Yet her career is but a splendid exile, so to speak; she does not express her native feelings in her mother tongue; and thus her talent fails to strike its purest note, to utter its finest eloquence, to develop its rarest charm, to assert its specific value. Susan in *William and Susan*, "the Squire," Monna Giovanna in *The Falcon*, and one or two exceptionally sane characters in French adaptations (as for instance in *A Scrap of Paper* and *The Queen's Shilling*), these are the parts in which one thinks of her most gratefully. Why does she not, before it is too late, take measures to add to this list? Are there no English playwrights capable of fitting this greatest of English actresses with a worthy English character? Mr. Pinero has proved that he can do so; Mr. Grundy and Mr. Jones, we may be sure, would ask for nothing better than to be suffered to try their strength in an original play for such actors as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare. But no! it is useless to hope for an English play at the St. James's. When *Antoinette Rigaud* has had its dull day we are to be treated to D'Ennery's *Martyre*, a belated specimen of outworn emotional drama. Thus we go the round—from the Gymnase to the decadent Français, from the Français to the Ambigu, from the Ambigu to the Vaudeville, from the Vaudeville back to the Gymnase. We

must exhaust the dregs of the French drama before we attempt to skim the cream of our own.

The fact is—and to this fact I would specially beg the attention of the British manager—the fact is that we are in good sooth getting to the dregs of the French drama. It is only the work of the third and fourth rate men which now serves our peculiar purposes. The age of the *pièce bien faite* after the formula of Scribe has come to an end. Plays are now no longer mere neatly articulated dummies on which the costume of any nation can be fitted by dint of a little taking-in here and letting-out there. The taut and trim cat's-cradle intrigue which could be slipped from the fingers of the French author to those of the English adapter, with the change of only a loop or two, is now looked upon as a bygone childish thing. All the leading playwrights have of late shown themselves culpably careless of plot, and have concentrated their attention upon things undreamt of in Scribe's philosophy—observation, analysis, and the ventilation of ideas. Who are now the leaders of the French stage? Augier has practically ceased to write, and even if he had not, his plays were always too firmly rooted to their native soil to be easily transplanted. Dumas still preaches his preposterous ethics in his realistico-romantic fashion; but what play of Dumas's has ever paid the cost of translation? Madame Modjeska drew the town for some time to *La Dame aux Camélias;* but I can recall no other instance in which Dumas has spelt anything but deficit to the managerial treasury—witness *L'Etrangère, Monsieur Alphonse, La Princesse Georges.* Undeterred by experience, our impresarios have been bidding against each other for the right to play *Denise*, and sooner or later we are sure to be treated to a version of that ponderous production. What do we care for M. Dumas's discussion and solution of the question whether a man may marry a woman who has been betrayed by another man? For my part, I believe most potently in the discussion of social problems on the stage, but this problem is quite incapable of any general solution; and even if it were not, the views of M. Dumas on the question can at best interest us as curiosities, so fundamentally do French morals, of which M. Dumas's are, after all, but an eccentric variation, differ from English. It is probable, of course, that the adapter will omit both the problem and its solution, retaining the situations while suppressing their motives, as though a smuggler, despairing of getting his cargo through the cordon, were to let the cognac run out and land the empty barrels. We have seen many such attempts to palm off upon the public the mere hulls of the French drama, tapped of their spirit; but the success of the device has always been of the scantiest. And if Dumas is impossible, Sardou has become scarcely less so. He has, in fact, taken to imitating Dumas and playing the moralist. *Daniel Rochat* and *Georgette* are unavailable in England in the exact degree in which they

depart from the formula of Scribe. In *Fédora*, on the other hand, Sardou has temporarily resumed allegiance to his master. It is *une pièce bien faite* if ever there was one, well made in the sense in which *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and *Dora* are well made. But is it worth while to pay M. Sardou large sums for his unwritten plays on the chance that he may try back to Scribe instead of pressing forward with Dumas? Of his five recent plays—*Daniel Rochat*, *Divorçons*, *Fédora*, *Théodora*, and *Georgette*—one only has been found worth attempting on our stage. The manager who buys M. Sardou's pigs in a poke may be said with perfect accuracy to pay for their refusal. M. Pailleron has been from the first unadaptable to the English stage, M. Gondinet, except in pure farce, scarcely less so; and from MM. Meilhac and Halévy we need hope for no more *Frou-frous* or even *Cigales*. The Censor bars the way for M. Zola's crude naturalism, for M. Daudet's sentimental realism, and much more for the paradoxical cynicisms of M. Becque, than whom Ibsen is not more impossible in England. Thus we find the upper strata of French dramatic life becoming more and more barren of Anglicisable plays; it is only in the lower levels, the dregs aforesaid, that our Gallomaniac managers can hope to come across digestible matter. The school of romantico-sentimental mediocrities, of whom M. Feuillet is the master, with MM. Ohnet, Claretie, and Deslandes as his disciples, continues to minister to that thirst for the commonplace which makes the whole world kin. If any one cares to adapt *Chamillac* (a failure at the Français) it will doubtless prove adaptable, though scarcely remunerative. If the prayers of a grateful bourgeoisie avail to prolong M. Ohnet's career, we may doubtless look to him for many more *Ironmasters* and *Enemies*. M. Claretie's *Prince Zilah*, though it was snapped up with avidity by the St. James's management, has apparently been found too trivial to serve as successor even to M. Deslandes' *Antoinette Rigaud*, in which the deepest depth of the commonplace seemed to have been sounded; but unless M. Claretie's new dignity interferes with his literary labors we need not despair of his hitting the golden mean of banality in subsequent efforts. To this school, then, our managers may look with confidence for a certain amount of available matter, such as it is; but the question then comes to be, if we are content with sentimental mediocrities, why go to France for them? We may not be able to grow our own Augiers, but a very little managerial fostering should surely suffice to produce a plentiful crop of Ohnets.

The moral of all this is that, as matters now stand, the manager who persists in rushing to Paris for his novelties is altogether behind the age. When he wants a new play let him go to Mr. Pinero, or Mr. Bronson Howard, or Mr. Grundy, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Sims, instead of to Dumas, or Sardou or Ohnet, or D'Ennery; he is much more likely to get the article he requires in London than in Paris.

When a Frenchman produces a play which is obviously suited to the English stage, let us have it by all means; but it is shortsighted foolishness to scramble for foreign productions, four out of five of which are totally unavailable, while the very thing we want is being produced at home, and would be produced much more freely but for the forced and futile foreign competition. A Jones in the hand is worth two Sardous in the bush—that is the proverbial philosophy of the matter.

The history of the Court Theatre and of the present management at the Haymarket tells the same tale, to wit, that from a business point of view new plays are better than revivals, and original plays than adaptations. Messrs. Clayton and Cecil have revived play after play with scant success—*New Men and Old Acres*, *All for Her*, *Play*, *Engaged*, &c., &c.—and have produced some adaptations—*Honour*, *Devotion*, *The Opal Ring*, &c.—with still less acceptance. Their successes have been made with new and original plays, such as *The Parvenu*, and *Young Mrs. Winthrop;* while their faith in Mr. Pinero, unshaken by the failure of *The Rector*, has enabled them to strike a richly auriferous vein in *The Magistrate* and *The Schoolmistress*. Messrs. Russell and Bashford, commencing with a semi-success in *Dark Days*, next displayed a total lack of managerial instinct in permitting *Nadjezda*, a crude American melodrama, to flaunt its tedious repulsiveness on the Haymarket stage. Revivals of *Engaged* and *She Stoops to Conquer* left them still deeper in the lough of despond, from which at last *Jim the Penman* a new and original English play, seems to have rescued them.

The mention of *Jim the Penman* reminds me that in this plea for the playwright I have as yet stated the case only of our handful of known and tried dramatic authors, and have said no word for the Great Unacted. Sir Charles Young's drama, if I am rightly informed, was passed from theatre to theatre, and rejected on every hand, until the misfortunes of the Haymarket management afforded a chance opening for it; and among the piles of unacted plays by unknown authors which litter the manager's room in every popular theatre, there are doubtless some which, like *Jim the Penman*, require only a fair hearing to make the writer's name and fill the manager's treasury. It is true that the amateur playwright is, as a rule, a hopeless phenomenon, and that much reading of amateur plays is apt to induce a cynical and even misanthropic habit of mind. Men who, in their ordinary walks of life, are perhaps capable and intelligent beyond the average, when they are seized with the itch of dramatic authorship seem often to be afflicted, as a concomitant symptom, with a peculiar childishness or even imbecility. Out of the thousand manuscript plays (a low estimate) which we may suppose to be at present languishing mute and inglorious either in the unknown authors'

desks or in the vasty receptacles of the managers, there are probably no more than ten which would repay presentation. Out of these ten, perhaps three or four are by men of genuine talent who, given fair opportunities, would prove effective recruits to our little squad of militant playwrights; not a large number certainly (I am anxious not to make my estimate over-sanguine), but sufficient to affect for the better conditions of dramatic authorship in England. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Even now the coming playwright, the man whom in the year 1900 or thereabouts we shall greet as the English Augier, may be knocking idly at stage-door after stage-door, his pockets bulging with rejected manuscripts. He will come—I had almost said as a thief in the night, but that would suggest adaptive tendencies from which I trust he will be free. At all events, it behoves the astute manager to be eagerly on the look-out for the coming man or men, if only on the purely selfish ground that the first discoverer of a new power is generally able to exploit it, for a time at least, greatly to his own advantage.

It will be said, and I believe with truth, that no intelligent manager nowadays fails to read, or at least to "sample," every manuscript which comes in his way. But the manuscripts of unknown authors are as a rule opened with an unfavorable predisposition. Managers read to reject, rather than to accept. At the first sign of crudity and inexperience the play is cast aside as impossible; and many good plays are declined because they conflict with some preconceived notion on the manager's part as to what the public wants. Most of these prejudices are pure superstitions. The public wants to be amused and interested—in short, it wants good plays—and if it gets one it does not inquire too curiously as to the precise formula after which it is compounded. It is quite true that only a very few plays by entirely untried authors are ready to be put on the stage just as they are, dramatic writing not being a craft in which masterpieces can be produced by men who have served no apprenticeship. The object of the alert impresario should be to recognise the promise of inexperienced writers and to afford them the opportunity of acquiring experience. French managers are fully alive to this principle. In how many cases has the author of a promising but crude first attempt been introduced by discerning manager to one or other of the recognized master-playwrights of the day, with whom he has collaborated either on his own theme or on others! Here, if such a thing is attempted at all, it is the manager himself (in no sense a master-playwright) who insists on collaborating with the young author—a proceeding, by the way, which is strictly forbidden by the regulations of the French Dramatic Authors' Society. Again, if a discriminating manager finds traces of ability even in a quite impossible play, might he not reasonably send for the

young author and say, "This attempt won't do, my friend; but suppose you write me another play, avoiding this or that error, fulfilling this or that condition, keeping in view the requirements of such and such an actor or such and such an audience"? Some effort of this kind to foster rising talent would surely be politic financially as well as artistically. Yet when was an English manager known to make the experiment? It would demand no outlay save that of brains; and, given a little discernment on the part of the manager, it would be far more likely to lead to success than a blindfold scramble for unwritten French plays. Management would become more of an art, less of a game of chance; thus losing its charm, no doubt, for some managers who would probably say, with the pyrotechnic page in Mr. Pinero's farce, "it's the 'orrid uncertainty wot I craves after."

The "'orrid uncertainty," indeed, can never be entirely eliminated, for the strongest judgment will now and then err, and accident may stultify the most consummate skill. At the same time nothing can be more futile than the reasoning of those managers who think to minimise the danger by going to France for plays which have already stood the test of presentation. "We dare not risk a failure," they say, "and plays which have pleased the audiences of the Français or the Gymnase are much more likely than untried works to please our Haymarket or St. James's public." This is a superstition for which there is no theoretical basis, and which has repeatedly disproved itself in practice. Five out of six of the plays which please French audiences are seen at a glance to be impossible on this side of the channel. Two out of three of those which seem fit for transplantation languish and die in our inhospitable soil. The selection of a French play, in short, demands quite as great an effort of judgment as the selection of an English play. It is a delusion to suppose that the chances of a piece seen in Paris can be forecast with more ease and accuracy than the chances of a piece read in London. The manager who holds this opinion simply confesses his infirmity of judgment, and must be prepared to "risk" and endure many a failure whether he will or no.

Lastly, a word as to the validity of this managerial maxim: "We dare not risk a failure." Taken literally, it is a self-destructive absurdity which, if consistently acted upon, would repress all dramatic development, and yet lead to abject failure after all. The principle it starts from is that public taste is stationary, that what succeeds yesterday will succeed again to-day, and yet again to-morrow; whereas the opposite principle is the more generally valid, namely, that what the public demanded yesterday it will to-morrow reject as tedious and old-fashioned. The truth is, that the manager who waits for public taste to formulate itself clearly, and who accepts to-day's formulation of it as valid for all time, is like a cook who

[illegible]he imagination to draw out a bill of fare, and serves up pan-[illegible] every day of the year because his customers ordered them on [illegible]rove Tuesday. Supply begets demand, and appetite comes in [illegible]ting. The manager who succeeds in the long run is he who creates [illegible]d stimulates public taste; and in doing so he must be prepared to [illegible]k occasional failures. Not every dish of the most inventive *chef* [illegible]ds equal acceptance among his patrons; but he does not on that [illegible]count eschew all novelty and serve up partridge and Strasburg [illegible]ty in perpetual rotation.

At the same time it is perfectly true that under our present [illegible]stem failure is apt to be unduly disastrous. The luxury of appoint-[illegible]ents which modern taste demands renders every new production [illegible] great investment, which it requires great success to repay with [illegible]ce. Moreover, the critics and the public have come to be [illegible]wisely, if not superstitiously, intolerant of failure. A theatre [illegible]hich has scored one or two "frosts" easily falls into disrepute [illegible]d is handicapped in the race, so that managers will often incur [illegible]avy loss in cloaking a failure, rather than boldly acknowledge it [illegible]d spend the same amount in bidding for a success. This absence [illegible]f a middle way between sensational success and total failure, [illegible]hether avowed or concealed, is one of the most serious evils to [illegible]hich the English stage is at present subject. Production is cramped [illegible]y it, development hindered. Might not some intelligent manager [illegible]bserve his own profit as well as the public interest by an attempt [illegible]o open up and utilise such a middle way? Might he not start a [illegible]eatre with the expressed intention of producing new plays by [illegible]nglish authors, known and unknown, putting them on the stage [illegible]conomically yet appropriately, so that a comparatively short run [illegible]ould recoup his outlay? Might he not deliberately refuse to [illegible]xploit success to the very last gasp by running them without inter-[illegible]ption for three, four, or five hundred nights, adopting, instead, the [illegible]rinciple of frequent alterations of programme, and so, it may be, [illegible]nabling a good play to live for ten years, instead of one? Might he [illegible]ot, in carrying out such an enterprise with spirit and ability, rely [illegible]pon the active support of at least an intelligent minority of the [illegible]ublic, who would recognise and do their best to reward his efforts [illegible]o advance the best interests of the English stage? I think the [illegible]xperiment would be worth trying, though I fully recognise that it [illegible]ould demand two "conditions precedent" not always attainable in [illegible]ese days. It would demand capital and brains; and the former, [illegible]ough the less essential of the two, would probably be the more [illegible]adily forthcoming.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

—Fortnightly Review.

RECENT SHAKESPEARE-BACON LITERATURE.

(*Conclusion.*)

BY W. H. WYMAN.

295 BACON OR SHAKESPEARE? Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's Wide Ingenious Theory. By J. A. TRUESDELL. In the *Post*, Washington, D. C., April 12, 1885. 3 columns. *Anti-Sh.*

Mr. Donnelly's cipher theory, on which he has labored for four years, is founded upon the imperfections of the Folio of 1623. We give a condensed explanation of it in his own words:

"I took down my Bacon and read in his *De Augmentis* what he had to say about ciphers. * * * I found that he preferred a cipher of words, and laid down the rule that the writing infolded should bear a quintuple relation to the writing infolding, *omnia per omnia*. I then began to read the plays to find evidence of a cipher. * * *

"I turned to the folio of 1623. * * * Mark what I found: 1. Irregular paging. 2. Arbitrary italicizing. 3. Meaningless bracketing. 4. Senseless hyphenation. * * *

"For instance, the Second part of *Henry Fourth* ends on page 100. *Henry the Fifth* follows on the next page, and that is page 69. *Henry the Eighth* ends on page 232. *Troilus and Cressida* follows, and the page number is 77. The latter play is paged on to page 80, and there the paging ceases. * * *

"Italics are used very queerly in this edition * * seldom are used for emphasis, and are often employed where no reason appears for it." * * * In the same way, hyphens are used without rhyme or reason. On pages 74 and 75 of this play occur twenty-four hyphens; on pages 72 and 73 there are five. For none of them is there a sound reason in the necessities of the text. * * * The bracketed words in Shakespeare have been a stumbling stone to students from the start. They are left out of our modern editions, so clearly have they nothing to do with the meaning of the lines.

"What was more natural than for me to think that all this had something to do with the cipher which I supposed might exist in the text? I counted up all these peculiarities and began to use them as factors in the problem. For instance, by multiplying the numbers of the pages into the numbers of italicized words on the first few pages of *Henry the Fourth*, second part, I got this significant result:

4×56=224—the 224th word was "Francis."
7×53=371—the 371st word was "Bacon."
6×67=402—the 402d word was "St. Albans."
10×74=740—the 740th word was "volume."
12×74=888—the 888th word was "plays."
11×76=836—the 836th word was "found."
11×76=836—counting from the next page "out" resulted.

It will be noticed, as Mr. Donnelly says, that "the multiples do not always bring out the words in their order." For instance, the word "Bacon" above occurs on page 53; while the word "Francis," which is supposed to precede it in the cipher, appears later, on page 56. In explanation of this want of arrangement, Mr. D. says: "The rest of my rule relates to re-arranging in proper order the transposed words." This rule is to be given when his book is published.

The above is as good an example of the mathematical processes of Mr. Donnelly's cipher as our space will allow. He claims, in short, that the imperfections of the Folio—a book very badly printed, even for those days—with the singular use of italics, hyphens, brackets, and the irregular pagination, are intentional, and together constitute the cipher.

A criticism of the cipher theory appeared in the Chicago Weekly *News*, April 12, 1885, by W. M. P.

"Having made the necessary assumption, and with the key of the cipher in hand, it would be just as easy to find the Mulligan letters in one of Shakespeare's plays, as to find what Mr. Donnelly has announced in his captivating way."

296 SHAKESPEARE OR BACON? Anonymous. In the Leeds (Eng.) *Mercury*, January 10, 1885. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

On the Donnelly theory the writer is skeptical. Of Mrs. Pott's works he says;

"In any event they are calculated, and that apart from the controversy they raise, to increase the admiration of Englishmen for him who is eulogized by Walton, as "the Secretary of Nature and all learning." And Mrs. Pott will have done good work if she but stir up some one of the many capable champions on the other side to show that though Bacon may have been the incomparable scholar and philosopher of his time, yet Shakespeare, whatever else he was deficient in, was the Master (to quote Young) of "the two books the last conflagration can alone destroy —the Book of Nature and that of Man."

297 DONNELLY'S "DISCOVERY." By WM. J. ROLFE. In the *Literary World* (*Shakespeariana*), Boston, May 16, 1885. 3 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

Mr. Rolfe gives a few instances of what he claims are the inconsistencies of the cipher theory, and promises it further attention when the book comes out.

A similar article will be found in the *Literary World* of Nov. 29, 1884, on the first announcement of the cipher. In this Mr. Rolfe is disposed to treat the subject facetiously. He mentions a friend—a Shakespearian and a mathamatician—who has also been at work four years evolving a cipher from the plays, but with an entirely different result. His theory is that Shakespeare had a suspicion that Bacon or somebody else might some day try to rob him of his works, and he "introduced the name [Bacon] for the express purpose of interweaving this significant sentence into the texture of the drama, 'Francis—Bacon—did—not—write—this—play.'"

298 DER SHAKESPEARE-MYTHUS. William Shakespeare und die Autorschaft der Shakespeare-Dramen, von APPLETON MORGAN. Autorisite deutsche Bearbitung von KARL MÜLLER-MYLIUS. Leipzig; F. A. Brockhaus, 1885. 8vo., pp. 306. *Anti-Sh.*

Dr. Müller's translation of Mr. Morgan's *Shakespearian Myth*. It is accompanied by a preface of his own, and a new chapter—Part VII: *Eine Theorie der Herausgeberschaft*—(AN EDITORIAL THEORY) pages 257–299, supplied by Mr. Morgan. An extract from Dr. Müller's preface:

"In order to give German readers some notion of this highly important and

interesting question, I have chosen from the abundant and valuable literature this book, which is the richest in material and the most objective in style, namely, the original of this translation. It is the work of an American lawyer, who is a profound connoisseur and a sincere admirer of Shakespearian works, and possesses such a thorough knowledge of Shakespearian literature as few German scholars have attained. His doubts as to the authorship he states clearly and thoughtfully, cleverly and impartially, and establishes them in a manner which can scarcely be successfully combated. * * * Above all, he offers so extraordinarily much in facts, views, notes and testimony that is new, or at least little known, that his book under any circumstances forms one of the most valuable contributions to Shakespearian literature and Shakespearian knowledge; and even his opponents will be thankful to him for the fruit of his labor."

299 THE AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKESPEARE AND JOHN WARD'S DIARY. In the *Current*, Chicago, May 23, 1885. 3 columns.
Pro-Sh.

This refers to a newly-discovered copy of the Second Folio, containing an entry inserted with the name of John Ward, and also a claimed autograph of Shakespeare pasted on the fly-leaf. The book is now owned by Mr. C. F. Gunther, of Chicago. The writer claims that Ward's entries in his Diary in 1663 are strong evidence of Shakespeare's authorship.

300 DER SHAKESPEARE-MYTHUS. By OTFRID MYLIUS, [DR. KARL MÜLLER]. In *Das Magazin für die Litteratur des In-und Auslandes*. Leipzig and Berlin, May 2, 1885. pp. 2. *Anti-Sh.*

In this, Dr. Müller instances, all the authorities, laying great stress, also upon the forthcoming book of Mr. Donnelly's.

301 DID FRANCIS BACON WRITE SHAKESPEARE? A paper read at a meeting of the Dulwich Eclectic Club, April 24, 1885, by FRANCIS FEARON, M. A., London: R. Banks & Son, 1885. pp. 31. *Anti-Sh.*

Archdeacon Fearon gives in this pamphlet a very complete summary of all the points favoring the anti-Shakespearean theory. Speaking of the establishment of the Baconian authorship he says:

"Such a result would, among other things, disprove once more the theory that mere genius, without painstaking study and labour, can produce learned and erudite works; that it was given to Shakespeare alone of mortals to despise the golden rule. 'There is no royal road to knowledge.' It would prove what would naturally have been predicated, that the plays were not the production of heaven-born genius and intuition, but of genius and ability, moulded and strengthened by intense interest and study; that the writer of the plays followed his own injunction put into the mouth of one of his characters, 'Take pains, be perfect.'"

302 "THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF SHAKESPEARE." By HENRY HOOPER. In the *Present*, Cincinnati, for June, 1885. 4 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

A fanciful account of a suppositious Baconian Society.

303 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE THEORY IN GERMANY. Letter from DAVID ASHER, dated Leipsig, May, 1885. In the *Academy*, London, June 6, 1885. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

The letter notices the growing conflict among German authors on the subject. Personally he expresses some doubt, but does not favor the Baconian theory.

304 DER "SHAKESPEARE-MYTHUS." By ROBERT PROELSZ. A review of Müller's translation of the *Myth*. In the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, June 9th and 10th, 1885. 21 (feuilleton) columns. *Pro-Sh.*

Herr Proelsz's paper is a comprehensive and extremely caustic review of the translation of the *Shakespearian Myth*. We give a translation of a few passages:

"What the Baconians produce as facts, amounts in the end to some passages in letters, which show that Bacon indeed may have written and secretly published some works of imagination and wit. But nowhere is there any direct reference to dramatic poetry. This sentence of Bacon's which occurs so opportunely, "Dramatic poetry is history made visible," is of such a general nature, that it is impossible to draw any conclusion from it regarding Bacon's poetic activity. The expression, "To stage myself," contains, in the connection in which Bacon uses it, no reference to any dramatic work. Indeed, Bacon wrote some dramatic productions himself, first of all as a member of Gray's Inn," an act of the tragedy, *Misfortunes of Arthur*. And later he is said to have written some masques. But all that has been preserved of his dramatic works only proves that he could not have been the author of the Shakespearian plays, for nothing of their genius is found there. Still less evidence is offered by the parallel passages which the Baconians have found in Bacon's and Shakespeare's writings."

"This is the book [the *Myth*] which the translator has introduced with these words of Guizot's: 'I know of no greater pleasure in public life than that of contending for a great but still misunderstood truth,' and which I, on the contrary, to assign to its deserved place, recommend to the consideration of the followers of spiritualism, necromancy, and other 'great but still misunderstood truths,' as a new scientific humbug."

305 BOOKS ON SHAKESPEARE. (A Lecture.) By SAM: TIMMINS, F. S.A. (Birmingham Reference Library Lectures No. 4.) 1885. Pamphlet, pp. 19. *Pro-Sh.*

Mr. Timmins refers to this subject only incidentally.

"It is rather significant to find that, in unseating Shakespeare from his throne, the only possible occupant seems to be Francis Bacon, certainly one of the most brilliant intellects of the brilliant Elizabethan age."

306 THE MERIT OF LORD BACON. By Rev. DAVID SWING. In *The Current*, Chicago, April 25, 1885. 1½ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

The merit awarded to Lord Bacon is not that of the authorship.

307 VENUS AND ADONIS. A STUDY IN WARWICKSHIRE DIALECT. By APPLETON MORGAN. (No. 2 of the Shakespeare Society's publications.) New York: Brentano Bros., 1885. pp. 149. *Anti-Sh.*

This is No. 2 of the publications of the *New York Shakespeare Society*, of which Mr. Morgan is President.

The writer finds scarcely a trace of Warwickshire in *Venus and Adonis*. He concludes:

"I.—That the Shakespearian works are a storehouse of Elizabethan English in

all of its many varieties and variations, its dictions, vernacular and dialects, from the most refined, splendid and courtly to its rudest and crudest; and, therefore, are more likely to be of composite origin than exclusively monographs.

"II.—That the poem, *Venus and Adonis*, is apparently the monograph of a poet able to confine himself to the most refined, most splendid and courtliest of these dictions—and to resist any temptation of vicinage, heredity or contemporary corruptions.

"III.—That, to quote the words of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, it is better 'never to be too certain of anything' in matters Shakespearian."

In this connection we may state that on January 27, 1886, Dr. C. M. Ingleby read before the Royal Society of Literature, in London, a paper entitled *Notes on the History of the Shakespearian Canon*, from which we take this passage:

"Two years later [1594], an anonymous versifier assigns *Lucrece* to Shakespeare; but such evidence, whether affecting the poem or its predecessor, *Venus and Adonis*, need not arrest our attention, since we have the poet's own acknowledgment of his authorship of both, which no skepticism as to the real author of the plays can by any sophistry explain away. Indeed, the American champion of the Bacon authorship, whose argument occupies 700 closely printed pages, fights shy of the two great poems (only mentioning them incidentally), neither assailing the external evidence of the dedication, nor the internal evidence of a common authorship for the poems and the plays."

In a letter to Dr. Ingleby, of the same date, Sir Patrick Colquhoun takes issue with him as to the Shakespearian authorship.

"My notion is that Shakespeare took the best plays he could find from all quarters, either as they were, or by adaptation worked up by skilled playwrights, and so his selection was the best, and better than those of any one author (Marlowe) or joint authors (B. and F.); still I consider they are as different from each other as black and white, and the similarity only consists in the age and their style of diction. Indeed, I compare them to diamonds set in copper, for while there is much that is brilliant, there is a vast amount of trash and inferior stuff. They look to me as though they were composite works, the best part plagiaries, and the inferior, work of the playwright or adapter."

308 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. DID HE WRITE THE PLAYS? By GEORGE R. PECK. In the *Commonwealth*, Topeka, Kansas, September 27, 1885. 4 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

In this paper there is a short review and answer to all the Baconian arguments As to parallelisms:

"There are written shades of meaning, colorings of the same idea, divisions of the same thought, constantly occurring, not only in literature, but in our every-day communication with each other. * * * The rustic to whom Emerson loaned a volume of Plato, remarked when he returned it, 'I like Plato first rate; he has got lots of my ideas.'"

309 WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE? By MULTUM IN PARVO. A communication in the *Tribune*, Denver, Col., June 2. 1885. 1 column. *Anti-Sh.*

This is valuable only for the uniqueness of the suggestion—that the author of the plays was Robert Burton.

310 LA VIE DE SHAKESPEARE ET LA PARADOXE BACONIEN. By HENRY COCHIN. IN *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris, 1st November, 1885. pp. 38 (106-143). *Pro-Sh.*

M. Cochin's paper, occupying thirty-eight pages of the *Revue*, is very comprehensive—a Bibliography of itself as to the prominent works on the subject, and exhaustive as a review of the arguments. The extracts translated below will indicate his views:

"The Baconian theory, however false it may be, has none the less served to call a close attention to Shakespeare's works, and to many persons and books of his time. It has excited the activityof many diverse minds," [and he adds, after a reference to the 255 titles of the *Bibliography*]: "My intention is not, to add a 256th item to this voluminous catalogue. But I could not pass in silence a controversy which has given birth to such an abundant literature. So I have reviewed this theory briefly, but with perfect good faith, and without omitting anything of importance. The Baconians have proved, not unanswerably, but ingeniously, and with some plausibility, that Lord Bacon might have written the Shakespearian plays. But what they have not proved is that Shakespeare himself did not write them. However, that is all. The most important part of the discussion should have been the destructive, as the Baconians say. Yet it has been the most neglected. They have rejected beforehand all the contemporary testimony of Greene, Nash, Meres, Davis, Carew and many others, by declaring, *en bloc*, as Palmerston did of Ben Jonson, that all these people were dupes or accomplices. But overlooking even these impossibilities, it is necessary to return to their first affirmation, which is this: William Shakespeare did not possess enough science or literary ability to write the plays which have come to us under his name. What we know to-day of Shakespeare's life suffices to contradict this assertion.

"It was easier to acquire a smattering of all the science current at that time than it would be to-day. All the books then printed in England would not have formed a very extensive library. I reject then absolutely the argument founded on the probable ignorance of Shakespeare. The arduous years of hardship, passed in London in modest employment, were the time when his genius was developing and acquiring the materials which it needed. And if they ask: Could an obscure actor have written plays which contain briefly all the science of his time? I answer, Yes, if he had genius."

311 MUCH ADO ABOUT SONNETS. By APPLETON MORGAN. In the *Catholic World*, New York, November, 1885. pp. 11.

Anti-Sh.

Mr. Morgan argues against the vicious and dangerous character of any conclusion as to historical matter, drawn dogmatically from works of the imagination, like the plays of Shakespeare.

"But the process, which requires considerable ingenuity and periphrasis, when applied to the plays, is clear sailing and simplicity itself when worked on the sonnets; which stand alone, *sui generis*, with no ancestors, antitypes or prototypes, with no sources to reconcile, and no references to consult. There is not a rock in the channel. All we have to do is to forge ahead!"

312 THE BACONIAN HYPOTHESIS. By H. L. MOORE. A series of 13 articles of from 1½ to 3 columns each, in the *Gazette*, Lawrence, Kansas, December 24 and 31, 1885; January 7, 14, 21, 28; February 11, 18, 25; March 4, 11, 18, 25, 1886.

Anti-Sh.

A series of thirteen articles. The first six are devoted to a comparison, with quotations of parallelisms, between *Hamlet* and the *Advancement of Learning*. The others relate mainly to *Macbeth* and the *De Augmentis*. As to the first, the author says:

"I have compared with some degree of care the *Advancement of Learning* with *Hamlet*, and must say that I am surprised to find that the thought and teaching of the one is exactly what it is in the other. One is expressed in the language of a most imaginative philosopher and the other in the language of a philosophic poet. The philosophy is the same in both, both have studied the same subjects, and have reached the same conclusions."

313 WHAT WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT SHAKESPEARE. By MRS. CAROLINE HEALY DALL. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886. pp. 204. *Pro-Sh.*

Mrs. Dall only devotes one chapter to this subject—that on *Delia Bacon*. The author says as to Miss Bacon:

"She said that she drew her evidences of Francis Bacon's authorship from two sources, the internal and external. She found them in the plays themselves, and outside of the plays, in history. She wished to publish them in two large octavo volumes. She had enough of each sort of material to fill a volume; which should she print first? I said 'The facts, by all means, if you have them.' Mr. Emerson said: 'Your inductions by all means; and then clinch them with your facts.' It is hardly necessary to say that she followed Emerson's advice."

314 BACON AND SHAKESPEARE. PROOF THAT WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE COULD NOT WRITE. THE SONNETS WRITTEN BY FRANCIS BACON TO THE EARL OF ESSEX AND HIS BRIDE, A.D., 1590. BACON IDENTIFIED AS THE CONCEALED POET IGNOTO, A.D. 1589-1600. By WILLIAM HENRY BURR, Washington, D. C. New York: Brentano Bros. 1886. pp. 48. *Anti-Sh.*

The very full title will give an idea of the scope and intent of Mr. Burr's pamphlet. A comparison of the lives of Bacon and Shakespeare is to be continued, the author assures us, to the end of both lives, whereby Lord Bacons secret authorship "will be more abundantly proved, and his moral character vindicated against the aspersions of 260 years."

315 SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. In the *Commercial Gazette*, Cincinnati, February 28, 1886. Also, *Shakespeare's Illiteracy*, in the same paper, March 21, 1886. By S. R. R. (S. R. REED) about 2 columns each. *Pro-Sh.*

"The Bacon and the Shakespeare inventions blend in one part, namely, that beneath a surface-frothy current of stagy, sensational, slaughterous, blood-and-thunder plays, to catch the populace of the theatre, the author hid profound philosophies, which were unutterable then, but which future ages would dig up, like as Egyptian mummies of four thousand years are brought out of their sepulchres to feed locomotive fires. The deep hiding of philosophies is established beyond question by proof that no one has ever found a shred of them. * * * * *

"But the Shakespeare and the Bacon inventions separate in the part that Bacon made Shakespeare his literary bearer for two reasons: first that play-writing was disreputable, and that Shakespeare, being a theatre-man, had no reputation to lose by this repute; second, that Bacon wanted to diseminate in the populace political sentiments hostile to Queen Elizabeth, and therefore he massed them in plays, and avoided the risk of his own head by putting it on Shakespeare's. This would be highly honorable in Bacon and very good in Shakespeare. But the *hiding of* disloyalty in the plays is established as firmly as the faith in the buried *philosophy, by* the fact that it has not been found out."

316 MRS. POTT'S 32 REASONS. By JOHN STOKES ADAMS. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for February, 1886. pp. 5. *Pro-Sh.*

A comprehensive view of the reasons adduced by Mrs Pott. Extract:

"To our mind, the *32 Reasons* has essentially failed to establish the Baconian authorship. Its partisans are too devoted to minute criticism. They have not made any attempt to establish the identity of the human entity which the student finds in the author of the plays with that which discovers itself to the student of Bacon. Leaving then, this microscopy, we find too wide a gap between the two."

The writer quotes from Dowden:

"Bacon's ethical writings sparkle with a frosty brilliance of fancy, playing over the worldly maxims which constituted his wisdom for the conduct of life. Shakespeare reaches to the ultimate truths of human character through a supreme and undivisable energy of love, imagination and thought."

317 SHAKESPEARE. HIS YOUTH AND GROWTH. A new lecture by the veteran actor, MR. JAMES E. MURDOCH. Synopsis in the *Commercial Gazette* and in the *Enquirer*, Cincinnati, February 22, 1886. 1 column each. *Pro-Sh.*

"The attempt to foist the plays of Shakespeare upon Bacon Mr. Murdoch stigmatized as an attempt to deny genius in the one part and to create intellectual impossibilities in the other. If the spirit of Francis Bacon could appear to-day, it would cry: 'Take from these o'erburdened shoulders a load that would sink a navy.' 'Too much honor, yea,' said Mr. Murdoch, with contemptuous emphasis, 'too much honor."—*Enquirer.*

318 THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE. By NATHANIEL HOLMES. Edition of 1886, including a *Supplement of further proofs that Francis Bacon was the real author*, with a full index. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. pp. 828. *Anti-Sh.*

In this edition, just published, Judge Holmes includes a *Supplement*, 120 pages (699–818) of entirely new matter. "As additional evidence," he says, "it is rather cumulative than different in kind from that heretofore produced, and it is limited to those items which seemed to me to have some direct and peculiar weight upon the immediate question of Bacon's hand in the work." He mentions Mrs. Pott's *Promus* as the most notable accession to the evidence, and many of his illustrations are drawn from that and other works. He closes:

"Such a linked concentration of identities in thought and word would seem to be incredible, unless they come from one and the same author. Whether we shall call him "Mr. William Shakespeare," or Francis Bacon,—whether we shall say (with Dr. James Freeman Clark) that Shakespeare wrote Bacon, or that Bacon wrote Shakespeare,—is more important in the thing than in the name. The importance of the thing consists chiefly in knowing in what sort of man, life and genius we are to look for such dramas as these were and still are, and (as a first step toward this knowledge) in learning to know that Francis Bacon was no mere "crabbed lawyer," pragmatical statesman, materialist in philosophy or worshipper of Mammon as the chief end of mankind, and no such base character, "meanest of mankind," or crude apostle of positive science, as our popular literature is much in the habit of representing him, but (as Prof. Clark said) rather "belonged to literature and metaphysics," and was, in truth, one of the greatest and noblest of men,—was, in short,

all that we require for a correct understanding and a just appreciation of "our Shakespeare."

319 HAMLET'S NOTE-BOOK. By WILLIAM D. O'CONNOR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. pp. 78.
Anti-Sh.

This is mainly an answer to the late Richard Grant White's *Bacon-Shakespeare Craze*, [title 217] and a defense of Mrs. Pott's *Promus*. Mr. O'Connor is the author of *Harrington* [title 24] and is one of the earliest Baconians, dating back to the days of Delia Bacon. He gives a new theory as to the authorship of the Sonnets:

"After all, prejudgments once barred, the clew is a very plain one. The only begetter of a child is its father. By parity of reasoning, the only begetter of a sonnet is its author. The sonnets are therefore dedicated to their author. 'To the only begetter [or sole author] of the ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer [or person undertaking the enterprise of launching them for posterity] in setting forth T. T." So runs the dedication. Who now are the author and adventurer thus indicated in cipher? The author is Raleigh—WALTER RALEIGH; the adventurer, the mathematician Hariot, THOMAS HARIOT, his friend and companion, allowed free access to him durlng his imprisonment in the Tower, which covers the date of the Sonnets, 1609. The means and leisure necessary to establish these assertions beyond cavil, and spread open the meaning of the sonnets, will probably never be at the command of the writer, but patient and candid scholars, better situated, will not be ungrateful for the offered clew.

320 AN INDIAN IN INDIANA. By JOHN H. STOTSENBURG, of New Albany, Indiana. A series of twelve articles in the *Sentinel*, Indianapolis, Ind., of dates as follows: September 27; October 11, 18 and 25; November, 8, 15, 22 and 29; December 6, 13, 20 and 27, all in 1885. 1 to 2 columns each. *Anti-Sh.*

The title may be explained by the fact that Mr. Stotsenburg adopts the supposititious character of Professor Ram-Chusa-Chum, of a Persian University, assumed to be temporarily sojourning in America. Under this guise the writer discourses on various topics, the most important being the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, which is treated of in nearly every article. The most important of these is that of December 13th, where the Professor is supposed to lecture to a literary society—the Amaranths—composed entirely of ladies. He is evidently a strong Baconian, and discourses the question in all its aspects, inclnding the Donnelly cipher, in which he is evidently a believer.

321 WAS HE AN IMPOSTER? By GEORGE A. BICKNELL, of New Albany, Indiana. In the *Sentinel*, Indianapolis, Indiana, December 20, 1885. 2 columns.
Pro-Sh

This was called out by the preceding title, and maintains that the known facts in the life of Shakespeare are not inconsistent with the authorship.

322 MR. DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE CIPHER. By PERCY M. WALLACE. In *The Nineteenth Century*, London, for May, 1886. [reprinted in SHAKESPEARIANA for June, '86.] pp. 13 (697-709).
Unc.

The writer gives a complete summary of Mr. Donnelly's claims, made up partly from hitherto unpublished letters to friends and sympathisers in England. While Mr. Wallace does not decide in favor of or against the cipher theory, it is evident that he is impressed by a probability of its correctness.

This closes the list up to date—May, 1886. It may be continued at some future time as new titles offer.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

X. GEORGE STEEVENS.

One of the best known among those who have edited Shakespeare's works is George Steevens. He was the only son of George Steevens, Esq., of Stepney, who was formerly a Captain in the East India Company, and afterwards a Director in the same corporation. George Steevens, the younger, was born at Stepney, on May 10th, 1736, and educated at King's College, Cambridge. He had an excellent classical education, and his memory was such that he could repeat passages from Greek and Latin poets with facility. He was a very witty man, and practical jokes were his special delight. His most celebrated one was his attempt to deceive the Society of Antiquaries. He caused to be made a coarse marble stone, on which was inscribed Saxon letters, reciting that it was a portion of the sarcophagus of Hardicanute. This was taken to a founder's house in Southwark, and a story set in circulation that a wonderful curiosity had been found. A number of antiquarians called to see it, and were anxious to purchase it. The man was instructed to say, however, that it was not for sale, as he was too fond of antiquities himself to part with it. They were permitted to take drawings of it, and a carefully executed *fac-simile* of it was made by Jacob Schnebbelie. The formation of the letters, and the wording of the inscription were pronounced to be indicative of its genuineness. The joke was discovered in time to prevent the appearance, however, of a learned comment on the supposed Saxon inscription, which was prepared by the learned Dr. Pegge. The stone was finally taken to Sir Joseph Banks' house, where it was exhibited to his friends, and much merriment was had at the expense of the learned gentleman who had been so completely fooled.

He possessed an ample fortune, and was enabled to purchase a very valuable library, which, in addition to being rich in Elizabethan works, contained a Second Folio edition of Shakespeare which had formerly belonged to King Charles I. He also owned the First, Third, and Fourth Folios, and a remarkable collection of the Quartos. His library was sold after his death.

He died January 22nd, 1800, and was buried in Poplar Chapel, London. A monument to his memory was executed by Flaxman, and erected in the same church. It represents him seated on a bench, contemplating a wretched looking bust of Shakespeare, while some books, paper, and pens are on a table near at hand. Underneath the monument is this inscription :—

In the middle aisle of this chapel lie the remains of George Steevens, Esq., who, after having cheerfully employed a considerable portion of his life and fortune in the illustration of Shakespeare, expired at Hampstead the 22nd day of January, 1800, in his 64th year.

Peace to these reliques, once the bright attire
Of spirits sparkling with no common fire;
How oft has pleasure in the social hour
Smil'd at his wit's exhilarating power;
And truth attested with delight intense
The serious charms of his colloquial sense :
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay.
His critic labours of unwearied force
Collected light from every distant source;
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave, his zeal endear'd;
Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease;
Lightly the stage of chequer'd life he trod,
Carless of chance, confiding in his God.

In 1766 Steevens published a work entitled :—

Twenty of the plays of Shakespeare, Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-time, or before the Restoration, Collated where there were different Copies, and Published from the Originals, By George Steevens, Esq., in Four Volumes.—Ire jubeo, ut ea a fontibus potius hauriant, quam rivulos confectentur. Quæ autem memo adhuc docuerat, nec erat unde studiosi scire possent, ea, quantum potui, feci, ut essent nota nostris. CICERONIS ACAD. Lib. I. Vol. I. London : Printed by J. and R. Tonson, In the Strand; T. Payne, at the Mews-gate, Castle-street, and W. Richardson in Fleet-street. M.DCC. LXVI.

In this work Steevens reprinted *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1600, the Roberts edition, and collated it with the Fisher edition of 1600; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1619; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1630; *Much Ado about Nothing*, 1600; *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600; the Roberts edition, collated with the Heyes edition of 1600; *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1631; *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1631; *King Lear*, 1608; *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1611; *Richard II.*, 1615; collated with Wise's edition of 1598, and with Norton's edition of 1634; 1 *Henry IV*, 1613, collated with Wise's edition of 1599, Norton's edition of 1632, and Perry's edition of 1639; 2 *Henry IV*, 1600; *Henry V*, 1608; *The Whole Contention between the two famous Houses Lancaster and Yorke*, and the *Second Part*; *Richard III*, 1612, collated with Wise's editions of

1598 and 1602, Purfoot's edition of 1624, and Norton's editions of 1629 and 1634; *Titus Andronicus*, 1611; *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609; *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597; *Romeo and Juliet*, 1609; *Hamlet*, 1611, collated with N. L.'s edition of 1605, and Smethwicke's editions of 1637 and undated copy; *Othello*, 1622; *The Sonnets*, 1609; and *The True Chronicle History of King Leir*, 1605.

Steevens performed a real service to students of Shakespeare in thus reprinting so many of the Quartos, and for nearly a hundred years they remained the only reprints of these extremely rare little books that were published.

In 1773 Steevens issued what was really his first edition of Shakespeare. It was in ten volumes octavo, fairly well printed on ribbed paper. The title page in the first volume reads thus :—

The Plays of William Shakespeare. In Ten Volumes. With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; To which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. With an Appendex. London : Printed for C. Bathurst, J. Beecroft, W. Strahan, J. and F. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davies, Hawies, Clarke and Collins, R. Horsfield, W. Johnson, W. Owen, T. Caston, E. Johnson, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett, W, Griffin, T. Cadell, W. Woodfall, G. Keith, T. Lowndes, T. Davies, J. Robson, T. Becket, F. Newbury, G. Robington, T. Payne, J. Williams, M. Hingeston, and J. Riddey. M.DCC. LXXII.

There is also a second title page in Volume I. which is as follows :—

The plays of William Shakespeare. Volume the First. Containing Prefaces. The Tempest. The Two Gentlemen of Venice. The Merry Wives of Windsor. London : Printed for C. Bathurst [and the other booksellers given above.] M.DCC. LXXIII.

Similar title-pages to the latter one are found in the other volumes, but the one first given above is only in the first volume. A very poor copy of the Chandos portrait, engraved by G. Vertue is also in the first volume.

Dr. Johnson's preface is printed entire, and is followed by an "Advertisement to the Reader," by Steevens. This occupies eleven pages, and is followed by a list of ancient translations from classic authors. For the preparation of the latter Steevens acknowledges the assistance of Farmer. Then came Heminge and Condell's dedication and preface, and the prefaces of Pope, Theobold, Hanmer, and Warburton. The "Advertisement to the Reader" prefixed to Steevens reprint of the Quartos etc., is next given, and is followed by Rowe's Life of Shakespeare. The grant of arms to the poet's father, Shakespeare's will, extracts from the Register of the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon, and the commendatory poems from the First and Second Folios follow. Then a table of old editions of the plays is given. This preliminary matter occupies nearly half of the first volume. After it are printed the plays in the order that they are given in the First Folio. At the bottom of the pages

are given the notes, each of which is signed with the name of the editor who wrote it.

At the end of the tenth volume there are printed two appendices consisting of eighty-nine pages, and containing notes by Warton, Tollet, Warner, Percy, Collins, Dr. James, Sir J. Hawkins, Steevens, and Dr. Farmer.

Although this edition bore the name of Dr. Johnson as well as that of Steevens on its title-page, it was really prepared and edited entirely by the latter. Dr. Johnson's name continued on the title-pages of Stevens' later editions, but it seems to have retained its place there on account of the learned gentleman's literary reputation, and not because he had anything to do with the editing of them.

In 1778 a second edition by Stevens appeared, in ten volumes octavo. The title-page is as follows:

The Plays of William Shakespeare. In ten volumes. With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; to which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The Second Edition, Revised and Augmented. *ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

MULTA DIES, VARIUSQUE LABOR MUTABILIS ŒVI
RETULIT IN MELIUS, MULTOS ALTERNA REVISENS
LUSIT ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT. VIRGIL.

London, Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, W. Owen, T. Caslon, E. Johnson, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett, T. Cadell, H. L. Gardner, J. Nichols, J. Bew, J. Bucroft, W. Stuart, T. Lowndes, J. Robson, T. Payne, T. Beckett, F. Newbery, G. Robinson, R. Baldwin, J. Ridley, T. Evans, W. Davies, W. Fox, and J. Murray. MDCCLXXVIII.

The first volume contained a well engraved copy of the Droeshout print, in which some variations from the original have been made by the engraver, however. There is also given a very good engraving of Marshall's copy of the Droeshout, and facsimiles of Shakespeare's signatures.

Dr. Johnson's preface came first, then Steevens' "Advertisement to the Reader," which is the same as in the 1773 edition with the exception of a few notes which he added to it, and an extract from Decker's *Guls Hornbook*. Then follows the list of ancient translations from classic authors, the dedication and preface from the First Folio; the prefaces of Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Steevens' "Advertisement," etc. which was prefixed to his reprint of the quartos. Then comes Rowe's life of Shakespeare; the poet's will; extracts from Oldys; the Register of baptisms, burials, etc. at Stratford; extracts from Granger's *History of England*; the commendatory verses on the poet, from the First and Second Folios, etc.; lists of early editions of the plays and poems, of works on Shakespeare, etc., extracts from the books of the Stationer's Company; and Ma-

lone's "Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays attributed to Shakespeare were written."

The additional notes which were given in appendices in the 1773 edition are printed in their proper places in this 1778 edition, and Steevens made some few additions to his notes and changes in the text, but they are comparatively unimportant, and the work is mainly a reprint of the former edition.

In 1785 a reprint of the 1773 and 1778 editions was published, in ten volumes octavo. It was edited by Isaac Reed, who states in the preliminary "advertisement" to the first volume that Steevens declined to edit the work. Both Dr. Johnson's and Steevens' names were retained on the title-page however, and the changes that were made in this edition are comparatively slight.

Steevens seems to have given up all idea of publishing another edition of the poet's works, as he wrote Malone about 1783: "I never mean to appear again as editor of Shakspeare; nor will such assistance as I am able to furnish go towards any future gratuitous publication. Ingratitude and impertinence from several of the booksellers have been my reward for conducting two laborious editions, both of which are sold." He afterwards changed his mind, however, for, in 1793 another edition was issued under the immediate superintendence of Steevens. It is in fifteen volumes octavo, and the first title-page to Volume I reads:

"The Plays of William Shakespeare. In Fifteen Volumes. With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators. To which are added, Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The Fourth Edition. Revised and augmented (With a Glossarial Index) by the Editor of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΔΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.

MULTA DIES, VARIUSQUE LABOR MUTABILIS ŒVI
RETULIT IN MELIUS, MULTOS ALTERNA REVISENS
LUSIT, ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT. VIRGIL.

London: Printed for T. Longman, B. Law and Son, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, F. and C. Rivington, W. Goldsmith, T. Payne, Jun., S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, B. and J. White, G. and T. Wilkie, J. and J. Taylor, Scatchard and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, E. Newbery, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogiloy and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, J. Deighton, and W. Miller.

This work is familiarly known as "Steevens' own edition," and it is a wonderful monument to his learning, ability and perseverence. It is the foundation on which the variorum editions of 1803, 1813 and 1821 were built. No portrait of the poet was published with it, as Steevens remarks that "the only portrait of him that even pretends to authenticity by means of injudicious cleaning, or some other accident has become little better than the shadow of a shade" Steevens here referred to *the Chandos* portrait, and it shows how little he

thought of the Stratford bust and the Droeshout engraving. In later years he was an ardent advocate of the Felton portrait, or at least he pretended to be; for there were not wanting those who declared that he knew more concerning its history than he chose to tell.*

The "advertisement," written by Steevens, occupies thirty-six pages, and is composed in his happiest vein. A rival of great ability had entered the field of Shakespearian editorship in the person of Edmond Malone, whose edition of the poet's works was published in 1790. Steevens seems to have come forth from his retirement to give battle to this editor, and the edition of 1793 appears to have been prepared with the object of showing to the world how wrong Malone was in many points. The latter had looked upon the First Folio with especial reverence, in the advertisement to the 1793 edition Steevens argued that the Second Folio was its superior.

Following the "advertisement" is four pages of addenda, then is given Rowe's life of Shakespeare; additional anecdotes of the poet from Oldys; extracts from the Stratford Register; Shakespeare's coat of arms; his mortgage; his will; the dedication and preface from the First Folio; the preface of Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Dr. Johnson; Steevens' advertisement to his *Twenty Plays;* Capell's introduction; Steevens' advertisement to his 1773 and 1778 editions; the preface of Mason to his *Comments*, 1785; Reed's advertisement to the 1785 edition; Malone's preface; extracts from the Stationers' Registers; lists of old editions of Shakespeare's plays and poems; plays altered from Shakespeare; Malone's essays on the chronological order of the plays, and on Shakespeare, Ford and Jonson.

The second volume (whose title-page reads "The Plays of William Shakspeare" etc. without Steevens' name, etc.,) consists of Farmer's essay on the learning of Shakespeare; list of ancient translations; Malone's very able history of the stage; and poems on the poet. At the end of the second volume there is also printed a table of contents of the whole work. The third volume contains the glossarial index, and then the plays commence. They are printed in the order of the First Folio, and fill the third and succeeding volumes. Twenty-five copies were printed on large paper.

In this edition the notes are much more voluminous than in the previous ones, and they are often much improved. When this work was passing through the press Steevens devoted his whole time to it, and the entire fifteen thick octavo volumes were printed in a little more than eighteen months. It is related of Steevens that he left his house every morning at one o'clock A. M. and went to the printing office where he received his proof-sheets, and then proceeded to the residence of his friend Isaac Reed. He had a latch key which opened the door

* See, for further particulars concerning this, *The Portraits of Shakespeare*, by the present writer, Philadelphia: 1885, 4 to., p. 145.

of the latter, and there he found a room ready for him, with access to his friend's splendid library. In this way he was enabled to make rapid progress with his work, and the printers were not kept waiting for his corrections.

It is by the 1793 edition that Steevens should be judged, and as before stated, it is a wonderful monument to his learning and ability. He ransacked the literature of Shakespeare's day for passages illustrative of the poet's text. Many an allusion which was familiar enough to the poet's contemporaries, but which had been lost sight of by succeeding generations, was explained by Steevens by means of passages from old writers brought forward by him. He could not restrain his wit however, and his love of practical jokes. This latter fact often carried him too far. Take for instance his treatment of the Reverend Richard Amner. This gentleman was a highly respectable Dissenting clergyman of Hampstead, who had in some manner incurred Steevens' ill will. The latter hit upon an ingenious but very cruel method of punishment for his reverend opponent. All the indecent notes which Steevens wrote, (and they are unfortunately many, for his extensive knowledge of Elizabethan literature enabled him to pick out much that was not refined,) were signed Amner. This cruel joke mortified the inoffensive minister so much that the closing days of his life were embittered by it, and his name has gone down to posterity as the author of notes that fairly make one blush to read.

Note too, how Steevens attacked the authority of the First Folio:

> But as we are often reminded by "our brethren of the craft," that this or that emendation, however apparently necessary, is not the *genuine text of Shakspeare*, it might be imagined that we had received this text from its fountain head, and were therefore certain of its purity. Whereas few literary occurances are better understood, than that it came down to us discoloured by "the variation of every soil" through which it had flowed, and that it stagnated at last in the muddy reservoir of the first folio. In plainer terms, that the vitiations of a careless theatre were seconded by those of as ignorant a press. The integrity of dramas thus prepared for the world, is just on a level with the innocence of females nursed in a camp and educated in a bagnio. As often therefore as we are told, that by admitting corrections warranted by common sense and the laws of metre, we have not rigidly adhered to the text of Shakspeare, we shall entreat our opponents to exchange that brase for another "more germane," and say instead of it, that we have deviated from the text of the publishers of single plays in quarto, or their successors, the editors of the first folio; that we have sometimes followed the suggestions of a Warburton, a Johnson, a Farmer, or a Tyrwhitt, in preference to the decisions of a Hemings or a Condell, notwithstanding their choice of readings might have been influenced by associates whose high-sounding names cannot fail to enforce respect, viz. William Ostler, John Shanke, William Sly, and Thomas Poope.

Thus he shot his shafts of wit, not caring whom he hit, and Shakespeare himself was not secure from his pleasantry. In none of his editions had Steevens printed the Sonnets or poems, but Malone having done so in his edition of 1790, the former remarks:

> We have not reprinted the Sonnets, &c. of Shakspeare, because the strongest Act

of Parliament that could be framed, would fail to compel readers into their service; notwithstanding these miscellaneous Poems have derived every possible advantage from the literature and judgement of their only intelligent editor, Mr. Malone, whose implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and the golden spade in Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture. Had Shakspeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonnetteer.

Had Steevens been able to forsee the great interest that these very Sonnets were destined to excite among a later generation, who have pondered over and studied them for years, perhaps he would have hesitated before writing himself down an ass as he did in the foregoing passage.

John Collins, the friend of Capell, who selected him to edit his *Notes and Various Readings*, accused Steevens of plagiarism from Capell. Steevens indignantly denied the charge. There is probably little doubt, however, that the latter profited by the great familiarity with Elizabethan literature possessed by Capell, and that he did not acknowledge his indebtedness as he should have done. No proofs were produced by Collins, and Steevens having denied the accusation, the latter's word must be taken as final.

After Steevens' death many editions of the poet's works were published which had his text for a basis. Some of them were slightly revised, but many reprints were verbatim as to the text, and a selection of, or omission of all his notes. Prominent among these were Reed's Variorum of 1803, in twenty-one volumes, which was printed from a corrected copy for the press by Steevens. Also the Variorum of 1813, in twenty-one volumes.

When Boydell published his magnificent edition of Shakespeare, in nine volumes atlas folio, (1802,) Steevens' text was used. Of the countless editions which were printed after this date, and which adopt Steevens' text it would be useless to speak.

J. PARKER NORRIS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

RICHARD II. VI. i; 184–9.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well.
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water;
That bucket down and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

The "well that owes two buckets" has furnished to another dramatist a somewhat similar figure:—

I'll give you a simile. Did you ever see a well with two buckets? Whilst one comes up full to be emptied another goes down emptie to be filled. Such is the state of all humanitie.

Marston's Malcontent III, iii, (1604)

PHILADELPHIA. A. M. BEVERIDGE.

"TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."

Has it ever been noted that the most exquisite passage in the beautiful love song in *Measure for Measure*

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Light that do mislead the morn.

was probably suggested to Shakespeare by the most beautiful and imaginative passage in Marlowe's poem of Hero and Leander, and in that part of the poem written by Marlowe himself?

Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance, behold ye might
A kind of twilight break * * * *
* * * * * *and this false morn*
Brought forth the day before the day was born.

J. G. B.

KING LEAR IV, III, 19.

In SHAKESPEARIANA, II, p. 91, the reading of the quartos, as Mr. Boodle says, is certainly "mild and unintelligible," but with a little judicious punctuation it seems plain enough.

Here is Q^1.

> Sun shine and rains at once, her smiles and teares,
> Were like a better way those happie smilets, etc.

In Q^2 this is altered to

> Sun-shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
> Were like a better way, those happy smilets
> That played, etc.

Hudson, (copying from Boaden), appears to me to suggest the most sensible construction, and that without altering the text into "Winter Day," "Bitter May," "April Day," etc.

Here it is:—

> You have seen
> Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
> Were like a better way,—those happy smilets
> That play'd, etc.

The sentence is thus completed at "like," and the same idea is again expressed in "a better way," *i. e.* in a plainer manner. But if we adopt this sense, (for I do not see how "better could have intruded in the place of April," as there is only a single letter common to both words) we must punctuate differently from Mr. Hudson, and put a period after "like," and the color after "way."

Finally alter "smilets" into "smiles," as by repeating this word I think the effect is heightened, and we get:—

> You have seen
> Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
> Were like. A better way:—those happy smiles
> That play'd, etc.

ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK. ALBERT R. FREY

HAMLET, (I. IV, 9),

> The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
> Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring *revels*.

Antony and Cleopatra, (II, vii, 100),—

> *Ens.* Drink thou; increase the *revels*.
> *Men.* Come.
> *Pom.* This is not yet an *Alexandrian feast*.
> *Ant.* It ripens toward it.

And *Ib.* (V. ii, 218),—

> The quick comedians
> Extemporally will stage us and present
> Our *Alexandrian revels.*

In the two former passages the old editions have "reeles." The emendation has been suggested by me. On *Antony and Cleopatra*, (II. vii, 100), Douce writes (vol. ii. p. 91),—

> Here is some corruption, and unless it was originally *revels*, the sense is irretrievable.

Sidney Walker, *Crit: Exam. etc.* (vol. iii. p. 285), has Tourneur, *Revenger's Tragedy*, (III. v,),—

> it were fine, methinks,
> To have thee seen at *revels*, forgetful feasts,
> And unclean brothels.

Is *revels* thus pronounced in a passage of Shakespeare? [*i. e.*, as a monosyllable.] Lettsom adds a note, "I think not, except in *Antony and Cleopatra* (I. iv, 5),—

> He fishes, drinks, and wastes
> The lamps of night in *revel*; is not more manlike
> Than Cleopatra."

And even this example is ambiguous. But in Randolph's *The Muses' Looking Glass*, (III. 2), we have,—

> Nay, they threaten me
> To make me warden of the church.
> Am I a patriot? or have I ability
> To present knights recusant clergy-*reelers*,
> Or gentleman fornicators?

Where "clergy-*reelers*" is evidently for "clergy-*revellers*."

LONDON. B. G. KINNEAR.

THE DRAMA.

The large advance sales of seats for the twenty-four performances of the Meiningen Court Dramatic Company, nearly half a year in advance of the Company's first appearance in this Country, at the New York Academy of Music, on the 25th of October, is a speaking sign of the fame of these German actors, and the importance of their arrival.

Single tickets for the whole number of representations are $60.00, boxes $100, and five boxes and five-hundred and fifty seats, it is said, are

already secured. Two-thirds of these have been engaged by mail orders.

The flourish of trumpets behind the scenes which announces the triumphal entrance upon the American Stage,—five months hence,—of these conquering heroes of the Saxe-Meinigen Duke's own Theatre must needs be a little boisterous to cover the venture of the American business managers, Messrs. Wesley Sisson and Adolph Nuendorff. They are said to have deposited by requirement $100,000 before the Company should set sail from the Fatherland. The success—as seems warranted from present indications—that will attend their stake must therefore be peculiarly gratifying.

This company is a pet "fad" of the Duke of Saxe Meinigen, and more satisfactory than ordinary fads, it brings him both honor and pleasure. He and his suite will have two boxes reserved for them, and they will have the pleasure of looking down upon a brilliant representative New York audience, which will, no doubt, return their curiosity, perhaps even insist on considering them an integral part of the show ranged in view for their especial benefit.

The company has ninety-five members, all rumored to be thoroughly trained and careful actors, from the hero, and the leading lady, down to the king, the pages, the 1st lord, the 2nd lord, and the &c. of the cast. The Plays on their list are many and good. Among them, *Faust*, *Götz von Berlichingen*, *Egmont*, *Nathan der Weise*, *Die Jung Frau von Orleans*. *The Robbers*, and the Wallenstein trilogy, and Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, *Winter's Tale*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice* and *Macbeth*.

The company have received great applause away from home, wherever they have travelled. In London, it is said, *Julius Cæsar* was their best hit, and so it has been chosen for the first of their representations here.

* * *

Schlegel's translations of *Pericles* and *Coriolanus* were given during the past season in Munich at the Government Theatre. These plays, with Byron's *Manfred*, were received with marked favor, which they deserved doubtless not only on the score of their own merit, but because of Herr Possart's skillful adaptations and management.

Herr Possart is an admirable type of a kind of stage-leader, happily more frequent now than formerly. He is one of those scholarly manager-actors on whom the hopes of a groping public may best rest for its adequate comprehension and guidance. The eccentric King of Bavaria, however, it must be acknowledged had much to do with making Possart's success possible. Herr Possart is a representative German actor. He is said to have one hundred and fifty distinct parts in his repertory, and these of all kinds, fantastical, comical, and tragical.

These diverse gifts of this solidly versatile German command a

salary of $6000 as manager, and whenever he acts, which he does often, other sums are due him in his capacity as actor. Pooh-Bah's plurality in office is thus worthily exemplified in Munich. Under Herr Possart's management is a company of forty picked actors, who illuminate small parts as well as big ones, and contribute indistinguishably yet with none the less distinction of talent toward an artistic whole with which we on this side of the Atlantic have yet to gain familiarity. The wardrobe of the Munich theatre is under the hands of Prof. Flueggen, who diligently studies old clothes and chronology and can tell you the history of the world as reflected in a shoe-buckle or implied in a farthingale. Herr Jenke has charge of the scenery. He is as wise in effects as the Herr Professor, and his studio is a necessary adjunct of the Theatre building.

There is a moral to this account of a German Theatre. If no one guesses it the coming Saxe-Meiningen Company will perhaps point it out more clearly next October.

* * *

M. Meurice's adroit *féerie* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, described in the last number of Shakespeariana brought out with elaborate scenic decoration by M. Porel at the Odéon and accompanied with Mendelssohn's music as given by M. Calonne and his skillful orchestra, was followed by another *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the *Opéra Comique*. But the *Songe d' une Nuit d' été*, written solely for the sake of M. Thomas's music, is as little like Shakespeare, as *Mignon* is likeGoethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. It is even less warrantable than any other opera, I can think of, that after the usual impertinent fashion of operas takes the name of genius in vain. In fact it has absolutely nothing but the name in common with either Shakespeare's humorous, tricksy comedy or M. Meurice's clever adaptation. As the Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* well says: Midsummer Madness would be a fitter title for the opera than that chosen or stolen by the bold librettists. Never, indeed, did improbability on the stage reach a further limit. In this extraordinary jumble of history and low comedy Sir William Shakespeare, for so is he styled, and Sir John Falstaff are boon companions at the Syren Inn, situated at Blackfriars, and frequented, according to the authors, by common sailors, bullies, actors, actresses, and noble lords. In this den Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by "Miss Olivia," meets Shakespeare when he is in one of the drunken fits to which, according to MM. Rosier and De Leuven, he was liable, lectures him soundly on his intemperate habits, and as soon as he is dead drunk and incapable has him removed to her palace in Richmond Park. Here she reappears to him in the likeness of his good genius, and after Shakespeare has made violent love to the lady who takes so unaccountably deep an interest in him, he finds out that she is none other than his queen. In the third and last act Elizabeth tries, with the help of all those about her person, to convince Shake-

speare that he had dreamed a midsummer night's dream, but confesses at last that the love passages between them were perfectly real. The funniest detail of all this farrago of exquisite nonsense occurs where Shakespeare, when reminded by the Queen that he was born in Stratford, in the county of Warwick, exclaims, "How well I remember those early days when I tended my flocks amidst the immense solitudes and on the lofty and precipitous mountains of my native districts!" It is naturally impossible for an Englishman to listen to this sort of stuff without laughing, but it is only fair to add that if he can contrive to accept the *libretto* without cavilling he will derive much enjoyment from the music which M. Ambroise Thomas has wedded to this monstrously imagined legend. The fact, indeed, that M. Thomas's facile melodies have kept the stage for six-and-thirty years, and that they still charm the popular ear of France, is the best proof of his cleverness in captivating the fancy of his countrymen. The three acts kept the audience in their seats from half-past eight till one in the morning, and the applause was of the most genuine kind. The opera, it is true, was excellently performed. M. Maurel has found in the character of Shakespeare a part which suits him far better than any which he has yet attempted at the Opera Comique. He sang throughout with the most consummate skill, and was ably supported both by M. Taskin, who played Falstaff with as much talent as humour, and by Mlle. Isaac, who sung the florid music in which the Virgin Queen indulges with irreproachable finish.

* * *

Love's Labour's Lost was performed by the Society of Dramatic Students at the St. James's Theatre, London, last month. At time of going to press report of its production had not reached this side of the Atlantic, but the superior interest and stimulus which attaches to *Love's Labour's Lost* over a play like the Rev. James White's stiff antique drama, which was the last previous attempt of the society, warrants the supposition that it was much better acted and more warmly received than *The King of the Commons*.

STAGE NOTES.

Miss Fanny Davenport will play Lady Macbeth, it is said, during her next season. And Miss Rose Coghlan also proposes next season to appear in *Measure for Measure*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*.

Mr. J. H. Mack has purchased from the McCullough estate the late tragedian's play of *The Gladiator*. He will produce it next season in spectacular form, starring Robert L. Downing as Spartacus.

Two new plays recently brought out in London, both of original English authorship, have been received with such applause by the audiences and such approval by the critics that it is quite likely the American public may soon get a chance to see them here.

One, *The Schoolmistress*, by Mr. A. W. Pinero, was played at the Court Theatre. It is an extravagance beaming with innocent mirth and teeming with drolleries so extraordinarily nonsensical that the gravest critic must soon catch the infection of fun in the absurd situations and the sparkling dialogue and fall into such a resistless good-humor that he forgets to complain of the craziness of the plot and the recklessness of the characterization, In fact the play pretends to no substantial merits, but contents itself with being thoroughly excellent and polished in its line of pure and clever merriment. The Schoolmistress—played by Mrs. John Wood—passes her vacation with an opera company as Prima Donna in order to gain money to discharge the debts of an idle husband who lurks unacknowledged about the school, and who is completely under the thumb of a pack of rollicking school girls. By the most whimsical and irrepressible of the lot they are led into a train of mischief during the principal's absence. Miss Norreys takes this part like at rue Puck in petti-coats; and when the schoolmistress comes back and reproaches her flock she is disarmed by the discovery of her own exploit.

The other play, *Jim the Penman*, is dark and serious. It is written by Sir Charles Young, and was rather hopelessly given its first hearing by the managers at a matinée at the Haymarket, but its unusual merit was immediately recognized by the London papers. It is said to be a romance of modern society, a drama of action rather than of reflection. Every slight incident has a bearing on the ultimate catastrophe, the interest is progressive, the characters skilfully drawn, the story is the downward career of a forger who deceives the loving trust of wife and friend, and is pitilessly pursued by the fate of his own misdeeds. Mr. A. M. Palmer's agent is said to have bought the American right to this play within a few hours of the first performance.

Adam Bede has been dramatised by Mr. Howell Poole, a literary actor. According to Mr. Hibbert in the London *Dramatic Review* his method of procedure has been to carefully strip *Adam Bede* of every attribute that goes to make a great play, and of the material that remained to fashion a melodrama of the fifth class, terminated with Hetty's death in Adam's arms. Adam is a young village giant who wins a cup in a foot-race and drinks beer therefrom with a relish. Hetty is Minnie Palmer turned serious, and Bartle Massey, a buffoon with a comic opera "gag," now and then Mr. Poole's people speak some of George Eliot's lines—a quaint bit of philosophy falls from Adam's lips, or a smart saying from Mrs. Poyser's. It is like a gem set in tinsel.

Clito, the new play Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Sydney Grundy cooked up between them, is continued at the Princess's Theatre. The scene is laid in Athens in the days of Pericles, but it is not bound to any facts of history. In fact it is only semi-demi heroic-historical, or just historical enough to be interesting, with a flavor of Greek manners and a picturesqueness of Greek draperies. There is a patriotic young sculptor for Mr. Barrett to personate, but the graceful Antonoë, to pass per Miss Eastlake's sympathetic rendering

> With wind-blown brows unfilleted
> Where Thamis rolls his murky flood,

is a most wily, wicked, small-minded, vain and revengeful Lamia, whose enticing loveliness serves only to beguile and betray into weakness and ruin the aspiring but somewhat flabby-willed hero.

The action of this play, therefore, in spite of the free and pleasant air of old Greek days that animates it, is impelled by very ugly passions. And the uncompromising truth with which these tragical forces are represented by both Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake still more makes the play no light and taking reminiscence of Hellene days adapted to please a dilletantish populace, but a study in comparative manners, so far as Mr. Goodwin's learned stage-setting goes to make it so, and for the rest a dark, fatal and morally significant melodrama.

Clito, *Hamlet*, and *Claudian* will make up Mr. Wilson Barrett's stock of plays for his American season, which opens at the Star Theatre in New York the 11th of October.

A paragraph in the London *Illustrated News* declares on Mr. W. S. Gilbert's authority that there is no truth in the rumors that have been floating about in regard to the Egyptian Play he was preparing to succeed *The Mikado*. The new piece does not deal in any way with Egyptian or Indian affairs. It is on an English subject, date about 1810; that period having been chosen, for one reason, because the costumes of the early years of the century have never been correctly placed on the stage as they will be now.

There is a strong supernatural element in the piece, and the characters may be described as quasi-melodramatic.

Hamlet, *Othello*, and *Richard III.* were the plays represented on the boards of the Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon at the usual April anniversary performances.

A spectator, writing in the Stratford-on-Avon *Herald*, says that the plays were appropriately mounted, that the acting, generally, especially on the part of the male members of Mr. Benson's company was considerably above the average.

Shelley's *Hellas* will be played in November under the charge of the Shelley Society either at the St. James's or the Grand Theatre, London.

Mr. Stephenson's successful story, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* will be adapted to purposes of political satire with side hits at Gladstone and Chamberlain by Mr. George Grossmith, and be brought out as a play with a good deal of peculiarly British fun in it at Toole's Theatre, London.

Nord et Midi, M. Alphonse Daudet's new play, contrasts the characters and moods of Northern and Southern Frenchmen. It will not be brought out until next Autumn at the Odéon, Paris.

A translation of *The Merchant of Venice*, by Mr. Charles Ghika, son of the Roumanian Minister at the Court of St. James, was produced recently at Bucharest before the Queen of Roumania, with great success.

Nearly forty years ago Frederic Lemaitre played in Auguste Vacquerie's *Tragaldabas* at the Porte-St.-Martin. The play revived quarrels between the Classicists and the Romanticists, provoked duels and made a tremendous hubbub. And now M. Porel, not content with bringing out Shakesperian fantasies, talks of reviving *Tragaldabas* at the Odéon next season.

According to the *Athenæum*, an American play has gone to England to be discovered. It is a romantic drama of the same period as *Ingomar*, written by an American professor of languages. Originally in the possession of the late John McCullough, it is now in the hands of Mr. Barnes, who proposes to produce it during the Autumn in London.

LITERARY NOTES.

The sixth edition of Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* will appear in a few weeks. The chief feature of this new edition will be the Index, upon which the author has been working for some time past, and which will render the book thoroughly complete. The work will be issued in two volumes and at a slightly advanced price than the earlier editions. It will be published through Longmans, Green and Co.

The twenty-first number of the exhaustive and admirable *Jahrbuch*, of the German Shakespeare Society, is just received. (Im auftrage des Vorstandes herausgegeben durch F. A. Leo, Weimar, '86. A. Huschke). The anniversary lecture of Herr Professor Dr. Richard Gosche, of Halle, on Shakespeare's *Ideal of the Wife and Mother*, delivered at the annual meeting of the Society in Weimar, April 23d, '85, and which was then received with universal approval, opens the volume. Then comes the yearly report, in which, after first fulfilling

the pious duty of according honorable mention to three Shakespearia scholars, Mr. R. G. White, Signor Giulio Carcano and Herr Professo Dr. Ludwig Lemke, whose labors death has concluded, Dr. Juliu Thümmel summarizes briefly the prosperous condition of the societ as regards its regulation, the Library and its constant growth, th membership and the finances, the two latter remaining upon the level o the preceding years, and indicating, as he says, no backward step

A brief minute of the annual assembly of '85 is followed by essay by the Herr Professor Dr. Nicolaus Delius, on the Musical Embellish ments and Stage Accessories of Shakespeare's Dramas; by Dr. Juliu Thümmel, on the Allegorical element in the Plays and its significanc or tendencies; by Dr. Julius Zupitza, on the relations of th Middle-English Tale of Hamelyn with *As You Like It;* by Dr Gisbert Freiherrn Vincke, on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and o Immermann's *Hamlet*; by Dr. B. Krause, an inquiry as to the oldes text of *Midsummer Nights' Dream*, comparing the play as in the tw quartos and in the first folio; by Johannes Boldt, who draws a paralle between Rosfeldt's *Moschus* and the *Merchant of Venice*, by Professo Max Koch on Marlowe's *Faust* ; by Professor Th. Vatke, on the Stag and the Public of London in Shakespeare's Time; by Dr. Albert Cohn on English Plays at Cologne from 1592-1656.

The usual bibliography of Shakespearian literature for the year fol lows, with the Necrology, and Miscellany, (containing notes concerning Servian Shylock, from a popular slavic tale, as brought to light by M Louis Leger, Professor in the School of Oriental Languages in Paris on a German origin for *Much Ado About Nothing*, also notes o Hamlet, and notices concerning the formation of the New York Shake speare Society, to which is attributed zealous work in *Majorem Baconi gloriam* ; of the celebration of Shakespeare dinners peculiar to America and of the Philadelphia Society dinner *ménus*, with their citations fron *Romeo and Juliet* and *Cymbeline* (31st of December and 23d of April '85.)

An interesting summary of statistics is given by Herr Arnim Weck sung of Shakespearian representations in German theatres from the firs of January to the 31st Dec. '85. From this it follows that 773 per formances of Shakespeare's play's have been held during that time thus distributed as to the plays:

Othello was produced 109 times by 60 theatrical companies; *Ham let*, 103 times by 56 companies; *The Taming of the Shrew*, 7 times by 49 companies; *The Merchant of Venice*, 70 times by 4 companies; *Romeo and Juliet*, 70 times by 36 companies; *Twelft Night*, 50 times by 16 companies, (9 times in 6 places by the Mein ingen company); *King Lear*, 49 times by 31 companies; *Winter' Tale*, 45 times by 13 companies (20 times in 7 places by the Mein ingen company; *Much Ado about Nothing*, 45 times by 25 companie *Julius Cæsar*, 40 times by 5 companies; *Midsummer Night's Dream*

28 times by 16 companies; *Macbeth*, 18 times by 11 companies; *Richard III.*, 26 times by 16 companies; *1. Henry IV.*, 11 times by 6 companies; *2. Henry VI.*, both parts together, 3 times by 2 companies; *Henry V.*, 6 times by 4 companies; *1. Henry VI.*, twice by 1 company; *2. Henry VI.*, twice by one company; *Richard II.*, 4 times by 3 companies; *Comedy of Errors*, 5 times by 4 companies; *Antony and Cleopatra*, 4 times by 1 company; *Coriolanus*, 4 times by 3 companies; *Pericles* once; *As You Like It*, once.

A list of additions to the Library of the Society, and a comprehensive Index to the Jahrbuchs from the first to the 21st volume concludes a book full of valuable matter.

Eighteen years after the Puritan Parliament ordered that "publike Stage-Playes shall cease and be forborne," John Downes entered Sir William Davenant's new theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields as prompter and keeper of the play-book, and 'continued so until October, 1706.' Two years later he published *Roscius Anglicanus*, the one work which supplies a history of the stage during that important interval of the renaissant growth of the drama, from the period of the Restoration to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. For many curious and interesting particulars of this interval, moreover, the record of the gossiping prompter of the Duke of York's Theatre is the only existing authority.

Now for the first time a fac-simile reprint of the rare original is published by J. W. Jarvis & Sons, 28 King William Street, Strand, London.

The first edition was "extremely scarce" when Waldron printed, in 1789, a second edition with notes by Garrick's biographer Davies, and by himself. This also, in turn, has grown rare, and collectors and students of theatrical history will be glad to possess the slim, dainty little volume, vellum-bound and gilt-lettered, of which a limited number (135) of copies, numbered and signed, is now issued. Its editor, Mr. Joseph Knight, dramatic critic of *The Athenaeum*, has further enriched it with a preface which sums up and illumines many points of special value. What he says of the historical interest of *The Siege of Rhodes*, the first dramatic performance given after Cromwell's concession for the performance of *Declamation and Musick after the Manner of the Ancients*; of the introduction of scenery made for it by Mr. John Web, predecessor of modern stage machinists; and of the appearance of Mrs. Coleman, 'the first English Actress who ever chaunted (not spoke) on the English Stage,' is tempting matter to quote.

And this, with the addition of many corrections of inaccuracies in the original, the application in its proper connection of a letter from Davenant to the Lord Keeper, Sir Whitelock Bulstrode, never before printed in any account of the stage, together with the fac-simile reprint of the Ordinance of 1642 for the suppression of stage plays, which is appended, all goes to make this particular edition of *Roscius*

Anglicanus a completer Thesaurus of facts in the history of the revi of the stage that may be found in any other volume.

A volume of verse, *Toute la Lyre* was published on the anniversa of Hugo's death.

Mr. Austin Brereton's *Dramatic Annual*, a summary of t stage events of the past season in London, is in press for speedy pub cation.

Mr. Wm. Archer the well-known British Dramatic Critic has issu from the press of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, a volume with this inscripti for the title-page,—*About the Theatre, being Studies and Essays Things Theatrical.*

The eleventh volume of *Les Annals du Théâtre* issued under t direction of M. Edmond Stoullig, the brilliant editor of the *Re d'art dramatique*, and of M. Edward Noël, is just published in Par It gives the history of the drama for the year 1885. The preface contributed by M. Charles Gounod. In it he considers rapidly a pointedly a number of questions which interest the theatres in gene and in particular the lyric stage, and he dares to rally certain mu cians for whom he says, musical art is the art of combining tones i manner painful to the ear and fatiguing to the mind. Only famous can be so bravely conservative.

Mrs. Dall's convenient summary of Shakespearian information, c densed from trustworthy sources, has been carefully revised and into a second edition. Such alterations are made at no small pai but this hand-book (*What we Really Know about Shakespeare*, Robe Bros., Boston.) stands thereby freed from misprints, and the autl may be congratulated, not only on the conclusion of her work, l also on the scrupulousness that prompted the revision. The changes ma scarcely affect the matter, though on page sixty-nine it may be no that the distinction accorded, in the first edition, to that obscure V ginian grave-stone, which too long held undue prominence as rumored record of "one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespear has been wisely tempered in this second edition.

MISCELLANY.

The following report from Stratford-on-Avon was crowded out of the the last number of SHAKESPEARIANA, but the news contained in it is thought of permanent enough interest to deserve this late insertion.

The annual meeting of the Shakespeare Memorial Association, held in the library of the Memorial Building at Stratford-on-Avon, is particularly interesting in its announcement of the satisfactory results of its eleven years work. The Association is now free from debt, and through the munificence of Mr. Flower can advance in the future with the confident step a secure income warrants.

Mr. Charles E. Flower, the chairman of the Executive Council presided at the meeting. Among others present were:—Mr. A. Hodgson C.M.G. (Mayor), Mr. James Cox, Mr. Edgar Flower, Mr. R. M. Bird, Mr. J. Morgan, Mr. W. Hutchings, Mr. C. Lowndes (secretary), etc.—The report, read by the Secretary, stated that Miss Anderson's donation of £100. would be devoted to filling in with terra-cotta reliefs the two large panels on the library facade, the subjects to be "Tragedy" and "Comedy." The panels were nearly completed. The gateway and fencing in front of the Memorial had recently been finished, and latterly the grounds south of the buildings had been levelled and laid down. The number of volumes presented to the library during the year was three hundred and seventy-four, exclusive of a number of plays, Shakespearian pamphlets, and some valuable framed engravings. Among the more special gifts to be noted was a handsome presentation of twenty-nine volumes from Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., and numerous works from the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury.—The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, remarked that, for the first time in the history of the Memorial scheme, the fund was now out of debt. With the exception of some interior decoration, the buildings were quite completed; the whole of the debt has been paid off, and they had a small balance on the right side at the banker's. (Applause.) The report was unanimously adopted.—The Mayor said he had an important resolution to introduce. He had carefully gone through the reports, and found that, with recent donations, Mr. C. E. Flower had given altogether to the Memorial project £22,700. The Memorial, as they

knew, had not a very large sum of money, and such munificence fr one donor was almost without parallel. (Hear, hear.) But that not all, the donation of £22,700. did not include the site of buildings and gardens, which were also presented by Mr. Flow The Mayor, in conclusion, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Flower his handsome gift of £22,700. and the site, and offering the congr ulations of the governors that the Memorial buildings were finish and out of debt. The motion was seconded by Mr. J. Cox and c ried with acclamation.—In acknowledgment, Mr. C. E. Flower s he had assisted the project to the best of his ability, and he was gl to know that the work, although it had been a long time about, now finished. He said that, as a final gift, he had decided to p sent to the association a row of houses opposite the Theatre, the re of which would be available for the maintenance of the buildings prepetuity. Should there be any over-plus, it could be applied wards the other objects of the Memorial. (Applause.) Accordi to the Executive Committee's report nearly 14,000 persons paid admission to the poet's birthplace during the year and subscribed th names in the visitors' book, besides the crowds of sightseers on ba holidays. The expenditure during the year amounted to £726 10d. Over £2500 was invested in consols. The committee hav had an offer of valuable deeds of lease and release of New-place fr Sir John Clopton to Hugh Clopton, dated January, 1699, they h purchased the same at an agreed price.

Prominent among the Holeman Hunt pictures recently on exhibit in Bond Street, London, were "Claudio and Isabella," from *Measure, Measure*, and "Valentine and Sylvia," from the *The Two Gentlen of Verona*. "Claudio and Isabella" was first exhibited in 18 Walter H. Durrell, a young artist long since dead, was the model Claudio, and the scene represented is the upper prison in the L lard's tower at Lambeth. The Valentine of "Valentine and Sylvi painted about the same time, but exhibited two years earlier, is s to be the noblest likeness extant of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. M Siddall, afterwards Rossetti's wife, sat for Sylvia, and the ba ground was Knole Park as it looked on a November day in 1850.

Shakespeare furnishes themes for two recent pictures.

> Eyes, look your last;
> Arms take your last embrace; and, lips, O you
> The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
> A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
>
> —*Romeo and Juliet*, V, iii, 11

inspires M. Maignan's striking canvas in the Paris Salon, and clown singing in the palace before the Duke.

> Come away, come away, death
> And in sad cypress let me be laid.
>
> —*T. N. I.*, iv, 5

is illustrated in a water-color by Wallis, now on view at the exhibition in London of the Society of Painters in Water Color.

Apropos of the Booth–Salvini English Italian engagement, a writer in the New York *Theatre* recalls the first polyglot performance of *Othello* in this country. This occurred nineteen years ago at the old Winter-Garden Theatre in New York, the site of which is now occupied by the Grand Central Hotel. Herr Bogumil Dawison, the German actor, appeared as a German-speaking Othello with Booth as Iago, and Mme. Methua-Scheller as a Desdemona capable of speaking German with Othello and English with Iago. Her happy-go-lucky translations of Shakespeare into German and her frequent confusion of actors, which misled her into addressing Booth in German, and Bogumil in English, together with the demoralization and bewilderment of the hastily summoned company, as unsatisfactory as such scratch companies always are, turned the tragedy into a kind of international farce, in spite of the ability of Booth and Bogumil.

Mr. Donnelly's discovery of the Shakespeare cipher, according to the last advices from Minnesota, made known to the public through Mr. Wallace's article in the *Nineteenth Century* (reprinted in the June SHAKESPEARIANA) has awakened much criticism.

In his *Notes on Books* in the *New York Tribune*, Mr. G. W. Smalley says: Mr. Donnelly has looked into the First Folio and discovered that it is an ill-printed volume distinguished by "irregular paging, arbitrary italicising, meaningless bracketing and senseless hyphenation." He was also struck with the strange use of capital letters." The remark is irresistible that the First Folio must have been the first book of the period that Mr. Donnelly ever did look into. Books of the seventeenth century abound in the peculiarities which so struck our Minnesota Baconian, and on which or out of which he has set himself to construct a theory and a cipher. * * *

If there is one thing, says his expositor, in which printers are careful, it is the paging of the work they do. If there is one thing, I answer, in which printers of the seventeenth century were careless, it was their paging. It is almost idle to give instances, but they may be new to Mr. Donnelly, and he shall have his idol Bacon as an example. The first book I take up is the first edition of Bacon's *Advancement of Literature*, published in 1604. The pages are not numbered; the leaves are; each of the two books separately and neither correctly. I opened at leaf 69 of the second book. The next is 70, the next after that 70, then follow 71, 70 again, 72, 74, 73, 74, 75, 69, 77, 78, 79, 80, then 77 again, then 74 twice, then 69 twice, then 82, 87, 79, 89. So much for careful paging. The signatures and catchwords are correct; the paging is what you see. If Mr. Donnelly has an equally good case throughout, and equally wide knowledge of the typographical eccentricities of the century in which he is working, his new con-

tribution to the Baconian absurdity will be one of the curiosities o literature. Perhaps it would interest him to know, in passing, that the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1667) is not paged at all.

SHAKESPEARIANA'S valued contributor, Mr. W. H. Wyman, in a letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, also notes how usual ir- regular pagination was in books of that date, and further calls attention t the 'mechanical impossibility' of the Donnelly theory, from th point of view that would naturally be taken by a printer and proof reader. Now let us see, he says, what there is in this irregular pa gination.

In the Folio, in the Table of Contents, ("A Catalogue," &c.) th plays are divided as follows: Comedies, pages 1 to 304; Histories, to 205; and Tragedies, 1 to 369. So far from this being forced, thi is a perfectly natural and appropriate division. That it is so, is show by the fact that it has been followed almost exactly ever since, includ ing the modern editions.

Leaving out of consideration the commonplace errors in paging, o which there are quite a number, but which are immaterial, involvin only a page or so at a time, the general paging of the Folio is correc with these exceptions: In the Histories, the paging of 67 to 100 i duplicated, the first series ending with *Henry IV.*, and the secon commencing with *Henry V.* In the Tragedies, in *Hamlet*, pag 156 is followed by 257, there being no intermediate numbers *Troilus and Cressida* is sandwiched between the Histories and Trage dies, commencing with page 77, paged on to 80, and there the pag ing of the play ceases. The insertion of this play would seem to b an afterthought, as it is not included in the catalogue (or table of cor tents,) as are all the others. It is in nowise connected with the re of the book. This is clearly shown by the "signatures," the printer mark to guide the binder, which bear no relation to the rest of th volume.

Nothing could be gained if a cipher is to be partially based on th pagination, by leaving all but four of the pages of *Troilus and Cre. sida* without numbers. As to the rest, they appear to be very ordinar blunders. After printing *Henry IV.* by some means the printer lo his count, and instead of commencing *Henry VI.* with 101, he wer back to 67. In *Hamlet* he skipped an even hundred pages, erron ously inserting the figure 2, making it 257, when it should have bee 157—a mistake very liable to be made.

And if it is clear, as it seems to us it is: First, that the division int comedies, histories and tragedies was the only appropriate one; an second, that the irregular paginations are simple blunders of th printer and nothing else, it disposes entirely of the basis and groun work of a cipher which is founded entirely upon that pagination. *

It must be recollected that this is in no sense such a mystery Miss Bacon believed in—a system of philosophy underlaying the a

parently plain text of the plays—meaningless then, but framed so as to be understood by a more advanced age. If such a philosophy were to be concealed, it could be elaborated and interwoven with the text in the leisure and quiet of the author's study. Not so, however, with a cipher of this class. Mr. Donnelly says :

> I drew the conclusion that the plays had been written originally with the cipher in them for insertion in an intended folio edition written on sheets that would correspond with a folio page, and then in getting up the folio of 1623 the arrangement had been recast.

Again :

> He [Bacon] first, I think, wrote his secret story, then he proceeded to arrange it by the cipher, scattering the words around according to an inflexible rule. He then had the skeleton of a play—words dotted and peppered all over the pages. Then he took his play and proceeded to adjust it to these cipher words.

The above seem to be a simple impossibility. A page of the folio (when without blank spaces) consists of sixty-six lines to the column or one hundred and thirty-two to the page. It would take nearly five pages of ordinary manuscript to make a page of the printed folio, or two and a half to make one of the columns which form each page. A sheet of manuscript that would correspond to the folio page, if in ordinary handwriting, would be twice as broad and more than twice as long as an ordinary sheet. In Lord Bacon's usual handwriting it would require even a much larger sheet. (See the fac-simile in the *Promus*). We may admit that it is possible by taking a sheet large enough to do this when the page is unbroken blank verse, and can be copied line for line. But comparatively few are of that class. Most of the pages in the Folio are broken by prose passages, stage directions, &c. ; and no author, even if he were a printer, could calculate with any exactness as to where the type would make an ending of the printed page ; or, in consequence, from what point to commence his computations. More than that, if a page of print were made up to end arbitrarily to correspond to manuscript, its make-up would show it, which the page does not.

This does not take into consideration the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility of writing a play to match certain cipher words "dotted and peppered" over a page of manuscript. It is possible that Bacon's genius was equal to that, but it is not possible that it was equal to inducing the printer of that or any other day to follow copy with sufficient exactness, in all these details of italics, capitals, hyphens and brackets, for the requirements of the cipher. The type could not be made to do it, and the corrections in the proof would be interminable. Of the nicety required, we give Mr. Donnelly's own testimony (note the passages that we italicize), as quoted by Mr. Wallace in a recent article. Writing of the slowness of the process of elucidating his cipher :

It can not be hastily or perfunctorily performed; the *miscounting of a word, the reckoning of a hyphen too little, or a letter too much, will throw out the count for pages* and break the thread of discovery.

The only other way in which the introduction of such a cipher would be possible would be to insert it in each separate page after the page was in type and numbered, that is, from the proof sheets; and any one who has ever put a page of matter in type, or read the proof of one, can imagine the ponderousness of this task.

Observe the process. First, the author of this cipher must have a printed and numbered page before him. Then, taking into account of the number each of italicized words, brackets and hyphens—reducing the number or adding more, as the exigencies of the cipher may require—he proceeds by his various mathematical processes to locate his key words. Perhaps there are three of these on differeut parts of the page, and of course it involves the rewriting of the parts in which they occur. Even when these are inserted, hc is not through with it. Another proof and more computations will then be necessary to verify its correctness, for the non-insertion of a hyphen, or a word more or less within brackets would throw out of gear this complex and wonderful piece of machinery, and the cipher would be lost. Nor could the inspection cease until it was finally on the press. Even at that stage, a hyphen dropping out of the form, broken off or even blurred in printing would ruin it.

If the author trusts to inserting the cipher in manuscript—"dotted and peppered"—the mathematical processes must be gone through with to lead up to the key-words—with the additional labor of going over it again in the printer's proof.

It may be claimed that such a cipher is not mechanically impossible. But it is so practically, if not absolutely, and no one who attempted it would have the courage or patience to carry it beyond the first page on which he tried the experiment. * * *

Another difficulty in the way of inserting a cipher with any certainly or regularity. is found in the fact that the material in the printing offices of 1623 was so limited in extent that very few pages could possibly be in type at once. It is not clear from the "signatures" as to the exact manner in which it was printed, but there is every probability that one page went to the press at a time.

It was printed with what is known as an "inset," and is a question yet between printers as to how many pages were printed at once —but certainly there were very few, if more than one. This is an interesting point for the professional printer to examine.

HAMLET.

One of the many vexed questions to which the *Tragedy of Hamlet* has given rise—a question which has, indeed, been imposed upon the play, as a good many other questions have been—is that of Hamlet's sanity or insanity.

There is no other of Shakespeare's dramas in which the hero occupies so large a space, is so great a part. Hamlet is, in fact, the all, the entire play. It is this which gives the meaning to the common saying, expressive of nothing remaining, "The play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out." In the introduction to the Talisman, Scott says: "*The Betrothed* did not greatly please one or two friends, who thought that it did not well correspond to the general title of *The Crusader*. They urged, therefore, that without direct allusion to the manners of the Eastern tribes, and to the romantic conflicts of the period, the title of a *Tale of Crusaders*, would resemble the play bill which is said to have announced the tragedy of *Hamlet*, the character of the Prince of Denmark being left out."

If Hamlet is deranged, he should be handed over for treatment to the superintendent of an Insane Hospital—he is not a subject for the art critic. If he is deranged, and the poet has presented through him correct phenomena of mental disease, the play may be regarded as a valuable contribution to pathology, but it is not entitled to a niche in the great temple of Art.

Hamlet's sanity, then, must be postulated, for it is only on such postulate that the art critic can proceed. But here it may asked, cannot the insane or the diseased in any form, be employed as part of the material with which the artist works? Most certainly it can—but the idea of his work cannot centre in it—cannot be based upon it. That idea must be one of health, of reason, of harmony with the constitution of things. Insanity may be employed in a work of art just as any other form of evil, of moral obliquity, of moral darkness, is employed—but insanity, or any other form of evil, of moral obliquity, of moral darkness, must be subsidiary to sanity, to the good and the true, to moral rectitude, to moral light.

Those dramatic compositions which have exerted the greatest influence over the sympathies of men, are all characterized by a large

and even predominant element of moral obliquity, of moral evil, of moral darkness. Look at all the great Greek tragedies that have come down to us, at the masterpieces of the modern drama, especially those of Shakespeare. Their power might be pronounced to be almost in direct proportion to the degree in which the element of moral darkness predominates. Witness his *Richard the Third*, his *King Lear*, his *Macbeth*, his *Othello*. All these plays, exert, and ever will exert, a powerful influence over the sympathies of mankind.

Now what is the attraction for the artist when he selects subjects so characterized by enormity, we might say, of the unreasonable? Is it that he loves darkness rather than light, that evil deeds constitute so large an element of his creations? And is it because men in general love darkness rather than light, that they sympathize so deeply with such themes when treated by a great master? Certainly not. The artist does not employ, and men are not interested in, moral darkness for its own sake; this the most depraved would not be willing to admit; but the attractive element and the real basis of their sympathy is the light which struggles with, and is intensified by the darkness.

A mere reproduction of the real, or rather the actual, in nature and in human life, is not the end of art, but the emphasizing and intensifying of these in a way to impress deeply and pleasurably the less susceptible. It is only by emphasizing the natural, and the manifold phases of human life and character, that the poet secures a response in less susceptible souls. The great poet's soul is an Æolian harp which vibrates responsive to the faintest spiritual breathings of things; but ordinary souls are like the stiff cordage of ships which makes music only when played upon by the strongest blasts.

Now one of the most effectual means of emphasis and intensity, employed by the word or color artist is, with the one, moral darkness, with the other, physical darkness, and these, in every true art product are subsidiary to moral and physical light. As Blackie remarks, in his lectures on Beauty, "a picture becomes a picture in the highest artistical sense, only when the forms and lights composing it, are separated from the great world of form and light of which it is a part, by a certain and very appreciable darkness." And this applies equally as well to word-painting as to color-painting. Without moral or physical darkness, there can be, in an art-product, no intensity of moral or physical light.

It is the light, then, which struggles with the darkness, which is revealed and intensified by the darkness, which is the ultimate aim of all art worthy of the name; and, although darkness may constitute, as it frequently does, the largest element, yet, in every true art product, it must ever be regarded as subsidiary to the exhibition of the light.

Now, if all this is true, it might appear that Hamlet's insanity, assuming him to be insane, could be brought within the category of dark and intensifying elements. If so, we should have to look outside of him for what is intensified; it would have to centre in some one of the other characters: it could not centre in him—in the unreasonable, the unreasoning. It might be resident in a great criminal, as is the case in the tragedy of *Macbeth*. But Macbeth is a responsible being; and when we sympathize with him, in an art sense, we sympathize with that *force* which we recognize as the stuff out of which true greatness and nobility of character are built. But if he were to do what he does, in a state of insanity, of irresponsibility, of unconsciousness as to the enormity of his crimes, he would no longer be an art subject, but a subject for a strait-jacket. It is not in the constitution of our common nature to sympathize with crime as crime. In the case of a great criminal like Macbeth, our sympathy goes with him to the extent that he asserts his moral freedom; and the poet keeps us assured that the man's moral sense is active, whatever be the extent to which he violates it in his outward acts. *That* the artist *as* artist is not responsible for. We see Macbeth constantly striving to reason away his guilt, to stare it boldly in the face; but it won't stay reasoned away, it won't stay outfaced. Were it not so, where would be the basis of artistic sympathy in his case? We could not bestow it upon a cut-throat villain—we could not base it upon the bosom of darkness. No. We can base it only upon what remains of moral freedom in the man, and to the extent that that moral freedom is exerted, do we bestow our sympathy.

Insanity, that degree, be it less or more, of mental derangement which does away with the responsibility of a man for his acts, cannot, of itself, be artistically treated. Art is the expression of, and must be in sympathy with, the rational and the moral Constitution of things; and a human being can, of himself, be a subject for art only when his reason and moral sense, however much they may be obscured, have that degree of vitality and activity which responsibility implies and demands.

In the tragedy of *Hamlet*, all the other persons of the drama, while having their own distinct and well-defined individualities, and independent movements of their own, may at the same time be said to exist for the exhibition of the character of Hamlet. He is, as I have said, the all, the entire play, and in him *centres* the idea of the play; and accordingly—assuming the play to be a legitimate art product, and no one certainly would deny it this character—the *a priori* conclusion in regard to Hamlet himself must be, that his reason and moral sense meet the demands of an artistic treatment. If they did not, it would be hard to explain why the play has retained its strange interest for the greatest minds in all civilized nations for two hundred and fifty years.

When the testimonies to his sanity afforded by the play are considered, the wonder is that any question was ever raised in regard to it. Those testimonies are chiefly afforded, 1, by what Hamlet says, in a direct way, in regard to himself and his actions; 2, by his soliloquies (a common means with Shakespeare, as indeed it is with all dramatists, by which his characters are made to reveal their true selves when they wish, or are obliged, to conceal them from others; Edmund, in *King Lear*, for example, and Iago, in *Othello*); and 3, by the interviews Hamlet has with his bosom friend and only confidant, Horatio.

Let us turn to these sources of evidence. And 1, what Hamlet says in a direct way, in regard to himself and his actions.

After the ghost has appeared and made his dread revelation to Hamlet, and imposed upon him the sacred obligation of avenging his foul and most unnatural murder, the Prince prepares Horatio and Marcellus for the part he is about to act. He makes them swear by his sword, which was in fact, equivalent to swearing by the cross. [I, v, 140–190.]

Hamlet, we shall see, has here already taken in the whole difficulty of the situation—and that difficulty, be it understood, is an *objective* one, not a subjective. It is not a difficulty due to Hamlet's own character. It is a difficulty *outside* of himself, as Professor Werder in his *Vorlesungen über Shakespeare's Hamlet*, has so ably shown, in opposition to the views of Goethe, Coleridge, and, in fact, of nearly all the commentators.

The portion of Scene 5 just cited, would seem, of itself, to be quite sufficient to explain all the apparent mental aberration which Hamlet exhibits throughout the rest of the play.

Another example of the first kind of testimony I have named (what Hamlet says in a direct way in regard to himself and his actions), is afforded by his speech to his mother, in the closet scene when the Ghost, invisible to the Queen, goes, as Hamlet tells her "out at the portal," and the Queen says:—

> This is the very coinage of your brain:
> This bodiless creation ecstasy
> Is very cunning in.

and he answers:—

> Ecstasy!
> My pulse as yours, doth temperately keep time
> And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
> That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word: which madness
> Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
>
> [III, iv, 137–146.]

And before he leaves her, he enjoins upon her not to allow the King to get from her his secret. He says:

> Let him not make you to ravel all this matter out,
> That I *essentially* am not in madness,
> But mad in craft.
>
> [III, iv, 186.]

I might call attention to numerous minor items of evidence belonging to the first class. There is one little but very significant expression used by Hamlet, which should be noted, as it may be easily overlooked and even misunderstood. It occurrs immediately after that healthy, robust, and noble speech of Hamlet to Horatio in which we have a nice delineation of the character of his bosom friend, and a warm expression of his high estimate of it. [III, ii, 59–94.] I would remark in regard to the 84th line, which is always given by editors, "Even with the very comment of thy soul," that the reading of the folio is preferable, "Even with the very comment of *my* soul." Hamlet's meaning is, I would have thee so enter into my feelings, identify thyself with me, that when thou seest that act afoot, even with the very comment of *my* soul, thou wilt observe my uncle. The use of "my" also gives force to "Even with the very," which has less force in the other reading. Hereupon, the approach of the King, Queen, Courtiers, and others, is announced by a flourish, and Hamlet says to Horatio,

> They are coming to the play; I *must be idle*:
> Get you a place.

That is, not "unoccupied," as the careless reader might understand it, but "foolish, ligh-headed, crazy," a sense in which it is used in other places in Shakespeare. And it is worthy of notice, that for the speech of the Queen in the Closet Scene (III, iv, 137), and Hamlet's reply thereto, as quoted above, and as in the Second and subsequent Quartos, and in the Folio, in the place of this, I say, we have in the original quarto of 1602,

> *Queen.* But Hamlet, this is only fantasy,
> And for my love forget these idle fits.
> *Ham.* Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beat like yours.
> It is not madness that possesseth Hamlet.

This little speech, "I must be idle," taken in connection with the healthy, robust, and noble speech which immediately precedes, and with Hamlet's conduct which immediately follows, shows that the latter was *prepense*, and clinches the several testimonies of the first class to purely feigned insanity. By such slight clues, it is Shakespeare's manner to guard the hearer or reader of his plays against misconception. And it is not refining too much, to see considerable significance in Hamlet's saying to Horatio, "Get you a place." The court

all know the close intimacy which exists between them, and Ha
does not consider it politic that they sit together. And when
Queen invites him to sit by her, he replies, "No, good mother, he
metal more attractive." and takes his seat by Ophelia; and Polon
still adhering to his original opinion as to the cause of Hamlet's s
posed madness, says aside to the King, "Oh, ho! do you mark tha

There are no soliloquies in Shakespeare in which there is so
fectly natural a movement of the reflective faculty exhibited, as in
on Suicide, (III, i, 56.) Hamlet puts the question at first in the sim
abstract form;

> To be, or not to be: that is the question:

then, concretely, and in its moral bearing:

> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And by opposing end them?

Having put the question in these two forms, he considers what it i
die: "To die:" and after reflecting a moment, he answers, '
sleep: no more;" His decision that to die is to sleeep, no m
than that, starts another question, whether, by a sleep we shall

> the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir t

(I would remark that in the 1st Folio, the note of interrogatio
placed after "flesh is heir to," and this is as it should be.)

> and by a sleep to say we end
> The heart-ache and the thousand natural ills
> That flesh is heir to?

Upon which he remarks, consonantly with his present sadness:

> 'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wish'd.

He then iterates to the point he has reached:

> To die, to sleep;

His mind then passes to an idea suggested by "sleep;"

> To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;

("rub" is a term of the game of bowls, meaning a collision
dering the bowl in its course; hence, an obstacle, impediment.)

> Ay, there's the rub;

And why?

> For in that sleep of death *what* dreams may come,

"what" is the emphatic word here; the question is, what wil

the nature of those dreams? Will they be happy, or will they be unhappy, dreams?

> For in that sleep of death *what* dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

(this entanglement, turmoil of earthly life, or, it maybe, this coil of flesh, "this muddy vesture of decay.")

> For in that sleep of death *what* dreams may come
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause:

Then the general result of this last reflection is set forth, and what would be the result were it not for this restraining consideration:

> there's the respect (consideration)
> That makes calamity of so long life;
> For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressors wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of *dispris'd* love,

so the Folio reads, and it is a better reading than "despised" of the Qq., a disprized or undervalued love, a love that is only partially appreciated and responded to, would be apt to suffer more pangs than a despised love:

> The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
> When he himself might his quietus make
> With a bare bodkin?

"*Quietus* is the technical term for the acquittance which every sheriff or accomptant receives on settling his accounts at the Exchequer. The mention of the law's delay introduced the idea of proceedings in the courts of law, which led him to think of the Exchequer. Many an accomptant in that court has longed for his *quietus*."

> who would *these* fardels bear,
> To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

that's the Folio reading and the correct reading: the fardels are the burdens before spoken of, the whips and scorns, the oppressor's wrong, and the other evils he had specified. Having said, who would bear (the several things he specifies) he repeats, who would bear these fardels (representing all the specified ones) for the purpose of introducing the exceptive clause,

> But that the dread of something after death,
> The undiscovered country from whose bourn,
> No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of?

It's surprising that the word *these* should be omitted in all the so-called critical texts, with only two or three exceptions.

> Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

"Conscience" seems to be used here in the sense of consciousness in general, private judgment, inmost thoughts.

> Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
> And thus the native hue [natural color] of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

i. e., care, anxiety, melancholy, whose hue is pale.

> And enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard (*i. e.*, of the future) their currents turn away,
> And lose the name of action.

And then noticing Ophelia, he says:

> Soft you now! The fair Ophelia!—
> Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered.

"This," says Johnson, "is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts."

I have dwelt thus long on this celebrated soliloquy, to show how closely and subtily *sequacious* it is. Here we have the *real* Hamlet. In the dialogue which immediately follows, with Ophelia, we have the *assumed* Hamlet, Hamlet, with "an antic disposition on." It is evident that the poet advisedly brought together this closely and subtly sequacious soliloquy and his talk with Ophelia, which to her indicates that his once "noble and most sovereign reason" is now "like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh," for the purpose of strongly *contrasting* the real and the assumed Hamlet. So viewed, nothing could be more dramatically proper; nor more in Shakespeare's manner; while nothing could be more dramatically improper, if his talk with Ophelia be regarded as indicative of real mental aberration; even if it be shown to be scientific that a man can be the soundest, subtlest reasoner, one moment, and the very next moment have his faculties all in a jumble. For *Hamlet* is a work of dramatic *art*, and not a scientific treatise. Some of the experts in Insanity who have treated the subject of Hamlet's mental condition, have lost sight of this fact. Shakespeare is the supreme artist; and whatever else he is, he is first and last the artist; and he would not, could not, have made the idea of one of his greatest productions, centre in a man vibrating rapidly between reason and unreason.

The last soliloquy to which I call your attention, is that which Hamlet utters after meeting with, and questioning the Captain whom Fortinbras has sent to greet the Danish Kingdom:—

> How all occasions do inform against me,
> And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
> If his chief good and market of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
> Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and god-like reason
> To fust us in unused. Now whether it be
> Bestial oblivion or some craven scuple
> Of thinking too precisely on the event,
> A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
> And ever three parts coward, I do not know,
> Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
> Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
> To do't. * * * *
>
> [IV, iv, 32.]

Here we have again strong self-rebuke. But it must not be explained, I insist, on the theory of Hamlet's indisposition to action, however as it may appear to support that theory.

Swinburne justly pronounces this "the supreme soliloquy of Hamlet. Magnificent," he says, "as is that monologue on suicide and . . . it is actually eclipsed and distanced, at once on philosophic and on poetical grounds, by the later soliloquy on reason and resolution."

The third kind of evidence against the theory of Hamlet's insanity is that derived from the interviews he has with his bosom-friend and only confidant, Horatio. In these interviews, he is uniformly rational, and his speeches are freighted with wisdom, and show a deep insight into life and its mysteries—a deep insight due to that spiritual susceptibility indicated in the first soliloquy, "O that this too too solid flesh would melt" (I, ii, 129), when coming events cast their shadows upon him, and he feels their shadows ere he knows from what they are cast—a deep insight which made him cognizant of more things than are dreamt of in human philosophy, and which caused him to feel deeply "what a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! . . . in apprehension, how like a god!" And Horatio shows nowhere in the play that he at any time has the faintest suspicion of any mental aberration on the part of Hamlet. Their perfect faith in each other, to the end, is very beautiful. After Hamlet has received his death-wound from the envenomed sword of Laertes, he says:

> Horatio, I am dead;
> Thou livest; report me and my case aright to the unsatisfied.
> * * * * * *
> O good Horatio, *what a wounded name*
> *Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me*
>
> [V, ii, 349 and 355.]

This last anxiety of the dying Hamlet, about leaving a wounded name, reflects the idea of the play so fully and, as I think, conclusive-

ly set forth by Professor Werder. Hamlet had to revenge a secret murder of which he could produce no material proof, no proof that would be accepted—only the testimony of a ghost, whose testimony no one but himself heard; and without producing this material proof, unveiling the secret murder, or forcing the King to a full confession, to have assassinated the King would have been utterly irrational; as is the assumption implied in a large body of criticism on the play, that but for Hamlet's incapacity for action, he would have killed the king. Nonsense. And there is no evidence that Hamlet was restrained by moral scruples, that an abhorrence of the deed restrained him. But there *is* evidence that his *reason*, his *common sense*, restrained him. True vengeance demanded that full proof of the king's guilt should be afforded the court and the people of Denmark: and it was true vengeance which was required by the ghost and which Hamlet sought. And now when Fate makes him the slayer of the king, he entreats his friend Horatio, in his last moments, to set him right before the world:

> If thou dids't ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story.

Experts in insanity have testified to the genuinenes of Hamlet's aberration. Well, if the phenomena be such as to cause experts to pronounce his antic disposition, genuine insanity, what of it, more than that Shakespeare knew the phenomena of genuine insanity, and, in making Hamlet feign insanity, made the feigning as like as possible to the real thing. If the feigning is meant to serve any purpose at all, the more successful it is, the better.

I am disposed to think that Coleridge and Goethe, by the somewhat similar theories they advanced, in regard to the man, Hamlet, contributed more, especially Goethe (as he exercised a wider authority than Coleridge), toward shutting off a sound criticism of the play, than any other critics or any other cause. Their *dicta* were generally accepted as quite final; and many a Shakespearian student, now living, whatever his present views may be, can remember when he so accepted them, and had not a glimmer of suspicion that they *might* be wide of the mark.

Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, which contained his celebrated criticism on Hamlet, was given to the world in 1795. But it was probably not read in England until Carlyle's translation of it appeared, in 1824, or thereabout.

Mr. Coleridge delivered his lectures on Shakespeare in the winter of 1811-12, and for what we possess of them we are chiefly indebted to J. Payne Collier, who took short-hand notes of a portion of the Course, which extended to seventeen lectures, two or three being on Milton. Philosophical criticism was then in its infancy; and Cole-

ridge's Lectures were regarded, and in many respects justly regarded as new revelations of Shakespeare's power, especially as an artist. Previous to that time, the *material* of Shakespeare's Plays was chiefly regarded as constituting their greatness. That he was the master-artist was hardly yet suspected.

Let us turn, for a moment, to the view taken by Goethe, of Hamlet, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, Book V. I give Carlyle's translation:

> Figure to yourselves this youth, this son of princes, conceive him vividly, bring his condition before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks; stand by him in the terrible night when the venerable ghost itself appears before him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it and hearkens. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge and the piercing reiterated prayer: "Remember me!" And when the ghost has vanished, whom is it we see standing before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A born prince, feeling himself favoured in being summoned to punish the usurper of his crown? No! Amazement and sorrow overwhelm the solitary young man; he becomes bitter against smiling villains, swears never to forget the departed, and concludes with the significant ejaculation: "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right!" In these words, I imagine, is the key to Hamlet's whole procedure, and to me it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul *unequal to the performance of it.* In this view I find the piece composed throughout. Here is an oak tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received in its bosom only lovely flowers; the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces. A beautiful, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which makes the hero, sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off; every duty is holy to him, this, too hard. The impossible is required of him,—*not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him.* How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind.

Here, it will be observed, the difficulty of Hamlet's situation is attributed mainly to *subjective* causes: it lies within Hamlet himself. "The impossible," Goethe says, "is required of him,—not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him." All of which is equivalent to saying, if Hamlet were *other* than he is, the thing could be easily enough done. We shall consider further on whether it could.

Turning now to Coleridge's view, we shall see it is substantially the same as that of Goethe. The difficulty of Hamlet's situation he attributes wholly to subjective causes. He says,

> I believe the character of Hamlet might be traced to Shakespeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that this character must have connection with the common fundamental laws of our nature may be assumed from the fact, that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered. In order to understand him, it is essential to reflect on the construction of our minds. Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense: but in the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect;—for if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action.

And then he makes the following astounding statement:

Now one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is *to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances.*

Maçaulay more truly says, in his Article on Madame D'Arblay, that

it is the constant manner of Shakespeare to represent the human mind as lying, not under the absolute dominion of one domestic propensity, but under a mixed government, in which a hundred powers balance each other. Admirable as he was in all points of art, we must admire him for this, that, while he has left us a greater number of striking portraits than all other dramatists put together, he has scarcely left us a single caricature.

But would not such a mode of creating characters as Coleridge ascribes to him result in caricature? And in caricature only? It certainly would. That is rather Ben Jonson's mode of creating character. He personifies autocratic moods and humors, and does not, therefore, attain to complete personalities, actuated by a subtle complexity of motives, and exhibiting what Dowden calls "the mystery of vital movement.'

Coleridge says:

In Hamlet Shakespeare seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of *a due balance* between our attention to the objects of our senses and our meditation on the workings of our minds,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds.

Is not such a view, I would ask, by the way, unShakespearian—that Shakespeare wished to *examplify* etc.? One is likely to go astray when he sees, or looks for, abstract notions operating in a play of Shakespeare. Coleridge continues:

In *Hamlet*, this balance is disturbed; his thoughts, and the images of his fancy, are far more vivid than his actual perceptions, and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and color not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, and almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances, under which it is obliged *to act on the spur of the moment* [!]: Hamlet is brave and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve.

This is as explicit and emphatic as it can be made. The difficulty with Hamlet, according to Coleridge, is a wholly *subjective* one—"a great, an almost enormous intellectual activity" inducing "a proportionate aversion to real action." And this statement, strong as it is, is even emphasized by the statement that "Hamlet is *brave and careless of death.*" His bravery and his disregard of death are not sufficient to overcome his aversion to action induced by his intellectual activity—although the *call* for action has come from the spirit:

of an honored father, of blessed memory, who was "of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;" who was to one who occupies the throne, "Hyperion to a satyr!" If this is a true characterization of Hamlet, what a monstrosity he is! the greatest monstrosity to be found in all dramatic literature. And such a monstrosity, we are told, by Coleridge himself, "has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered." Why, if an enormous intellectual activity can possibly have such dire consequences, as to bind a man, hand and foot, and thus to disable him from performing the most sacred duties, there should be placarded, in colossal and glaring letters, at all the corners of our streets, for all men to read, BEWARE OF AN ENORMOUS INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY. We should shut up all colleges and universities, for fear many young men and young women, through the intellectual stimulant these institutions afford, might be so unfortunate as to attain to an enormous intellectual activity. Why, in the name of everything that's reasonable, where's the dramatic interest to come from, with such an irredeemable do-nothing for the hero of the drama as Coloridge represents Hamlet to be? Whatever interest such a man might have for the mental philosopher, it's the *dramatic* interest we must always look for, in a play of Shakespeare's. Shakespeare is a dramatist, and always a dramatist, not a psychologist. And we shall always find a true dramatic interest, in his plays, if we look for it aright.

Before Coleridge delivered his lectures in London, August Wilhelm Schlegel had given his, on Dramatic Art and Literature, in Vienna, in 1808, which were published under the title, *Vorlesungen über dramatische Kunst und Literature*, 1809. It was thought that Coleridge was indebted to him, by reason of certain striking similarities of view. But there is no evidence of such indebtedness. The evidence rather is that he was *not* indebted to Schlegel, and that evidence comes from Hazlitt, who disliked Coleridge. He says: "I myself heard the very same character of Hamlet from Coleridge before he went to Germany (that was in 1798) and when he had neither read nor could read a page of German."

Schlegel's view of Hamlet is, in the main, that of Goethe and Coleridge, namely, to put it in the most general way, that Hamlet's not carrying out the injunction of his fathere's ghost, was due to subjective causes, and not to objective obstacles. One sentence from Schlegel will be sufficient to show this. "The whole," he says, "is intended to show that a calculating consideration, which exhausts all the relations and possible consequences of a deed, *must cripple the power of acting*." I would remark here, by the way, that it can never be truly said of any play of Shakespeare's, that, to use Schlegel's expression, "the whole is intended to show" this, that, or the other. That would imply that his work moves under the condition of a *notion* of some kind; that he started with an abstraction, and that the ab-

straction determined the movement of his work. *Romeo and Juliet*, we are told by a large number of prominent commentators, among them being Gervinus, Ulrici, Coleridge, Hallam, Maginn, Mézières, Taine, Tieck, 'is intended to show' the bad consequences of excess, and the importance of moderation. It is no more the purpose of the play to show the bad consequences of excess, and the importance of moderation, than it is the purpose of a violent rain-storm which beats down the farmer's crops and washes away the garden-beds, to teach moderation;—than it is the purpose of a freshet on the Ohio river, which destroys life and property, to teach the importance of moderation. The student whose mind is set on moral didacticism, and insists on it, should study some other author than Shakespeare. The moral platitudes of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy would suit him better.

Shakespeare nowhere in his works, shows himself concerned that his meaning in the abstract should be distinctly exhibited. It is not the abstract which he is occupied with. If he did so show himself, he would not be the great dramatist he is; for that would imply that, in the composition of a play, he was occupied overmuch with the notional, the abstract, to the detriment of the concrete vitality of his art. And it is, I think, because the real creative energy of the poet was ever dominant, that theories which no man can number have been raised as to his meanings, by minds with a predominating *notional* drift, which, by reason of this notional drift, are not brought into requisite sympathy with the creative energy, but pick nice little moral pebbles out of the stream of that creative energy.

Neither Goethe, Coleridge, nor Schlegel intimate, even, the *objective* theory, in regard to the tragedy of Hamlet (the only theory consonant with the Shakespearian dramatic art), which Karl Werder has so elaborately developed in his *Vorlesungen über Shakespeare's Hamlet*,* Berlin, 1875. Horace Howard Furness pronounces Werder's volume on Hamlet, the most noteworthy that has appeared in Germany, although its main idea is found in Klein's article in the *Berliner Modenspiegel*, 1846; and George Fletcher has distinctly indicated it, in a paragraph of his criticism on *Romeo and Juliet*, p. 388 of his *Studies of Shakespeare*, London, 1847. It is to be regretted that this sagacious critic's *Studies of Shakespeare in the play of Hamlet, with observations on the criticism and the acting of that play*, announced as in preparation, at the end of the former work, never appeared. No English critic, perhaps, ever understood better the constitution of Shakespeare's Plays than did George Fletcher.

The objective theory, briefly stated, is, that the obstacles to Ham-

* Horace Howard Furness, in his New Variorum edition of *Hamlet*, has given large extracts from Werder, which embraces the entire dramatic action as set forth by him in his *Vorlesungen*, Berlin, 1875; and to these extracts students are referred. They are contained in Vol. II of Furness's *Hamlet*, pp. 354–371.

let's carrying out the injunction of the ghost, are wholly *objective*—that he has the power of acting, plenty of it, and all other powers in an eminent degree, required for what has been enjoined upon him to do, but he cannot achieve a true revenge by simply assassinating the King. He has a secret murder to deal with; and that secret murder must first be unveiled to the court and the people, before a rational revenge is possible—before he can, in a true sense, *fulfil* the duty which has been imposed upon him by the ghost of his father.

The theory of Hamlet's *constitutional aversion to real activity*, so strongly put by Coleridge, is pushed to the absurd, by a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, for May, 1880, pp. 60–71. His article is entitled *The Impediment of Adipose—a celebrated case*, the celebrated case being that of our friend, Hamlet, who, he says, is described with one dash of the pen: "He's fat and scant of breath." This is that "unknown quantity" which confounded Schlegel, and which Goethe thought he had found in the lines,

> The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right,

Poor Hamlet (strange that nobody ever discovered it before) is weighted down with a non-executive or lymphatic temperament. By reason of his fatness and his scantness of breath, he lacks the energizing temperament, without which the brain is but a dumb mass of latent possibilities. His procrastination is the result of his "too-too solid flesh." But for that burden of adipose substance, he were simply the most active fellow in Europe. He is afflicted with a *spherical* obesity, as indicated by his reply to the ghost's "Remember me:" "Remember thee! Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat in this distracted *globe*." This obesity is also indicated, in the speech of Ophelia,

> He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
> As it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*.

We are informed in a foot-note that medical men regard frequent sighing as a sign of heart disease, caused by superfluous fat. Ophelia also speaks of him as "pale as his shirt;" and paleness, the writer informs us, is a symptom of anaemic adipose. But she gives no hint that, like Falstaff, he has fallen away vilely. If such has been the case, it would have been the first thing to attract the attention of a young lady who believed one mad for the love of her. No; neither love nor lunacy has told the least on his "bulk."

In V, ii, 282, the king drinks "to Hamlet's better *breath*;" and the queen-mother makes the exclamation, which is taken as the key-note of this adipose theory, "He's fat and scant of breath;" and then adds, "Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows." And a little further on she says, "Come, let me wipe thy face." Can we

[illegible]

[illegible] his reply to Ostrich [illegible] If it please his majesty, this is [illegible]

The testimony as to the torpid condition of [illegible] his fatness, and his scantness of breath, [illegible] Horatio says, "You will lose this wager [illegible] "I do not think so; [illegible] I shall win [illegible] would'st not think *how ill all's here about my* [illegible] matter." Just such an answer, the writer informs [illegible] might make who was suffering from fatty degeneration [illegible] tion of the unpleasant possibilities of the duel had [illegible] of the heart almost to a stand-still—the result of a [illegible] circulatory system.

The consequences of poor Hamlet's unfortunate [illegible] is summed up by the writer, in the following sentence:

> The fine spirit, the clear insight, the keen reader of other [illegible] pressed in walls of adipose, and the desire for action dies out [illegible] wise maxims, philosophic doubts, and morbid upbraidings of [illegible]

This is all infinitely ludicrous; but it is also [illegible] such a theory should be set forth, in sober earnest, in a [illegible] tific journal. But any explanation of the man Hamlet [illegible] ceeds upon the assumption of the theories of Goethe [illegible] must be as wide of the mark as is this, though it may [illegible] And there'll be no end to such criticism until there's a [illegible] nition among Shakespeare scholars of what constitutes [illegible] culty of the situation in which Hamlet is placed,—a [illegible] *independent of his own intellectual and spiritual* [illegible] difficulty especially fitted to bring that temperament [illegible] play. And I would add that the reader of the tragedy [illegible] is in the subjective Hamlet, rather than in the [illegible] recognize the fact that the subjective Hamlet—all [illegible] musings, and feelings, which so interest that reader [illegible] interesting when he knows its relation to the objective [illegible]

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE DIARY OF THOMAS GREENE.

There seems to be a fatality about this contemporary record of Stratford and its surrounding parishes; for I have rarely seen any allusion to it, or any review or notice of my Edition of the Diary, without such errors of statement as I should have thought impossible, had I not myself experienced the same tendency to go astray, and only with great pains kept myself pretty free from mistake. As it is, a few errors have intruded into my Introduction, which I will mention later on.

The review of my volume at pp. 189–191, of the current volume of SHAKESPEARIANA has some errors peculiar to itself. These seem to demand some notice on my part.

In the first place, the War of the Enclosures was not "over a piece of ground," but embraced, among other portions, a very large estate, part of which I have shown on a modern plan with a contemporary sketch of some small portions in illustration of my Introduction and of the Transcript of the Diary.

Secondly, the principal entry, which records a certain fact respecting the Welcombe Enclosures, and mentions "Shakspeare," with the prefix of his initial "W," (for in all other cases he is either "my Cosen Shakspeare," or "Mr. Shakspeare,") is not quite correctly quoted, and is quite erroneously remarked upon, in the review to which I am replying. Here is the entry:

14 Aug. 1615 Mr. Barker dyed { Sep W Shakspeare tellyng J. Greene that I was not able to *he* [erased] bear the encloseyng of Welcombe.

Many questions arise upon this. Why is the second entry bracketted? Why is the verb *tell* employed in the participial form? Who is "I?" What was Greene about writing, when he actually wrote "he" and then erased it? What is the meaning of "beare" in this sentence? I may add that "W" has been misread "Mr."; "tellyng" has been misread "told;" "able" has been misread "abble"—a blunder I have hitherto found myself *unabble* to arrest, though the MS. is quite plain and unequivocal—and the erased word has been dropt out of the account; "encloseyng" has been misspelt in various ways, etc. I take these questions *seriatim:*

1. It is evident that Thomas Greene entered this, the first September item, after the rest of the page had been filled; and that he availed himself of a blank space opposite "14 Aug. Mr. Barker dyed," in order to attach the new entry to one of the preceding month; and for this purpose employed the bracket.

2. The participle is used here, as in the very next entry, viz: "5 Sep his sendyng James" [i. e. James Greene, Thomas' brother] etc.; and the intention was evidently to suggest *nota bene*, or "remember;" indeed, the first entry in the diary is, "r Martis 15 No: I asking Mr. Manneryng how they did meane to deale with me," etc., where "r" is an abbreviation for remember;" just as N. B. means with us *nota bene*. It will be observed that the important entry in question is simply dated "Sep," the day not being specified. I suppose Thomas Greene, when he put it in, did not remember the exact day; or else, that he remembered it was earlier than the 5th Sep., which is the date of the next entry; and that he intended it to fall into its chronological place as belonging to the period 1–4 Sep.

3. The "I" is our chief difficulty. Mr. Edward Scott suggested to me what had also occurred to myself, that the Diarist was thinking of what Shakespeare *actually* said to T. Greene: q.d. "*I* am not able to beare," etc. So that the "I" would indicate Shakespeare. But this I do not think likely. Dr. F. J. Furnivall is strongly of opinion that the "I" means the writer, Thomas Greene himself; and that Shakespeare is here represented as having told J. Greene that Thomas Greene was not able, etc. Other record-readers are of the same opinion. But such common sense as I have runs counter to it. To me it is as plain as a pike-staff that there would be a total absence of motive for this entry, if it did not record the views of some other person than the Diarist. If any one knew what Thomas Greene was or was not "able to beare," it would be Thomas himself; and he could not possibly require a reminder of that. If, however, he had lied to Shakespeare, and made him believe that he, the Town Clerk, was averse to the Enclosures, what possible motive could the Diarist have had in making this note on the blank space, as an after thought. The more I think over this matter the more I am convinced that Dr. Furnivall and the record-readers are wrong; and that the "I" was Thomas Greene's error for "he," the person being Shakespeare; who had told J. Greene that he, Shakespeare "was not able to beare the encloseyng of Welcombe."

4. The erased word *he*, was evidently a mistake for *be;* the writer intended to write what he afterwards did write "beare·" only he wrote *he* in mistake, and at once erased it. This is the rock upon which the reviewer in SHAKESPEARIANA struck. He fixed the disputed interpretation on the "he," instead of on the "I." In my contention the Diarist wrote "I" when he intended to write "he;" and this was a trick he had, for he has made the mistake five times in

the diary, and in one of those five places he did not detect the error, for he has left it uncorrected. On the very first page he writes, "I willed him to learne what I could and I told him so would I." Here "I could" is assuredly an error for "he could."

5. As to the word "beare," I have interpreted it to mean *carry on* or *support*. I understood and still understand the Diarist to have recorded, that Shakespeare told J. Greene that he, Shakespeare, could give no active support to the project for enclosing the common fields of Welcombe, and this notwithstanding, that as a good man of business, he had secured himself against loss in case the enclosures were carried out by W. Combe and Replingham against his wishes.

The whole of the Diary can be inspected at Shakespeare's birthplace, at Stratford; for the Muniment-room of the Corporation is on the ground floor of Shakespeare's house, and the Wheler collection is on the first-floor. Accordingly, a visitor wishing to see all the leaves of the Diary, should get the Town Clerk to attend with the key, and on payment of the usual fee, vol. 13 of *Miscellaneous Documents* will be taken down for his inspection. The remaining leaf of the Diary is in a volume upstairs, entitled, *Documents collected by R. B. Wheler*. The Librarian will show this free of charge. I will only add (1) that Mr. J. O. Halliwell's *Descriptive Calendar* contains nothing but the statement of fact that the three leaves are in vol. 13 of the Records of the Corporation; (2) that the maps in my edition of the Diary *do definitely settle the situation of the "lands,"* though not the entire boundary; and (3) that only one edition of the Diary is on sale, viz: that containing the autotypes of the original. I have, however, given to a few of my friends copies of the letter-press without the autotypes; but these "short copies" are not procurable at any price.

C. M. INGLEBY.

"THE WINTER'S TALE" AND "LA FARSA."

Upon the question, often discussed, whether Shakespeare read Italian, it is possible that light may be afforded by means of Italian luminaries, and certainly the manifold outlines and stupendous coloring of his dramatic pictures can well bear lighting from every side. Of the Italian luminaries just referred to, Mr. Richard Grant White, of America, and Signor G. Cesareo, in Italy, have cited Ariosto and Berni, apropos of the passages in *Othello*, "who steals my purse," and "there's magic in the web," as well as Giraldi Cinthio, from whose *novelle* Shakespeare took the tragic story of the Moor. As every reader has observed, Shakespeare availed himself in masterful fashion of whatever pleased his fancy; and often indeed, did the workmanship so greatly surpass the material, that his possession of an idea seemed based upon the utter transformation, almost the fresh creation, which he had effected from mediocre matter.

No one of his plays more perfectly exemplifies his superb disdain of consistency, his habit of rendering iron facts flexible by the heat of his genius, and bending them to suit his purpose, than does the *Winters' Tale*. The critics have not been slow to note this point. Hudson, for example, speaks of Shakespeare in this play

> making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burials, Giulio Romano, thc Emperor of Russia and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi.

Ulrici observes:

> We have here the full sway of accident and caprice in the concentration of events, circumstances and relations, everything is removed from common experience.

And Richard Grant White declares that

> The *Winters' Tale* is remarkable, even among Shakespeare's plays, for its defiance of all restraint of time and place. No other approaches it in its recklessness of these conditions.

And Gervinus points out that, not content with the wonders contained in Robert Greene's tale of *Dorastus and Fawnia*, upon which the *Winter's Tale* was founded, Shakespeare

increased still more the marvellous and miraculous in his subject, he disregarded more and more the requirements of the real and probable, and treated time, place and circumstances with the utmost arbitrariness.

Hence it may well be asked, What gave this notable impulse to Shakespeare's mind to cross with still freer steps the bounds of the dramatic unities which he had before, partially and reluctantly, respected? The answer to this question, like that of many others concerning the Elizabethan drama, may be sought for among the Italians of that time. There is no need to more than allude here to the immense debt of English to Italian drama, to the eagerness with which English writers of that period seized upon the fantastic horrors on horrors afforded by the facts of Italian history—which they assimulated with such Anglo-Saxon vigor that there arose the proverb, "Inglese italiánato è il diavolo incarnato." The severe temperament of the English emphasized their treatment of subjects taken from Italian *novelle* and plays; and if Heywood and Marlowe spoke slightingly of the dramatic genius of Italy, they as well as Ford, Webster, Massinger and others took from it their themes, magnifying these terrible shapes as if seen through the mists of the Northern imagination. Italy appeared to them a Circe, who filled for them strange cups of inhumanities. And while these darker dramatists supped full with horrors, Shakespeare may well have accepted from Italy a new charter of liberty.

And this charter is perhaps to be found in the writings of the Florentine Cecchi, one of the foremost playwrights of his time. He particularly cultivated a species of play called the *Farsa*, which he thus describes:

The *Farsa* is a new third species between Tragedy and Comedy. It enjoys the liberties of both and shuns their limitations, for it receives into its ample boundaries great lords and princes, which comedy does not; and like a hospital inn, wəlcomes the vilest and most plebeian of the people, to whom Dame Tragedy has never stooped. It is not restricted to certain motives; for it accepts all subjects, grave or gay, profane and sacred, urbane and rude, sad and pleasant. It does not care for time or place. The scene may be in a church, or a public square, or where you will; and if one day is not long enough, two or three may be employed. What, indeed, does it matter to the Farsa? In a word, this modern mistress of the stage is the most amusing, the most convenient, the sweetest, prettiest country lass that can be found upon our earth.

In quoting this extract from Cecchi's Prologue to the Romanesca (Firenze: Cenniniana, 1874) it has seemed best to use the translation of Mr. John Addington Symonds, thus securing the most exact as well as the most spirited rendering possible to the English language.

Has not the reader recognized in this portrait of *La Farsa* (from which our modern farce is a thousand times removed) the true description of the plan, material and characters of the *Winter's Tale?* Is not here ample apology for the rapid flights from Sicilia to Bohemia;

the years that changed Perdita from babyhood to the queenliness of her sixteen summers; the kings and queens, whom comedy dares not receive; the shepherds and Autolycus, whom tragedy would cast out?

Mr. Symonds has observed that the description of the *Farsa*, together with more which follows it, rounds off a picture which exactly applies to the Elizabethan drama. But of all the English dramatists of the time, who would have received this declaration of liberty more enthusiastically than would Shakespeare? It even seems as though he had wished to express in the veiled manner of the times, his allegiance to "the modern mistress of the stage" since he describes Perdita in nearly the precise words in which Cecchi set forth the graces of *La Farsa*.

> This is the prettiest lowborn lass that ever
> Ran on the green-sward . . . . .
> . . . . Good sooth, she is
> The queen of curds and cream.
>
> [IV, iv, 156–160.]

And like a devout pilgrim to the festal shrine of *La Farsa*, Shakespeare seems to have made the complete tour of the large free realms of which she was the patroness. Apologists have not been lacking for the inconsistencies, exceeding those of Robert Greene's tale; George Sand undertook to prove that Ottakar of Bohemia possessed a seaport on the Adriatic; stress has been laid upon the existence of painted statues —but it is probable that Shakespeare would have flooded with his fancy the very inland of Bohemia, had Ottakar never thought to extend his empire; and would have tinted his statue of Hermione with whatever colors pleased him, if every other statue in the world had been of the whitest marble that ever was mined. Like most converts he was prepared, his natural temper favoring this, to do enthusiastic extreme honors to *La Farsa*.

Beside this internal evidence of scope and nearly precise verbal likeness, another testimony which seems apropos is found in the arrangement of Heminge and Condell's folio of 1623, in which *The Winter's Tale* was published for the first time, and when it is inserted after all the other comedies. Mr. Grant White notes that it appears as though the editors at first had thought to place it among the tragedies, and then decided to rank it among the comedies. With their experience in dramatic editorship, it seems sufficiently probable that Heminge and Condell would have understood that *The Winters' Tale* was "a third species, between tragedy and comedy," and, therefore, set it in its appropriate place.

A very brief sketch of the origin and development of the *Farsa*, as further evidence of its correspondence with the plan of the *Winter's Tale*, can best be introduced by means of a thoughtful comment of *Furnivall upon* this play: "Its purpose, its lesson, "he says," are to

teach forgiveness of wrongs, to give the sinner time to repent and amend, not to cut him off in his sins, to frustrate the crimes he has proposed."

What, the reader will be tempted to ask, is the connection between this serious doctrine and the smiling caprices of *La Farsa*? Permit the information, those of the readers who may not be already aware of the fact, that the *Farsa* was the third and the youngest of a dramatic triad, of which the elder two, at least, were very devout; and the *Farsa* was not without some share in the goodwill that existed between these three sister nymphs of Thespis and the three theological virtues. The *Farsa*, to leave metaphors and descend to the facts of the stage, was preceeded by two distinct forms ot the Italian drama, called *Sacre Rappresentazioni*, and if a *Farsa* contained any moral precept or example whatsoever, it was counted as a third form of the same name. The first *Sacre Rappresentazioni* were for the edification of the people, directed by ecclesiastics, and representing events of Biblical history. They were acted by boys, singing to their lutes; and this species of oratorio, mostly in recitative interspersed with part-songs, often ended with an ascription or a benediction. The second form of *Sacre Rappresentazioni* dramatized the lives of saints, and magnified the advantages of the monastic life. The stories of these saints were often romantic, and this admixture of human interest led by an easy transition to the third class of *Rappresentazioni*, which were, precisely like the *Winter's Tale*, dramatized *novelle* inculcating some moral, though it must be admitted that the adjective *Sacre* was sometimes held by a very tenuous thread of doctrine or ethics.

Cecchi—already cited as the advocate of *La Farsa* the work-a-day dress of the *novella*, that of a Sunday might go brave in the garb of a *Sacra Rappresentazione*,—was famous for this species of didactic drama. His elaborate *Esaltzione della Croce* was acted in Florence, as a celebration at the time of the marriage of Ferrando de' Medici to Christina of Lorraine. Here then, from Cecchi, we learn how the *Sacre Rappresentazione* led straight to the *Farsa;* and since, the *Winter's Tale* teaches how the winter of discontent may be made glorious summer by the virtues of patience, forgiveness and expiation, it may be counted for its morality, in the third class of *Sacre Rappresentazioni*, while for its charming poetic and dramatic license, it belongs among the maids of honor of *La Farsa*, but in either case, is rightly placed "between comedy and tragedy."

It seems indeed, somewhat presumptuous to hope to add, at this late and learned day, anything to the vast amount of Shakespearian comment and information, but this little candle, lighted by Messer Cecchi in his time, throws its beams as far as our own century, and may perhaps suffice to lighten some least shadow which yet clings about the relation of Shakespeare's work to Italian literature and drama.

E. CAVAZZA.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globe edition.]

JONSONIANA.

There has recently come into my possession a copy of the 1607 quarto of *Volpone*, which is worth calling attention to. I had always supposed that prior to the first (or 1616) folios of Ben Jonson's works, only one quarto was known, but it would appear to be otherwise. The original title page and last leaf of my copy are wanting, and the chief point of interest attached to the work is a manuscript copy of the missing last leaf, by the hand of the early poet of the sixteenth century, on what appears to be a fly-leaf of the original work. The thought that others besides myself might be curious to see a version of a portion of this play by a writer probably contemporaneous with the author, has induced me to draw the following parallels, which exhibit readily the changes which it has been subjected to.

[Folio of 1616. p. 522–523].

Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To the hospitall, of the *Incurabili*:
And, since the most was gotten by imposture,
By faining lame, gout, palsey, and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramp't with irons,
Till thou bee'st sicke, and lame indeed. Remove him.
Volp. This is call'd mortifying of a *Foxe*.
Avoc. I. Thou *Voltore*, to take away the scandale
Thou hast giu'n all worthy men, of thy profession,
Art banish'd from their fellowship, and our state.
Carbaccio, bring him neere. We here possesse
Thy sonne, of all thy state; and confine thee
To the monasterie of *San' Spirito*:
Where, since thou knew'st not how to live well here,
Thou shalt be learn'd to die well. *Carb.* Ha! what said he?
Com. You shall know anone, sir. *Avoc.* Thou *Corvino*, shalt
Be straight imbarqu'd from thine owne house, and row'd

Round about *Venice*, through the *grand canale*,
Wearing a cap, with faire, long asses eares,
In stead of hornes: and, so to mount (a paper
Pin'd on thy brest) to the *berlino*——*Corv.* Yes,
And, have mine eies beat out with stinking fish,
Bruis'd fruit, and rotten egges——'Tis well. I'm glad,
I shall not see my shame, yet. *Avoc.* I. And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
Home to her father, with her dowrie trebled:
And these are all your iudgements. (*All* Honour'd fathers.)
Avoc. I. Which may not be reuok'd. Now, you begin.
When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd
To thinke what your crimes are: away with them.
Let all, that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and loue to study 'hem. Mischiefes feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

VOLPONE.

THE seasoning of a play is the applause
Now, though the *Foxe* be punish'd by the lawes,
He, yet, doth hope there is no suffring due,
For any fact, which he hath done 'gainst you;
If there be, sensure him: here he, doubtfull, stands.
If not, fare iouially, and clap your hands.

[Q. of 1607. Unpaged.]

Is, that thy substance all be straight confis
to the Hospitall, of the Incurabili:
And since the moste was gotton by imposture
by faigning lame, goute, palsey, & such diseases,
thou art to lye in prison, crampt, wth Irons,
till thou beest sick, & lame, indeed, remoue him:
volp: This is called mortifyinge of a foxe
auoc: I: thou voltore: to take a waye the scandale
thou haste giuen all worthy men: of thy pfession
art banishd from their fellowship & our state.
Corbaccio: bringe him neere, wee heere possesse
thy sone, of all thy estate; & confine thee
to the Monastery of San spirito:
where, since thou knewest not how to liue well here,
thou shalt be lern'd to dye well. Corb: ha, what sd he:
Com: you shall knowe anone, Sir. Auoc: thou Coruino, shalt
be straight imbarqu'd from thyne owne house, & roud
rounde aboute venice, through the grand Canale,
wearinge a capp: wth fayer longe asses eares
instead of hornes: & se, [*sic.*] to mounite (a pap
pinde on thy brest, to Berlino.——Crow, yes,
and, haue mine eyes beate out wth stinkine fish
brus^{d} fruite & rotten eggs——'tis well I am gladd
I shall not see my shame, yet—Auoc: I: & to expiate
thy wronges done to thy wife, thou art to send her
home, to her father, wth her dowrie trebbled:
and theis are all yor Judgm^{ts}, All: honoured, ffathers
auoc: i: wch maye not be reuoked. now you begin

when crimes are done & paste, & to be punished,
to thinke what yor crimes are, awaye, wth him:
let all, that see theis vices thus rewarded,
take harte, & loue to study hem, mischeifes feede
like beastes, till they be fat, & then y^{d} bleede.
uolp: The seasoninge of a play, is the aplause
now, though the fox be punished by the lawes,
he yet doth hope there is noe sufferinge due,
for any fact wch he hath done against you,
If there be, censure him, here he doubtfull stands
If not, fare Iouially, & clap your hands.

Here then, is a version of *Volpone*, which appears to have been carefully copied from a printed edition. But which one? The disregard of capital letters, the non-italicized words (L. 2, 13, 18 and 21), the orthography of such words as "gotton," (L. 3), "faigning," (L. 4), "pffession," (L. 9), "sone," (L. 12), "dye," (L. 15), "fayer," (L. 19), "mounite," (L. 20), "pinde," (L. 21), "stinkine," (L. 22), "ffathers," (L. 27), "paste," (L. 29), and "aplause," (L. 35), and finally the imperfect punctuation, all seem to indicate the existence of a text printed between the date of the representation in 1605, and the first edition of 1607. Whalley and Cunningham are both silent upon the subject, and Halliwell, in his *Dictionary of Old English Plays*, simply states that it was "acted by the King's servants" in 1605. *Volpone* is mentioned in *The Mousetrap, Epigrams*, by H. P., which book was printed in 1606, and may not a quarto have been issued in this year, subsequently corrected by its author, which has not come down to us?

ALBERT R. FREY.

THE DRAMA.

PARISIAN PLAYS.

The theatrical season of Paris is closed, and the moment seems to have arrived for taking a retrospective glance at the dramatic events of the past winter. On the whole it has been less fertile in successes than those which preceeded it. At the Théâtre Français, *Le Parisien*, though certainly a success had not anything like the enthusiasm with which the *Denise* of M. Alexandre Dumas was recived last year, and M. Octave Feuillet's *Chamillac* arrives too late in the day to fairly form part of the winter's programme. M. Copeés historical play of *Les Jacobites* at the Odéon, owed its popularity chiefly to the acting of the young conservatoire *pupil,* Mlle. Weber, whose début in the principal rôle has raised

her at once to a high rank in her profession. Even with the powerful assistance of M. Belot, Alphonse Daudet failed to convert his realistic novel *Sapho* into an interesting play, and the director of the Gymnase must look back regretfully to the runs of *Le maître des forges* and *Prince Zilah*. The other theatres, even including that of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, have had to bear up against semi-failures or to fall back on *reprises* of old favorites. There is, however, an exception to be made in favor of the little Vaudeville where M. Sardou's *Georgette*, with Tessandier in the title rôle, was played all winter to over-flowing houses. The play raised much discussion and perhaps owed part of its success to that circumstance. As a study of morality on the modern French stage it is certainly interesting, though the impression left on the mind after seeing it, is more painful than pleasant.

Georgette the heroine singer at a café-chantant, has managed to amass an immense fortune by discreditable means, and to cajole into marriage a ruined and semi-imbecile English duke. She throws a veil over her past by representing herself as having been, at the time of her marriage with the duke, the widow of a Brazilian gentleman, whom she had followed to his country, and whose fortune she inherited. By dint of extraordinary tact mingled with surpassing assurance, Georgette succeeds in getting received into the most exclusive circles of Parisian society and dreams of an honorable marriage for a daughter who was born in the stormy days in France and is now passed off as the Brazilian's child. This daughter, Paula, is beautiful and accomplished and has been brought up in a convent in absolute ignorance of her mother's past history. She is the object of Georgette's passionate adorations, the only human being that this unfortunate woman has ever truly loved.

When the play opens, the movement seems to have arrived for the fulfilment of Georgette's hopes and schemes, the son of one of their most aristocratic acquaintances has fallen in love with Paula, and is about formally to demand her hand. All seems to be going smoothly when Nemesis arrives in the shape of the young Vicomte's uncle, a retired Colonel, who recognises in the parvenue duchess the çi-devant grisette of his garrison days at Marseilles. Luckily for Georgette; there are no witnesses to this recognition, and as he is still ignorant of his nephew's intentions, she manages to persuade him to pledge his word of honor not to betray her. The Colonel is described as a mirror of honor and chivalry, and therefore Georgette may be excused for sharing the delusion of the audience, and believing she has conjured the danger which menaced her. A disagreeable surprise awaits her on learning of the projected alliance with his family, the Colonel promptly breaks his word and reveals the whole disgraceful secret to his outraged sister. The falseness of this note does not seem to

have struck M. Sardou, who continues to treat the Colonel as the type of an honorable man to the end of the piece.

The interest of the play is now centred in the struggle between the two mothers; the aristocratic and virtuous countess adamant where the honor of her house and her son's future are concerned, and the 'cabotine' duchess frantic with impotent grief, and rage at the overthrow of her schemes for her beloved daughter's happiness. A terrible scene ensues in which the sympathy of the audiences is powerfully involved for the erring woman in whom maternal love is represented as condoning past sins, and whose impassioned language, as she reproaches the immaculate countess with rendering virtue odious by her want of charity, almost carries away the cool judgment of the critic. Yet this reflection will present itself; if motherly love could excuse such sins as those of Georgette, might not the countess be allowed a little consideration for the feeling which led her to object to her only son being made the means of rehabilitating the outcasts of society? That the young people themseves should be left quite beside the question is characteristic of M. Sardou's nationality; the mothers alone excite interest. Paula is as uninteresting a piece of perfection, and Gaston as flabby a 'jeune premier' as most of the young lovers of French comedy.

There is, indeed, a scene between the young couple in which Paula dares her lover to marry her without his mother's consent, but after the dramatic excitement of the preceding one, it is tame and insipid, and instead, as would be the case on our stage, of the interest culminating in it, it is stamped with that want of reality which French writers usually impress on their pictures of the intercourse of virtuous girls with their lovers. A half consent is wrung at last from the countess by the untrustworthy Colonel, on condition of Georgette retiring for ever from the false position she has usurped in society, and exiling herself to her husband's country; this concession is indignantly rejected as casting too great a slur on Georgette by depriving her of the joy of her daughter's presence.

The play ends by Gaston, meekly resigning Paula and announcing his intention of satisfying his mother by marrying the traditional cousin, who is of course at hand, ready to receive the truant with rapture, while Georgette and Paula clasp each other in an impasssioned embrace under the approving eye of the Colonel.

About the cleverness of *Georgette* and the striking nature of the scenes, there can be no doubt. M. Sardou is too old and talented a play wright to disappoint us there; as to the questions raised, we do not attempt to solve them, and we venture to say that M. Sardou has not succeeded in doing so either. Is such a past as Georgette's capable of being affaced by a passionate absorbing love? Should the future of a child be spoiled by the effect of a parent's sin? These are very old *enigmas of life*, and they have received their answers rather from the

common-sense of mankind, than from the theories of poets or dramatists. Two minor points we may notice as illustrating a fundamental difference in national morality. First, the measure in which the will of the parent should be allowed absolutely to influence the destiny of the son after he has arrived at man's estate, and secondly, the stainless integrity of the word of honor of a gentleman.

By an English or American audience, neither the Colonel nor his nephew would be gently treated. A young man who throws the whole weight of breaking off an unsuitable union on the shoulders of his mother; a soldier, who under any circumstance however trying, breaks his word of honor, are characters who would be regarded as almost beneath contempt by the men of our unyielding race. They were not so regarded here, and we must judge M. Sardou's clever play by the rules of morality of the public for which he writes, leaving questions of national morality for an article of wider scope.

M. LOVETT CAMERON.

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETIES.

The sixteenth year of the Avon Club, of Topeka, Kansas, closed with a Banquet and a Shakespearian menu on The Birthday, April 23d, 1886. The course of study is summarized as following: *October* 12.—1. *Henry IV.* Narrative of the play, with incidental observations upon the character of Falstaff. A. M. F. Randolph; Selected passages. Mrs. Pierce; Comments. Miss Kingman and members of the Club. *October* 26.—2 *Henry IV.* Narrative of the play. C. J. Brown; Selected passages. T. J. Kellam; Comments. Miss Crosby; *November* 9.—*Twelfth Night.* Narrative of the play. J. W. Gleed; Character of Malvolio. W. H. Rossington; Selected passages. Mr. Davidson; Comments. Mrs. Morton. *November* 23.—*Titus Andronicus.* Narrative of the play. J. D. McFarland; Character of Titus. W. C. N. Garvey; Tale of the Banquet. Miss Putman; Comments. Robert Pierce. *December* 8.—*Henry VIII.* Narrative of the play. Dr. A. H. Thompson; Impersonation. Mrs. Kellam; Henry VIII as a King. R. B. Wheeler; Selections from Acts I and II. Mrs. Garvey and members of Club. *December* 21.—*Henry VIII.* (Continued.) History of time covered by the play. Miss Woodard; Henry VIII as a Husband. J. G. Slonecker; Catharine of Arragon. Miss Crosby; Selections from last three acts. Mrs. Rodgers. *January* 4.—*Much Ado About Nothing.* Narrative of the play. Mrs. McFarland; Selected passages. Mrs. Brown; Comments. A. K. Rodgers. *January* 18.—*Hamlet.* Narrative of the play. Miss

Kingman; Sketch of Polonius. Miss Davidson; Readings from Act II and part of Act III. Mrs. Way; Comments. Dr. A. H. Thompson. *February* 1.—*Hamlet*, (Continued). Character of Hamlet. C. S. Gleed; Readings from Act IV. James Moore; Comments. Mrs. Kellam.

The plays proposed to be considered during the season 1886–87 are: *October* 11.—*Twelfth Night.* Miss Crosby, Mr. Brown, Mr. Morton, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Rodgers. *October* 25.—*Antony and Cleopatra.* Mr. Rodgers, Mrs. McFarland, Miss Adams, Mr. J. W. Gleed, Mr. Davison. *November* 8.—*Antony and Cleopatra.* Mr. Garvey, Miss Crosby, Miss Putnam, Mr. Rossington, Mr. Way. *November* 22.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Mr. McFarland, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Morton, Mr. Kellam, Mrs. Rossington. *December* 6.—*Merchant of Venice.* Mr. Slonecker, Miss Kingman, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Morton. *December* 20.—*Merchant of Venice.* Mrs. Rossington, Mr. Brown, Mr. Pierce, Mrs. Way, Mrs. Garvey. *January* 3.—*Much Ado About Nothing.* Miss Kingman, Mr. McFarland, Mr. Moore, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Kellam. *January* 17.—*Othello.* Mr. Thompson, Miss Adams, Mrs. Morton, Mr. Norton, Mr. C. S. Gleed. *January* 31.—*Othello.* (Continued) Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Slonecker, Mr. J. W. Gleed, Mrs. Pierce.

The Shakespeare Society of New York, since its incorporation early in 1885, has accomplished a great amount of work. Four notable publications have already been issued by this comparatively young but vigorous society, namely:

1. *Ecclesiastical Law in Hamlet*, by R. S. Guernsey.
2. *Venus and Adonis. A Study in Warwickshire Dialect* (with glossary), by Appleton Morgan.
3. *Shakespeare and Alleged Spanish Prototypes*, by Albert R. Frey.
4. *Digest Shakespearianæ.* (*sic*). Part 1, A.,—F., by Appleton Morgan.

The Shakspere Club of West Philadelphia, originating largely through the influence of Mrs. Geo. W. Kendrick, adopted a Constitution and By Laws, and held its first regular meeting Nov. 25th 1882, thirteen members being present. With weekly two hour meetings intermitted only by Summer and Christmas Holidays, the Club has held together, with accessions to its numbers, until at the present time it boasts twenty-three members, all creditably regular in attendance. The Officers are as follow: President, Vice President, Treasurer, Librarian and Secretary, no officer holding her seat for two consecutive years. A new Critic is appointed by the President for each Play and is selected according to the alphabetical order of name. The Officers for the present season are: Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, President, Miss. Josie Alexander, Treasurer, Mrs. Junius R. Clark,

Librarian, and Mrs. W. H. List Secretary. The order of exercises is as follows:— First roll call (to which each lady responds with a quotation culled from the lesson of the day, or any previous lesson on the same play); second, reading of the Minutes; third reading and criticism, (the President having previously selected the play and appointed the actors). At the end of each scene, the Critic takes charge, requiring of each lady explanation of any obscure passages, mythological or historical allusions occuring in her part, and in the event of her failure to do so, must be prepared with such explanation herself. Several essays are also prepared and read during the course of the study on a play, the subjects and writers being selected by the President. The ladies have at all times the privilege of consulting the Society's Books of Reference to be found in the hands of the Librarian. In this manner the club has gone over fourteen of the plays. Before the summer holidays set in, a charcteristic Entertainment is arranged, which marks the improvement made during the year. Yearly and initiary assessments, absent and late fines provide a comfortable treasury, by means of which the club is slowly but surely accumulating a valuable Library.

The past session of the Montreal Shakespeare Club has been distinguished by good and persistent study, and the new year opens with promise of renewed zeal as indicated by the following: Programme of work, Session VI. (1886–7). September 13th. Preliminary Meeting. *Hamlet* (Sept. 20–Nov. 1):—September 20th. "Lilly's Predecessors," by R. W. Boodle; October 4th. "Lilly," by E. W. Arthy; 18th. "Peele," by A. D. Nichols; November 1st. Papers on *Hamlet*, by Messrs. Short, Rielle and Marler. *The Merchant of Venice* (Nov. 8–Dec. 13):—November 8th. "Greene," by J. MacGillycuddy; 22d. "Marlowe," by W. McLennan; December 6th. "Shakespeare," by H. Abbott; 13th. Papers on *The Merchant of Venice*, by Messrs. Gould, Parker and W. McLennan. *Richard III* (Dec. 20–Feb. 7):— December 20. "Ben Jonson," by W. de M. Marler; January 10th. "Chapman," by F. McLennan; 24th. "Heywood," by W. P. Sloane; February 7. Papers on *Richard III*, by Messrs. Lafleur, Duclos and Sloane. *Troilus and Cressida* (Feb. 14–March 21):—February 14th. "Marston," by F. T. Short; 28th. "Webster," by C. H. Gould; March 14. "Beaumont and Fletcher," by E. Lafleur; 21st. Papers on *Troilus and Cressida*, by Messrs. Boodle, Arthy and Nicolls. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (March 28–May 16):— April 4. "Massinger," by A. Parker; 18th. "Ford," by N. J. Rielle; 23d. Annual Dinner; 25th. Annual Meeting; May 2nd. "Randolph," by C. A. Duclos; 16th Papers on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Messrs. Abbot, F. McLennan and MacGillycuddy. R. W. Boodle, Hon. Secretary.

At the meeting of the New Shakspere Society, of London, held June 11th, the papers read were *On Hamlet's Age*, by Sir. E. Sullivan, and *On the relations between Shakespeare and his wife*, by Mr. F. A. Marshall.

REVIEWS.

HAMLET'S NOTE-BOOK.*

It is an unfortunate truth concerning Baconian literature, whether it be contrary to the Baconian view or for it—seldom can it be said that it is characterized by high literary merit, or, indeed, that it has much interest for the literary public, nor is it to be wondered at, as the controversy at best concerns facts which are largely hypothetical and it is, therefore, scarcely possible to clothe them in words and in thoughts that would raise the discussion of the question into the proper realm of literature. In a word, the controversy, though it concerns literary subjects and literary people is, in reality a scientific one, and is, therefore, best conducted on scientific lines. Its literature is thus apt to be uninteresting and at times dull, and this very failing which arises solely from the nature of the subject and not because of any inherent lack of interest, has been, perhaps, the reason why the controversy has been deprived of the fair and just hearing to which, in the eyes of its supporters it is entitled.

Two notable exception to the general rule have appeared recently and call for more than passing mention. Mr. Richard Grant White's paper on "The Baconian Craze" originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and since reprinted in his posthumous *Studies in Shakespeare* has been ably answered, and in the best manner, by Mr. W. D. O'Connor in the admirable brochrue *Hamlet's Note-Book*. Mr. White's article will be remembered as having been one of the brightest of his essays, written in his happiest vein, and abounding with the biting sarcasm for which he was noted. He was thoroughly merciless in his manner, and the unfortunate lady whom he had selected as his opponent was forced to see her thoughts and her facts twisted and turned in whatever way suited best the genius of her tormentor. It is little wonder that the Baconians raised a veritable howl of rage, for acrimonious literature numbers few such bitter pieces. Mr. O'Connor wrote a reply to Mr. White's attack, but, pending its publication in one of the literary magazines he died, and Mr. O'Connor did not feel justified in then publishing his counter attack on him, until the publication of the *Studies in Shakespeare*, with the announce-

*Hamlet's Note-Book, by William D. O'Connor, Boston and New York, Houghton *Mifflin & Co., 1886.*

ent that the essay in question had been prepared for publication in ok form by the author himself, did away, naturally enough, with scruples, and he therefore issued his own reply to Mr. White in ok form also.

Mr. O'Connor will be remembered as one of the earliest converts the Baconian question. He was a friend of Miss Bacon and of awthorne, and is the gentleman to whom the latter, in his *Recollec- of a Gifted Woman* assigns the task of placing her in her true ht before posterity. Mr. Wyman states in his *Bibliography* that rticle with this purpose in view had been prepared by Mr. O'- nor and will shortly appear. This, however, is not the case, and s doubtful if Mr. O'Connor will be able to find the time to devote the task given him by Hawthorne. This is much to be regretted, Delia Bacon, though we regard her views of the authorship of kespeare as the earliest symptom of the malady that darkened later years is one of the most remarkable figures in American rature, and it is more than a pity that so great a personality as , a genius so pronounced and so deep, and so original a thinker she was, should be passed over in so uncharitable a manner as she been because her one fault was that she originated the theory that con was the author of the Shakespeare plays.

Mr. O'Connor's attack on Mr. White is quite as capital as the ter's on Mrs. Pott. He shows us in the first place how thoroughly le Mr. White is in his treatment of Mrs. Pott as a lady, and how rd he is when he condemns all Baconians, great and small, to the tie care of the keepers of lunatic asylums. And in truth his point ell taken, and the epithets he showers upon the author and her bject—which he styles "frantic fancy," "preposterous incredibility," "self-delusion"—are such as would be inadmissable in polite iety and are out of place in sober controversy. Mr. O'Connor t takes up Mr. White's illustrations and shows, not only how he istorted them and twisted them in every way that pleased his irrespective of good breeding and of scholarship, but also how has deliberately suppressed the most striking illustrations and hence a wrong impression of the value of Mrs. Pott's work. He nts a strong plea for her *Promus*, and so ably does he present case that one has more than half a mind to open her book again study it in the free-minded and unbiased way he has shown us.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book will be found in pages where Mr. O'Connor submits the theory that the Sonnets re by Sir Walter Raleigh, he being the "begetter," that is to the author, W. H., and the "well wishing adventurer," his nd, Thomas Hariot. He does not attempt to do more than indicate theory and the question is one that can not be reopened re, but, having been started it will undoubtedly bear fruit in some ne.

Mr. O'Connor closes his little book with an impassioned appeal for Bacon, quoting many instances where the same person has written both poetry and prose, the one of the gayest and the other of the dullest nature. On the whole it is one of the most satisfactory defences of the Bacon side of the controversy we have seen, and certainly one of the most entertaining to read.

LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Hiram Corson, who holds the chair of English Letters in the Cornell University, Ithaca, has given, during the past session, a course of forty lectures on Shakespeare to students of the university. The lectures of which the course consisted were prepared for the John Hopkins University in Baltimore and were delivered there in the Peabody Institute.

President Gilman, in his tenth annual report of the John Hopkins University, states: "Special study was directed during the year to the writings of Shakespeare. Professor Corson, whose instructions during two preceding winters had exerted a marked influence in this community, gave twenty lectures upon Shakespeare, in January, February, and March. After two introductory discourses, he discussed ten of the principal plays, namely, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King John*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline*. It was the speaker's purpose, as he stated it, to represent the poet's early, middle, and late work, and, along with a presentation of the organic structure of the plays selected, to indicate Shakespeare's progress in the creation of character, to contrast his portrayal of characters with that of Ben Jonson and other contemporary dramatists, and especially to set forth his interpretation of life which is concretely resident in the plays,—in a word, to present the plays on the human side rather than on the scholastic. * * During the month of January, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Clark lecturer on English Literature in the University of Cambridge, gave a course of six lectures, on the rise of Classical Poetry in England, from Shakespeare to Pope. * * So large a number of persons desired to hear Professor Corson and Mr. Gosse that the authorities of Peabody Institute kindly opened one of their large halls to the University, and these lectures were therefore announced as under the auspices of both foundations."

Mr. Gosse has followed up this line of study in further lectures, and has given recently in Cambridge, England, a series of six lectures *on English* Drama at the end of the seventeenth century.

Prof. Corson, also, in continuing his work before the students of the Cornell University, has been led to explore with further interest the dramatic action of the Plays. An especial interest attaches to these lectures because their author as President Gilman implies, has occupied himself in them not with textual criticism merely, but with study of the plays as plays—as works of dramatic art.

He proposes to prepare his work this Summer for publication in a volume wherein the points presented will be entered upon much more fully. But through his kind permission, SHAKESPEARIANA is enabled to publish this month a summary of one of these lectures—the one on *Hamlet*—derived from abstracts made for the use of the students.

Mr. A. H. Bullen edits the reprint of *Arden of Feversham*, one of the apochryphal plays sometimes considered to be Shakespeare's, and adds to it an introductory essay. This is one of the series of reprints of old English plays so carefully published by Jarvis & Son, of London. The issue is limited to 250 copies. The text follows the rare quarto of 1592 in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington.

A reprint of *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedie of the Tempest*, 1623, is published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

King John is the last volume of the altogether admirable Clarendon Press edition of Shakespeare, edited by W. Aldis Wright, A. M.

Shakespeare's England, by William Winter, is added to the cheap and choice reprints from American authors published by David Douglas, the Edinburgh publisher.

During the course of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's work on the sixth edition of the *Outlines*, just issued in two volumes, many interesting illustrations of his facts have come to his notice. But just at the close of his labors something happened, which he thus describes in a letter quoted by *The Nation*:

By one of the most singular accidents of the kind that have ever occured, the original title-deeds of Shakespeare's estate at New Place have been discovered in the archives of a country family in Shropshire, and have found their way—*mirabile dictu*—to Hollingsbury Copse. One of them is torn, but the other five, dating from 1532 to 1602, are as perfect as when they were in the poet's own rooms. They are inestimable personal relics, that are absolutely free from the doubts of authenticity that must be inevitably attached to other kinds of domestic memorials.

The twelfth and closing volume of the Avon edition of Shakespeare, which contains *Pericles* and the Poems, was issued the last of June by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.

Julius Cæsar is the first of a series of little volumes called the Parallel Series, just published by Whittaker & Co., of London, giving the English text and a German translation on opposite pages. Schlegel and Tieck's translation. as revised by Barnays is the one adopted by the editor, Prof. Charles Sachs. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry VIII*, and *Lear* will follow, in succession.

A good little pamphlet copy of *Hamlet* to be had for a dime, is added to Cassell's popular *National Library*. This volume is of especial interest, because Professor Morley has carefully compared the text with that of the first and second quartos and the first folio, has revised the usual text and has attempted to give some new readings.

A new and revised edition of *King Richard II; a Shakespearian Epic*, giving a condensed narrative of the play, a character-analysis, and a chronological table of Shakespeare's life, is printed by F. Pitman, London.

Mr. J. Hill, who has been contributing for some two months and more past, a series of articles entitled *Shakespeare, traditionalty considered*, to the Stratford-upon-Avon *Herald*, finds in the play references to Stratford life and Warwickshire ways which seem to him confirmative of the Shakespearian authorship. He closes his last chapter on *The Early Historical Plays* as follows:

There are two references in this play (*2. Henry VI.*) which have apparently a local allusion. First the name given to the armourer, Thomas Horner, appears but a disguise, for Hornby, the smith, whom he had known all his life as next neighbour to his father in Henley-street; and second, the play upon the word "Gaultier, being water rightly sounded." His old schoolmaster, the parson and lawyer, Walter Roche, affected the Latin form of signature, with which Shakespeare would be very familiar, "Gualtern Rocher," yet upon ordinary occasions was content to write himself "Water Roche, minister."

The Guild Accounts in the Corporation Records of Stratford-on-Avon, recently printed in the *Stratford-upon-Avon Herald* under the direction of the Record Committee of which Mr. Flower is chairman, are reprinted (a few copies only, in paper, 58 pp.), "for the Corporation and for sale to those who might not have availed themselves of the opportunity of preserving them as they appeared in the pages of the *Herald*." Many of these accounts are undated, but it appears that they are included in the interval from 1353—1504. The original accounts are written upon skins of parchment, sewn together, so as, in most instances, to form rolls of considerable length.

The reprints makes addenda to the *Descriptive Calendar of the Stratford Records*, by Mr. J. O. Halliwell, printed in folio,

London, 1863. The above accounts, however, are not of special Shakespearian interest, and in the *Descriptive Calendar* they were simply catalogued without order of subject or date. A copy has been received through the courtesy of Mr. Sam: Timmins.

A third volume of Mr. Halford Vaughan's *New Readings and New Renderings* of Shakespeare's tragedies is among Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.'s new books of last month.

In the 21st *Jahrbuch* of the Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft—a brief summary of whose contents appeared in the last number of SHAKESPEARIANA—notices are given of several American works of the past year. Among these are favorable notes on Richard Grant White's *Studies in Shakespeare*, Walter Furness's *Composite Photography applied to the Portraits of Shakespeare*, J. Parker Norris's *Portraits of Shakespeare*, and a crustier mention of a fellow-German, Prof. C. C. Schaeffer's essay on *Hamlet*, which he further entitles *An Earthquake of Critic and Criticisms*.

The critic of the *Literarische Uebersicht* has an especially high opinion of Mr. Norris's work. Though he disagrees with him as to the question of opening Shakespeare's Grave, he commends his unselfish devotion to his theme, his profound knowledge and his exhaustive treatment of it, which, as he says, admits his book into the first rank of what is valuable.

The fine edition of Pope's works, published under the editorship of Messrs. Elwin & Courthope, has now reached the tenth volume. Among the many letters of a miscellaneous correspondence which make up five volumes of this edition, is one from Bishop Atterbury to Pope, in which the Bishop thanks the poet for lending him a volume of Shakespeare, and as he says:—"putting me upon reading him once more before I die." Yet, though he enjoys him, he finds it not easy to understand, declaring that "the hardest part of Chaucer is more intelligible to me than some of these scenes, not merely through the faults of the edition, but the obscurity of the writer."

The editor of Dr. Furnivall's facsmile edition of the Shakespeare Quartos, Mr. Arthur Symons, is to edit some of Mr. Havelock Ellis's series of selections from Elizabethan Dramatists, to be published by Messrs. Vizetelly, London.

A work on Elizabethan Society, by Mr. Herbert Hall, dealing with the social life of that important period in town, country and court, and drawing information from new and original materials, is announced as forthcoming shortly from the press of S. Sonnenschein & Co., of London.

The Bibliography of Sir Walter Raleigh, by T. N. Brushfield, M. D., has been reprinted from the *Western Antiquary* by S. G. Commin

of 230 High Street, Exeter, England. A *Bibliography of the History of the World and of the Remains* was issued previously by Dr. Brushfield.

The only specimen of the religious drama of East Anglia in the fifteenth century, the play of *Abraham's Sacrifice*, quite different from the five or six existing plays on the same theme, is the most interesting part of *a Common-place Book of the fifteenth Century, containing a Religious Play, and Poetry, Legal Forms and Local Accounts.* Printed from the original MMS., at Brome Hall, Suffolk, by Lady Caroline Kerrison. Edited with Notes by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Trübner & Co.

The Sketch of E. A. Sothern, to appear in the last volume of the Hutton-Matthews Series of histrionic biographies, will be written by Sothern's friend, Mr. Wm. J. Florence. The chapter on Edmund Kean has been furnished by Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Bunner of *Puck* writes of Joe Jefferson and Mr. Lawrence Barrett of Edwin Forrest.

The Stage Life of Mary Anderson, (George J. Coombes, New York), Mr. William Winter's book recently issued, will be found a complete, and readable account of Miss Anderson's career as an actress. Readers of SHAKESPEARIANA will find the chapter describing her performance of *As You Like It*, in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, in Stratford-on-Avon, and the chapter entitled *Rosalind in New York*, of especial interest.

Mr. Winter's record of the American tour of Mr. Irving, published in book form last year, will be remembered with pleasure and the public interested in a serious and sympathetic criticism of modern dramatic characterizations will be glad to hear that Mr. Winter intends to prepare similar chronicles of the histrionic course of Edwin Booth, Ellen Terry, Lawrence Barrett and others.

MISCELLANY.

SHAKESPEARE'S MARRIAGE LICENSE.—There is a curious entry in the register of marriage licenses preserved in the Consistory Court at Worcester, which is so little known and so well deserving of investigation that no apology is necessary for bringing it more prominently before the notice of biographical students, etc. It is in these terms: "1582, Nov. 27. William Shaxpere and Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton," the latter surname being supposed to be a metonym for *Hathaway*. This singularly bewildering notice was discovered a few

years ago by the Rev. T. P. Wadley, of Pershore, who, in assuming that the entry refers to the poet, who was married on the day following the above date, remarks that there is no other record of the grant of a license to any one of the name in that year. The registers of Temple Grafton are missing.—*Athenæum.*

SHAKESPEARE'S WIFE.—"A Shakespeare Student" writes to the *Daily News*:—I observe that some of your contemporaries make merry over the suggestion that "Anne Whateley" in the Bishop's register of marriage licenses at Worcester is identical with Shakespeare's Anne Hathaway; but this metamorphosis, as you justly observe, ought not to surprise anyone who is aware of the laxity of all orthography in the sixteenth century. A superfluous "h" before an aspirate or a vowel—as we have it in "whoop," "whole," etc., and in the pseudo place-surname "Watherston" for the true place-surname "Atherstone" would then have been a mere trifle. The printers of the first folio would probably not have objected to "Hubbub," though as a fact they perversely preferred to spell this word "Whoo-bub." As to "Hathaway," "Athaway," "Atheway," or "Atheley," these would certainly have appeared to a scribe in 1582 to be pretty much the same thing. Of the poet's name there are at least twenty contemporary spellings, from "Shakspere," to "Shagspere," and "Shaxberd"; while his friend and neighbour Shawe, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps notes, actually spelt his own Christian name in eleven different ways, ranging from Julius to "Julyues" and "Julyles." The argument, however, does not rest upon these considerations, but chiefly upon the enormous improbability of the coincidences which must be assumed if we dispute them. The customary bond given to the Bishop saving him harmless "for licensing," &c., "William Shagspere and Anne Hathwey," is dated November 28th, 1582; the entry of the license to "William Shaxpere and Anne Whateley, of Temple Grafton," is dated November 27th, 1582. Shakespeare was no doubt a common name in that part, so was Hathwey or Hathaway. But is it to be believed that at the very same moment of time and in the same small diocese another Shakespeare, whose Christian name was William, obtained a license for a marriage with another Anne, and that while this latter license was registered in due form, the poet's license was by some strange oversight altogether omitted? In the bond Anne Hathwey is described as "of Stratford," as she might be at that moment, whether her parents and her permanent home were at Shottery or at Temple Grafton. If we add to this the obvious transmutability of "Hathwey" and "Whateley;" that the village of Temple Grafton is but five miles from Stratford; that Hathaways are known to have been then established there: and, lastly, that Richard Hathaway, of Shottery, the traditional father of Anne, mentions in his will, made only the year before the poet's

marriage, his six children by name—three sons and three daughters—and that among them there is no Anne, I think it must be admitted that the claims of the Shottery cottage are something more than "threatened."

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.—On Saturday the 19th of June, an important and interesting addition was made to the Shakespeare Memorial Buildings, Stratford-on-Avon, through the munificence of Miss Mary Anderson, who has devoted to the purpose the entire proceeds of her performance last August, when she made her debut as Rosalind. The façade of the picture gallery is being enriched by the insertion of two large large panels representing Comedy and Tragedy respectively. The former by the forest scene in *As You Like It*, where Orlando meets Rosalind disguised in doublet and hose; the latter depicting the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*, the young Prince in the act of moralizing on Yorick's skull. The sculpture is by Karl Kumner, a German artist, who has carried out the designs most faithfully. The third panel representing History—"Hubert and Prince Arthur"—was put in about a year ago, and the exterior embellishment of the buildings is now completed, Comedy, History, and Tragedy being each illustrated from the great dramatist's works.

SHAKESPEARE'S PART IN THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.—In celebration of the commencement of the fiftieth year of her Majesty's reign a very pleasant, and in one sense a very original, entertainment was on Saturday night, the 19th of June, provided for a large number of guests invited to the Inner Temple by Mr. Stavely Hill, the Treasurer, and the Benchers. The proceedings began with Shakespearian songs, glees, and madrigals, tunefully rendered by members of the famous choir; and then upon a stage erected at the end of the handsome Inner Temple Hall, there was given what is, we believe, the first dramatic performance undertaken here since the day of James I. This was rendering of the comic scenes from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which there appeared Messrs. Powles, Dundas Gardiner, Boulter, Warburton, R. A. Pritchard, and Dr. Pritchard. There is no need to criticise a performance which manifestly entertained a friendly audience, and which, by reason of its locale and surroundings, suggested a quaint compromise between a penny reading and a mediæval function. In a brief but hearty speech, sonorously delivered, Mr. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., then expressed the feelings of loyalty which animated hosts and guests alike, and asked H.R.H. Princess Louise, who, with the Marquis of Lorne, was present, to convey to the Queen the good wishes of the large assembly on that the last night of the forty-ninth year of her prosperous reign. It was now close on midnight, and the company filed as rapidly as might be into

the adjacent church (The Temple Church), for the first time brilliantly and gracefully lighted with electricity, and greatly improved by the removal of the obstructive brass standards. The appearance of the interior of the famous old church was very striking, with its large congregation in evening dress listening at midnight to the solemn yet joyful strains of the organ, and rising to sing "God Save the Queen." The brief prayers were read by Dr. Vaughan, and the more serious phases of the celebration having been brought to a fitting end, a cheery fanfare on the organ from Dr. Hopkins suggested that the company should adjourn to the library for supper. The whole arrangements were smoothly and liberally carried out, and the very incongruity of the entertainment will cause it to remain for some time fresh in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

SHAKESPEARIAN PHRASES.—The power of Shakespeare over the public is shown by the extent to which his phrases have become incorporated into our language. In this point, indeed, he is unequalled. Among these is "bag and baggage," "dead as a door nail," "proud of one's humility," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "selling for a song," "wide world," "cut capers," "fast and loose," "unconsidered trifles," "westward ho," "familiarity breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "misery makes strange bedfellows," "to boot," "short and long of it," "comb your head with a three-legged stool," "dancing attendance," "getting even" (revenge), "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "tag-rag," "Greek to me" (unintelligible), "send one packing," "as the day is long," "packing a jury," "mother wit," "kill with kindness," "mum" (for silence), "ill wind that blows no good," "wild-goose chase," "scare-crow," "luggage," "row of pins" (as a mark of value), "viva voce," "give and take," "sold" (in the way of a joke), "your cake is dough." The girl who playfully calls some youth a "milksop" is also unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, and even "loggerhead" is of the same origin. Shakespeare is the first author that speaks of "the man in the moon," or mentions the potato, or uses the term "eyesore" for annoyance. Another often-quoted utterance may be more mentioned, simply because it is misunderstood: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," which is supposed to express the power of sympathy, whereas it solely referred to the wide-spread operations of selfishness.

SHAKESPEARE AND GREATER ENGLAND.—Quiet Stratford-on-Avon was all agog with a sense of the greatness of the day, and the honor her "mellifluous and honey-tongued" poet has entailed upon his native residence, when the Indian and Colonial representatives convened in England made their pilgrimage to Britain's *Cor Cordium*. The orderly streets were gay with bunting, decorative draperies and

fripperies spanned the way here and there, and were made salient by inscriptions from that great source of mottoes universally pertinent, the works of William Shakespeare. Crowds gathered long before eleven o'clock, when the picturesque delegation from all parts of her Majesty's great Colonial and Imperial possessions arrived, and Parsee, Hindoo, Nova Scotian, Australian, Canadian, English, and one may be sure, more than one stray American from the States besides, proceeded with pomp and circumstance of State to the Parish Church where was baptised and buried the man who could have livingly expressed with due dramatic touch the significance of such a motley gathering of a nation's growth. After the Vicar had welcomed the visitors and they had got what cold pleasure there is in viewing "valour's monument," the Mayor had his say at the Town Hall, from whence they went to "see the reliques of this town," the Birthplace, and New Place Gardens, and the Memorial Buildings.

A hearty English luncheon, with toasts and speeches, at Clopton House, given by the Mayor of Stratford, Sir Arthur Hodgson, and his wife, fitly concluded the visit.

SHAKESPEARE BY AUCTION.—It not often that three copies of the first folio of Shakespeare's plays are sold by auction during the course of a single month. Every specimen, perfect or imperfect, is gradually being secured for public libraries, and in the course of a few years the possession of a copy of any kind—good, bad, or indifferent—will be almost hopeless for a private collector. A hundred years ago £10. was considered a fair sum to pay for a first folio Shakespeare (Wright's sale, 1787). At the present time £716.2*s*. is not considered out of the way (Daniel's sale, 1864). The prices paid during the month of May did not together equal the latter amount, the reason being that all the copies were imperfect and lacking in "tallness." The Hartley Catalogue (sale of library of the late Leonard Lawrie Hartley, May 3d, and nine following days—Puttick and Simpson—)describes what must rather irreverently be styled "the lot" (250) as imperfect, the title, on which is Shakespeare's portrait, being wanting. The leaf opposite, containing the ten lines of poetry by Ben Jonson, was likewise mutilated, and here and there leaves had been mended. This was a pity, for in other respects the book was practically unique in size, being considerably larger (¼ in.) than the Syston Park Copy, described in the catalogue of Sir J. H. Thorold's library as "the largest and finest copy known." Had this book been perfect, it would have sold for £700, at least; as it was, it was bought in for £220, a sufficiently large sum considering its numerous imperfections. The Court of Chancery, by whose order the sale took place, had fixed a higher reserve, probably influenced by the consideration that Mr. Hartley in his lifetime had given £500 for the copy in question. Had the chief clerk known that it was bought a few years ago for £75 at a

"knock-out," and afterwards sold to Mr. Hartley for the sum quoted above, he might possibly have fixed a lower price.

At the Hotham sale (selections from library of the late Rev. H. J. Hotham, May 13th, and three following days—Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge,—) another copy was knocked down for £26. (305). This specimen does not call for any special notice, as its principal points lay in its many deficiencies. The title and dedication were in *fac simile*, and the verses had been taken from the fourth folio and inlaid; in addition to this the book was dirty and full of faults.

Quite different was the specimen produced at the Addington sale (517), (the library of the late Samuel Addington, May 24th and 25th, Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge,—) for, though not perfect—the verses being inlaid—it was very much better in point of condition than either of the other two. It wanted size, however, 12⅝ by 8¼ being below the mark, and so was knocked down to Mr. Ellis with its imperfections on its head for £280. It deserved a better fate; for, if the Hartley copy reached £220, this one should have cleared the third century and been well on its way to the next.

It may be noted, also, that the third folio Shakespeare, 1664, at the Addington sale brought £130. This copy was very large 13⅜ by 8⅞, and fine, and as nearly all the copies were destroyed in the Great Fire of London, its actual rarity exceeds that of the first folio. The fourth folio, 1685, a very fine specimen, measuring 14⅛ by 9⅛ in., brought £23. 10s.

The above is from *Sales by Auction* in *Book-lore* for July.

To this it may be added that at the sale in New York of the library of C. W. Fredrickson, Esq. (April 12th and three following days—Bangs & Co., Broadway), a second impression of the second folio, the third leaf of preliminary matter corresponding with that of the Barton Copy in the Boston Public Library, the verses opposite title and title page being in M.S., and the last leaf in fac simile — lot 1788 brought $250. Another copy of the second Folio, lacking title-page and verses, three preliminary leaves and a number of pages here and there, a maimed and sheared edition (1789) was bought for $1500, and a copy of the fourth folio lacking the portrait (1790) was sold at the same sale for $30.

Strange to say, among the books of Joseph Crosby, Esq., sold in New York, March 24th, 25th and 26th (Bangs & Co.), there were no original editions of the folios.

SHAKESPEARE PORTRAITS.—A new portrait of Shakespeare has been discovered by Mr. Tchoniko. It is as doubtful as it is the usual fate of such portraits to be, having been found in the possession of a Russian in St. Petersburg where it was brought by a Venetian who bought it in France.

Mr. J. Parker Norris gives the following account of another portrait

brought to his notice by Mr. Cook, of Southfield House, Henley on Thames, England:—

Mr. Cook states that the picture belonged to his father, and that he remembers seeing it when a child, over sixty years ago. Where it originally came from, however, or any details concerning its history, are matters of which we are left in the dark.

It is an oil painting, on canvas, 5¾ inches by 4¾. The length of the face is 2⅞ inches, and there is a companion picture of the same size, representing Ben Jonson. The picture is evidently a copy of the Chandos portrait, but the artist who painted it has taken great liberties in copying it. That this was quite common in the last century, is shown by a copy from the Chandos portrait, drawn by B. Arland, and engraved by G. Duchange, which was published in the first edition of Theobald's Edition, 1733. It bears considerable resemblance to Mr. Cook's picture, and yet Arland's drawing was from the Chandos.

DEKKER ON FELONY—Apropos of the Latin indictment, on which Ben Jonson was arraigned for killing the player Gabriel Spencer recently published in the *Athenæum*, and some interesting notes of Dr Nicholson upon the subject, Mr. P. A. Daniel writes to the same magazine:-

"In his *Notings on Ben Jonson's Felony Trial*, Dr. Nicholson credits me with being the first to observe a passage in *Satiromastix* containing a possible allusion to this trial and to Jonson's escape from its perils through the intervention of a player—possibly Shakespeare, but the credit, if any, is not mine. Forty years ago Mr. J. P. Collier made a note of it in his introduction (p. xx.) to *Memoirs of Actors*, published for the Shakespeare Society; and probably most readers of *Satiromastix*, before and since then, have been attracted by the passage in question."

The passage, page 152, reads:—

Thou art the true arraigned poet, and shouldst have been hanged, but for, one of these charitable copper-lac'd christians that fetched thee out of purgatorie.

Wilfred Ball has made etchings of Gerard Johnson's bust of Shakespeare in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Stratford-on-Avon, and of the church itself.

At St. James, Curtain road, Shoreditch, opposite the spot once occupied by the old Curtain Theatre, a Shakespeare memorial window was unveiled recently.

The Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, of England, in his recently issued fortysixth report describes certain papers, bequeathed to the Public Record Office, by the late Mr. Rawdon Brown, which touch upon Shakespearian matters and which are reported thus in the *Athenæum*:—

Vol. Sixty-five contains a series of letters written from London in Shakespeare's time. The authors are the Venetian Ambassadors, Francesco Contarini and Marc' Antonio Correr. In one of the letters dated 18 Feb., 1610, it is stated that Arabella Stuart complained of

"una certa circonscrittione della sua persona," or parody of herself that the "comici publici" had purposed to bring on the stage. By the "comici publici" may not improbably be meant the King's Players, who, by turning Arabella Stuart into ridicule, expected to please their chief patron. Mr. Rawdon Brown adds, 'In Lord Braybrooke's *Audley End* at p. 263, mention is made of "the Venice Players," A. D. 1610. I wonder whether either of these two companies had any hand in bringing Arabella Stuart on the stage, and I should also like to know whether the fact of there having been Venetian players in England in Shakespeare's time has been noted by his commentators when alluding to the Venetian origin of so many of his plays; for we must consider as Venetian, not merely scenes actually laid in Venice, but also, all such as relate to the Signory's dependencies whether on the mainland as at Padua and Verona, or in Cyprus or in Dalmatia. In this volume Mr. Rawdon Brown has inserted much useful information on historical points arising out of the letters, and also in relation to Shakespeare's plays.

Shakespeare is just at present receiving a great deal of attention in California. First came the revivals of *Macbeth* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mr. Mckee Rankin's company, which stirred things up wonderfully. Then Mr. Locke Richardson visited San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkely and attracted much attention by his graceful and scholarly interpretations of the plays. *The Overland Monthly* speaks in the kindest terms of him, remarking that, to an especial extent he succeeds in sinking himself, although his presentations of character have a tendency to run in type. A Locke Richardson Shakespeare Club has been organized in Oakland, with Mr. C. B. Bradley, president, Mr. R. B. Snell, vice-president, Mr. C. J. Woodbury, 2nd vice-president, and Mrs. F. B. Ginor, secretary. The object of the club is "the study and reading of Shakespeare." The membership is limited to fifty. The Twelfth By-law, a most useful one, and one sadly needed by other clubs, forbids refreshments. Another club, in San Francisco, presided over by Mrs. Florence Williams, consisting of about sixteen ladies and gentlemen, has been reading *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, *Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the Sonnets.

IRVING AT OXFORD.—Mr. Irving lectured at Oxford, in the New Schools in High-street, on the Saturday, June 26th, preceding Commemoration week. Considered apart from its interest as a sign of the times and the liberalizing influences of the genial master of Balliol, this address, says the *Athenæum*, "was a thoughtful and judicious piece of work, pleasantly humorous at points, and sound in its estimate of the four tragedians, Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, and Kean, with which it dealt."

It is said that Mr. Irving lost the degree which his Oxford friends had wished to confer upon him by two votes only, and this narrow escape from awarding university honors to an actor occurred where strolling players were once forbidden to act during term-time.

The Sunday Evening Concert, another of Chancellor Jowett's subtle innovations, to which Mr. Irving and the quadrangle dignitaries listened the next day, was made up, largely, of Shakespearian songs and glees.

Mr. Irving's lecture under the general heads given below, is thus briefly reported :—

THE STAGE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

Figure to yourself a crowd of fops, chattering like a flock of daws, carrying their stools in their hands, and settling around and sometimes on the stage itself with as much noise as possible. To vindicate their importance in their own eyes, they kept up a constant jangling of petty, carping criticism on the actors and the play. In the interval of repose which they allowed their tongues they ogled the ladies in the boxes, and made a point of vindicating the dignity of their intellects by being always most inattentive during the most pathetic portions of the play. In front of the house matters were little better; the orange girls going to and fro among the audience, interchanging jokes—not of the most delicate character—with the young sparks and apprentices, the latter cracking nuts or howling down some unfortunate actor who had offended their worships; sometimes pipes or tobacco were being smoked. Picture all this confusion, and add the fact that the female characters of the play were represented by shrill-voiced lads or half-shaven men. Imagine an actor having to invest such representatives with all the girlish passion of a Juliet, the womanly tenderness of a Desdemona, or the pitiable anguish of a distraught Ophelia, and you cannot but realise how difficult under such circumstances great acting must have been. In fact, while we are awe-struck by the wonderful intellectuality of the best dramas of the Elizabethan period, we cannot help feeling that certain subtleties of acting, elaborate by-play, for instance, and the finer lights and shades of intonation, must have been impossible. Recitation rather than impersonation would be generally aimed at by the actor.

DAVID GARRICK.

After introducing David Garrick very cleverly, Mr. Irving continued: Consternation reigned in the home at Lichfield when the news arrived that brother David had become a play-actor; but ultimately the family were reconciled to such degradation by the substantial results of the experiment. Never was a man in any pro-

fession, perhaps, that combined so many various qualities. A fair poet, a most fluent correspondent, an admirable conversationalist, possessing a person of singular grace, a voice of marvellous expressiveness, and a disposition so mercurial and vivacious as is rarely found in any Englishman, he was destined to be a great social as well as a great artistic success. When Whitefield was building his tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, he employed one of the carpenters who worked for Garrick at Drury Lane. Subscriptions for the tabernacle do not seem to have come in as fast as they were required to pay the workmen, so that the carpenter had to go to Garrick to ask for an advance. When pressed for his reason, he confessed that he had not received any wages from Mr. Whitfield. Garrick made the advance asked for, and soon after quietly set out to pay a visit to Mr. Whitefield, when, with many apologies for the liberty he was taking, he offered him a £500 bank note as his subscription toward the tabernacle. Considering that Garrick had no particular sympathy with Nonconformists, this action speaks as much for his charity as a Christian as it does for his liberality as a man. We must remember much Garrick did for the stage. Though his alterations of Shakespeare shock us they are nothing to those outrages committed by others, who deformed the poet beyond recognition. Garrick made Shakespeare's plays once more popular. He purged the actors, for a time at least, of faults that were fatal to any high class of drama, and, above all, he gradually got rid of those abominable nuisances (to which we have already alluded) the people who came and took their seats at the wings, on the stage itself, while the performances were going on, hampering the efforts of the actors and actresses.

EDMUND KEAN.

Edmund Kean was twenty-seven years old before his day of triumph came. Without any preliminary puffs, without the flourish of trumpets, on the evening of January 26, 1814, soaked through with the rain, Edmund Kean slunk more than walked in at the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre, uncheered by one word of encouragement, and quite unnoticed. He found his way to the wretched dressing room he shared in common with three or four other actors. As quick as possible he exchanged his dripping clothes for the dress of Shylock; and, to the horror of his companions, took from his bundle a *black* wig—the proof of his daring rebellion against the great law of conventionality, which had always condemned Shylock to red hair. Cheered by the kindness of Bannister and Oxberry, the latter of whom offered him a welcome glass of brandy and water, he descended to the stage dressed, and peeped through the curtain to see a more than half-empty house. Dr. Drury was waiting at the wings to give him a hearty welcome. The boxes were empty, and there were about

which was crowning [illegible] completed his triumph. [illegible] embraced his half-dried clothes, and, glad to [illegible] was in too great a state of ecstacy at first to [illegible] told his wife that he had realised his dream—that he [illegible] the stage of the Drury Lane, and that his great [illegible] cheerfully acknowledged. With not a shadow of doubt [illegible] he exclaims, "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage [illegible] his baby boy from the cradle and kissing him, said, [illegible] my boy, you shall go to Eton," and he did. Garrick [illegible] his superior in parts of high comedy. He was more [illegible] vivacious; his manner more distinguished, and [illegible] striking. In such parts as Coriolanus, or Rolla, John [illegible] him; but in Shylock, in Richard, in Iago, and, above [illegible] it may be doubted whether Edmund Kean ever had [illegible] far as one can judge, not having seen Kean one's [illegible] criticisms extant, written by the most intellectual [illegible] accounts of those who saw him in his prime, he was [illegible] it said without any disparagement to other great [illegible] genius that our stage had ever seen.

SOME READERS OF SHAKESPEARE.*

As a child, in the country, I remember seeing, now on the library ookshelves, and now on the parlor centre-table—that universal recep-cle of the best books in the best bindings, intended more for the eye d for ornamentation than use—a ponderous copy in red cloth of the omplete Works of William Shakespeare, edited by Samuel Johnson, L.D. The name was so queer, and so long, and so unpronounc-le, (I had no notion then of the controversy respecting the spelling it) as to produce a strangely oppressive effect upon my young imag-ation. Often I took up the volume and attempted to read the onderful blank verse, blank to me then in every sense, and then rned to the few steel illustrations it contained, one of which, Lady acbeth holding a candle in her hand, and huskily, I suppose, re-ting:—

I laid their daggers ready,

oduced upon my mind an impression of murderous intent which has hoed in my dreams ever since. It was to me a beautiful picture. ho the actress was that impersonated the royal witch, for she be-itched me, I do not recall; but in her light flowing garment, her autiful bosoms chastely exposed, she was as fascinating in the picture the loveliest of Juliets. Strange as it may seem, that engraving, in-rior as it may have been, affected me more vividly and profoundly an the play itself in future and maturer years. And then the pre-ce by Dr. Samuel Johnson!—more ponderous even than the speeches Shakespeare's royal characters, who may not, for dignity's sake, de-end to common speech. As an introduction to the latter, it was, to e, an utter failure. One sentence was a study, and while it made e long for a full comprehension of the poet's works, kept me in ab-ct and hopeless discouragement. No doubt you remember it, and, th me, recognize one of the first adequately appreciative utterances the mighty genius:—

"The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another. The stream of time, hich is perpetually washing the dissoluble fragments of other poets passes by with-t injury the adamant of Shakespeare."

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* Read before the New York Shakespeare Society.

[illegible] Lyon, for, employ[illegible]
longer recognized as in any measure [illegible]
read its pages, and enjoy its selections, [illegible]
for it which all the learning of "last editions" [illegible]
Johnson *read* the plays. The best compliment [illegible]
Shakespeare was that in which he said, referring to [illegible]
tragedies, "It was easy enough to write it," [illegible]
easily, so to speak, and it read, as masterpieces [illegible]
without apparent difficulty. Had I possessed [illegible]
Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, or the synopsis of plays [illegible]
many modern editions, I might have been earlier [illegible]
least the wholly delightful characters of the comedies. [illegible]
omnivorous reader, whose taste is universal and whole[illegible]
him into the abundant pastures of eighteenth century [illegible]
little use for introductions to Shakespeare. He is [illegible]
everywhere. The maker of the first adequate English [illegible]
him piecemeal; the greatest of the great Germans, [illegible]
Wilhelm Meister, presents him to his reading public [illegible]
garb; Lamb, who is usually and naturally the favourite [illegible]
cormorants, (and for that matter old ones too) in his *Dra*[illegible]
appetite of expectation, and Coleridge, and DeQuinc[illegible]
temporary writers have either made him their text, or [illegible]
Our own Emerson has said the best and sweetest things [illegible]
lyle, lofty in thought and profound in criticism, has add[illegible]
mite. Taine, of course, whose dictum may be found on [illegible]
and, perhaps, celestial subjects, has patronized him. [illegible]
reader would be impossible without him; and the prov[illegible]
society or lyceum would be less influential than if it [illegible]
the minds and forming the style of developing statesm[illegible]

The title of this paper is perhaps misleading. The [illegible]
readers of Shakespeare will at once occur to you. Wil[illegible]
Kemble, and Kean, and Mrs. Siddons, and Irving, and [illegible]
Booth, and Murdoch, I have nothing to do. They [illegible]
quite another sense. It is of some of the multitude to wh[illegible]
has been the solace in the solitude of their lives that I [illegible]
speak; and it may be that in many cases I shall let th[illegible]
own story in their own words. Old Roger Ascham, the [illegible]
of schoolmasters, and the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, [illegible]
his greatest contemporary, else we might have had [illegible]
gin with, a quaintly appreciative characterization. He [illegible]
ever, a believer in any English literature, of that [illegible]
expressing contempt of Chaucer, and giving almost [illegible]
text of the Greek and Latin authors. He [illegible]
he [illegible] was [illegible], but no sufficient [illegible]
[illegible]

who doubtless read the plays, as Byron is accused of doing, in his closet, derived from them reflections weightier even than those of which his own mind was capable. But Bacon does not refer to him. He, too, in common with most of the scholars of that day, subordinated all that had yet appeared in his own language to the learning of preceding ages; and, indeed, the influence of the classics was so great that scholarship seemed the end, and not the means. I cannot help believing that Shakespeare never could have been, that he would have been impossible, had he been a mere student. As Coleridge somewhere says, "the body and substance of his immortal works came from the depths of his own oceanic mind," and only observation of human life and manners, and not reading or study, could have produced the living personalities of his pages. What there was of village life his poems and comedies attest; what there was of the great world of London and English history his tragedies, in faithful detail and in overwhelming abundance, testify. The British Constitution is a growth; the Code de Napoléon is a growth; the Common Law is a growth—all of them of as gradual formation as the rock in the quarry—but the plays of Shakespeare are the spontaneous production of an inexhaustible genius, who saw Nature in detail and in whole, apparently without the limitations which hedge about the faculties of educated men, who polish with infinite patience the valueless stone of commerce in the belief that it is the diamond which kings may pledge their thrones to obtain.

Nature's majesty is best exemplified in her mountains. The sea, in time of storm, is a sight of wonderful sublimity; but mountains, as they lie talking together, as it were, with their ponderous shapes lifted into the very heavens, inspire the beholder with silent wonderment. Shakespeare appears in literature as a great shape, elevated still higher by the contrasting shapes about him, many of them of vast size, yet only so as separated from him. This alone has always seemed to me to demonstrate his authorship of the greatest of the plays. Aside from his there was no one mind of the time, nor, indeed, of any preceding or subsequent age, which could have produced any one of them; and the attempt to show that five or ten, or a greater number of minds assisted in their composition, is simply to imply an equal faculty with his, whilst the plays do not show an unequal collaboration—one part the production of the highest genius, and another that of mediocrity—but, rather, a homogeneous integrity, the result, not necessarily of great learning, but of a uniform observation of every phase of human life, and a universal expression, whether in the lofty phrase of royalty or the simple English of the peasantry, which has ever since been the despair of literary achievement. In art, in architecture, in mechanics, there may be an equality of excellence by many hands, but in poetry what an incongruous copartnership were that which should include Tennyson and Walt Whitman, Emerson and Saxe, Coleridge and

Bret Harte, Whittier and Poe, and what could come of it but a conglomeration unworthy of either of them?

I do not believe that poets can play with the "fine phrensy" as with ten-pins, nor do I believe that any great poet would be content thus to cast away his individuality and his hoped-for fame.

But I do not choose the part of controversy. The Baconian theory, or any theory which has simply to do with the authorship of the plays, can serve the purpose of discussion as to the genuineness of that authorship, and thus add much to our knowledge of the works of the author in the interpretation of obscurities which arise chiefly from local causes.

One of the first readers of Shakespeare whose name occurs to the cultivated mind is that of Charles Lamb. In how many ways he was such, and how frequent were his draughts from that fountain, we can only know by the use he made of it. His mind was always refreshed and stimulated by the plays. It is difficult to tell whether the tragedies or the comedies were his preference. He himself had something of the nature and the wit of Falstaff—but how much more. Falstaff (and we choose to treat him as a real personage) had no sensibility whatever; he had no perception of the meaning of tragedy. Lamb, on the other hand, had never a joke the source of which was not "too deep for tears." The characteristic in Falstaff which must have most attracted Lamb's admiration was doubtless his utter abandonment of every sense of propriety, (if he could be said to have ever had a sense of the kind), in this respect being the most perfect of all Shakespeare's characters. None of his women even are absolutely above the reproach of flippancy, however virtuous and delightful in all other respects: but Falstaff presents not one phase of decency or of conscience; he is immoral, wicked, a thief, a highwayman, a seducer, a traitor: he is without humanity, gratitude, patriotism: indeed, the Prince, with all his eloquent description of the old villain, fell far short of drawing his picture. But he is the the most delightful of villains, and might have seduced the susceptible youth of any age. Young men are particularly fascinated by him. I have known two or three young minds whose first reading of Shakespeare began with *Henry IV*, and whose admiration for Jack Falstaff was unbounded, although the rest of the play was then a sealed book to them. When Falstaff has the courage to make a butt of the chief justice, it is glorious fun, and the more so as it is in the very face of the law. Jack may be called the great outrager of social humbug and pretention; and whether as the soldier or the civilian we find him, indeed, the exaggerated exemplar of much that has existed nowhere else in the world so much as in England. Lamb saw better than many that there was no incongruity in the character. It was as real as Don Quixote. Had it been, indeed, without title to a place among not *only the* creations of the imagination, but of those of the Maker of

is all, it would have passed away like all ephemeral things, instead of becoming one of our most intimate friends, and to us, if any there be, who have a sympathy for the vagabond in human nature, is a companion whom we would like to meet again,—for it seems so long since we parted—over a mug of ale or other substitute for the sack of which, I grant you, he sometimes, paradoxically, "got too much, but never got enough." I fancy I can distinguish Elia's hand in his own and Mary Lamb's tales from Shakespeare. Mary is said to have had a fine sense of humor, as she undoubtedly possessed a skillful literary hand; but she could not penetrate the profound recesses of human nature as he could. He had the unusual faculty of becoming as a little child, of viewing with a child's eye the figures which flitted across the pages of his reading, and he never lost, as his writings show, the tinge of wonderment which is generally discernible only in undeveloped minds. I have often wished he had edited an edition of Shakespeare. His fine critical acumen would have made it of value to students and scholars, while his ingenuity in clearing up obscurities of meaning, and his delightful style, would have gratified the taste of the dainty reader who cares more for the jewel than for the place from which it comes. It would be easy to quote the passages which Lamb loved best, though they would doubtless fill a volume. Those acquainted with his peculiarly hospitable mind will readily imagine the the selection he would have made. Perhaps he would have had the least sympathy with Timon, who, to the morbid mind, represents the side of human nature which rules the world. The high and mighty thoughts of the tragedies stirred his very soul; the wondrous beauty of the poetry of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* transported and tranquillized him; the clowns were more interesting to him than the kings. He joked and drank sack with Falstaff, he stuttered with Mistress Quickly; he felt the full force of Falsaff's subtle flattery on meeting Mrs. Page:

Now let me die, for I've seen enough;

he had delightful personal interviews with Dogberry; ah! what did he not get from that world of intellectual and moral beauty? I am sure it was a pity that Crusoe had not with him Shakespeare as well as the Bible. The latter was but the history of the race, its sufferings and vicissitudes, under the eye and the hand of the Creator; the former would have supplied him with the very companionship which he had left behind him in his native land, and comforted him more, perhaps, as this world goes, than the inspired descriptions of peoples with whose manners and customs he could have had only the adventitious sympathy which comes from belonging to the same human family. Perhaps, however, Defoe was right, for Shakespeare and the Bible together might have proved sufficient to content Crusoe with his isle, and to effectually wean him from the

world. Let us be thankful, therefore, that Shakespeare's complete works were not a part of the cargo of the shipwrecked vessel, for we might otherwise be deprived of one of the few books which have a perennial flavor, and are devoured by every ingenuous youth and preserved in his memory for future and delectable uses.

Perhaps Lamb, at least on one occasion, read Shakespeare under greater difficulties than that of any of his admirers:—

I was once amused—there is a pleasure in *affecting* affectation—at the indignation of a crowd that was justling in with me at the pit-door of the Covent-Garden Theatre to have a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and meridian—in *Hamlet*. I had been invited quite unexpectedly to join a party whom I met near the door of the play-house; and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Steevens' Shakespeare, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening,—the rush, as they term it,—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamplight. The clamor became universal. "The affectation of the fellow!" cried one. "Look at that gentleman *reading*, papa!" squeaked a young lady, who, in her admiration of the novelty, almost forgot her fears. I read on. "He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand!" exclaimed a pursy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on, and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved as St. Anthony at his holy offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins moping, and making mouths at him, in the picture, while the good man sits as undisturbed at the sight as if he were sole tenant of the desert. The individual rabble (I recognized more than one of their ugly faces) had damned a slight piece of mine but a few nights since; and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.

Washington Irving was a reader of Shakespeare. Few have read him to the same advantage, and no English writer has presented Shakespeare's claims in more just and eloquent terms. He was not content to praise his amazing works; he visited his home, the places in London made famous by his having visited or lived in them; and in the most poetical of all his prose he recalls, in imagination, the characters most delightful to his heart. A recent re-reading of his visit to Stratford increased my admiration of Irving, whose writings are, I regret to say, not sufficiently appreciated by his countrymen. His works should grow in their estimation, as his personal character has grown, until it has become the synonym of whatever is best in human life. Ah! the world will never know the influence which literature has had upon the development of the higher types of manhood. It would be difficult to find one thoroughly civilized man, from Sir Philip Sydney to Emerson, who was not a lover of literature, and whose entire career and influence were not directly traceable to early reading. There have been a few great men of learning whose vices were not modified by their fondness for books, but the number is so small that it may be used to fortify our statement. A very eminent jurist, whose friendship it has been my privilege for many

years to enjoy, and whose virtues are conspicuous, once said to me that he did not believe any young man who had read Scott's novels in an appreciative spirit could ever do a mean thing. Many are the young minds who have been sent to Shakespeare's plays by the delicious fancies of Irving in his Stratford residence. His dreams of the characters of the plays were such as might have followed a night of conversation and merry-making with their creator.

In Emerson we find a reader of our author whose appreciation seems without limit. He uses nothing but superlatives, and nearly every sentence reminds us of what Heine said of Goethe :—

"Die Natur wollte wissen wie sie aussieht, und sie erschuof Goethe." (Nature, wanting to see how she looked, created Goethe.)

Yet his superlatives are preceded by reasons for their use which seem not to admit of question. In his essay, *Shakespeare; or The Poet*, he complains of the

madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth, and King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs, and Buckinghams, and lets pass without a single valuable note the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered,—the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished.

Elsewhere he says :—

Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakespeare in us,

thus making use of a similar thought of Goethe, that

Wer die Dichtkunst will verstehen,
Muss ins Land der Dichtung gehen;
Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen,

the subtle beauty of which I can only half express in translation :—

Who would interpret poetry aright
Must dwell upon Parnassus height:
Who would the poet understand,
Must visit in the poet's land.

In this short essay Emerson exhibits a knowledge of the subject which can hardly be surpassed by any special student of Shakespeare,—a knowledge not only of the names of the characters and their purposes (which, unfortunately, is clearly the limit with many who are somewhat vain of their acquirements in this respect), but an acquaintance with the operations of that wonderful brain and the essential purpose and ultimate influence of his works. How amply he epitomizes in a

few sentences what we all feel as readers of Shakespeare, but do not dare attempt to express. He asks:—

Who ever read the volume of the Sonnets, without finding that the poet had there revealed, under masks that are no masks to the intelligent, the lore of friendship and of love; the confusion of sentiment in the most susceptible, and, at the same time, the most intellectual of men? What trait of his private mind has he hidden in his dramas? One can discern in his ample pictures of the gentleman and the king, what forms and humanities pleased him; his delight in troops of friends, in large hospitality, in cheerful giving. Let Timon, let Warwick, let Antonio, the merchant, answer for his great heart. So far from Shakespeare being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught State, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behaviour?

And Emerson continued to the last to be a reader of Shakespeare, and to find in his works what Jarno told Wilhelm Meister he should find.

"Have you never read one of Shakespeare's plays?" inquired Jarno, leading him aside.

"No," answered Wilhelm, "since the time when they became popular in Germany I have been little connected with the stage. * * But from what I have heard of those productions I have no desire to become acquainted with such extraordinary exaggerations, which are in utter defiance of all probability and propriety."

"I should advise you, however," said Jarno, "to make a trial of them; it cannot injure you to see even what is wonderful with your own eyes. I will lend you a volume or two, and you cannot employ your time better than by giving up every other pursuit, and in the solitude of your own chamber looking into the magic lantern of that unknown world."

Which Wilhelm did; and the student of Shakespeare, who does not know the result of that reading has yet to enjoy the most subtle and profound discussion, which has ever been held, thus far, on his claim to the highest niche in the monument of literary fame. That great novel, which, in its peculiar field, was of inestimable value in its influence on the literature and language of Germany, served almost as good a purpose in introducing Shakespeare to the German people as did the translations of Wieland and Schlegel. Lessing, the critic, had already introduced him, but the extraordinary story of human life, which was almost universally read, sent the general reader to the library and the book shop for the great dramatist's plays.

The French people do not, of course, because they cannot, from constitutional and other causes, take kindly to Shakespeare. It cannot be that they are unable to understand his philosophical moods, for many of their best and favourite authors have been profound moralists; indeed, where

: but to them shall we go to find thought in such compendious
m? They have produced more makers of maxims than any other
ple, and, as in the case of Vauvenargues, they excel in them from
th up. The dramatic poets of France have delighted in moraliz-
, and the people in applauding it. Racine, Corneille, Voltaire,
lière, and Hugo are often ponderous enough to suit the most slug-
h taste. They have wit, and humour, and are not less objectiona-
in a moral sense, than their English contemporaries. But the
nch people do not read Shakespeare. They cannot, indeed, in
ir own language, and never will. They must learn English to
reciate him. I have more than once compared a French transla-
n of *Hamlet* with the original, and have always been struck with
inadequacy of the French language (and the fault was not with
translator; he used the vocabulary he had,) to convey the mean-
, much less the beauty, of the poet. I made no notes of the
mples I met with, having then no thought of using them, and will
, therefore, give any. A comparison of various translations, how-
r, satisfied me that that of Victor Hugo is nearest the original. In the
roduction to his translation, (a splendid specimen of the poet's
le, and much more interesting than his version of the play) he
s: "La traduction littérale de Shakespeare étant devenue possi-
nous l'avons tenté. Avons-nous réussi? Le lecteur en jugera."
ch expressions as "methinks" (translated Eh! bien) and "'Tis
y like!" (Il a l' apparence) give no notion whatever of the pecu-
r significance of those idioms. Paul Maurice has succeeded well
rendering the soliloquies, the "To be or not to be," having a quite
glish expression. Like Goethe, I must prefer the German transla-
n of Wieland to that of Schlegel and Tieck, fine as is the latter,
I must acknowledge a better English scholarship in the translation
Hugo and others than in those of the last century.

Yet much might be said on the other side, to show the appreciation
individual Frenchmen of Shakespeare. For example, Emile De
veleye, an eminent scholar and thinker, has this to say:—

was studying *Hamlet* at the time of the "Coup d' Etat" of 1852. This event
ayed me. Before the year 1848 I looked forward with confidence to a
eral disarmament, to peaceful progress, and to the coming triumph of liberty in
world; and, a little later, when Lamartine addressed words of affection and
adship, in the name of Republican France, to all other nations, he seemed to me
e realizing the Utopia of poets and prophets. A new era was commencing; as
anger writes:—

> La paix descendait sur la terre
> Sémant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis;

the swords would be turned into ploughshares. Democracy would become
blished without violence or bloodshed, as the result of a regular and apparently
sistible movement. The sovereignty of the people seemed to be assured, and
Simon's programme of the moral, intellectual, and material amelioration of the
ses appeared likely to be set on foot. But alas! these bright dreams were

[illegible]

[illegible] liberty, and [illegible]

[illegible] triumph of evil was a great blow [illegible]

I could not help questioning whether [illegible] I said to myself: A perverse man rules supreme. [illegible] the people and of liberty are exiled and imprisoned. [illegible] violation of His equitable laws?

In reading *Hamlet* I found the expression of [illegible] me that his mind was troubled by sight of the triumph of [illegible] distressing enigma ever meeting us in human societies [illegible] ness is not reserved to the deserving, and trouble to sinners. [illegible] marching to the Tuileries, through the pools of blood of [illegible] imprecation, when speaking to his mother of his father's [illegible] he says:—

> A murderer and a villain,
> A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
> Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
> A cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
> That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket!

Under the empire of these feelings of indignation and despair [illegible] a better conception of Shakespeare's drama.

That Walter Savage Landor read Shakespeare [illegible] superb apostrophe:—

> Vast objects of remote altitude must be looked at a long [illegible] ascertained. Ages are the telescope tubes that must be [illegible] speare, and generations of men serve but as single witnesses [illegible]

Again he says:—

> A rib of Shakespeare would have made a Milton.

Jean Paul Richter, that stupendous genius, whose [illegible] difficult even to the German mind, and whose [illegible] style were not more remarkable than his charac[illegible] life, has spoken words in praise of Shakespeare [illegible] man has equalled. Byron's silence on our subject [illegible] highest of compliments. It is like a kiss [illegible] Victor Hugo somewhere says. His lordship could [illegible] an altitude somewhat nearer the Empyrean than his [illegible]

The universality of Shakespeare has made us [illegible] him. He has indeed held the mirror up to nature. [illegible] thinks he was a doctor; the theologian, while he [illegible] may have been a non-believer, yet finds proofs of [illegible] atheist and infidel conclude he was such, for he [illegible] into celestial secrets; the spiritualist [illegible]

most other-world language? They all read him wrongly. He was neither. He was, on the contrary, a man, who has described his fellows precisely as they play their parts here, seeing in them, as he does, not beings intended for a visionary state of life, in which they shall be assigned to hopeless misery or to unending bliss,—

> Not for any good or ill they've done afore Him ;

but creatures with vices and virtues, with high and low qualities, limited always, though more worthy of favor than neglect, and entitled to a savior from circumstances which they had nothing to do in creating.

CHARLES C. MARBLE.

PRIMARY POETIC FORMS.

There are few questions within the province of poetry which have given rise to wider versatility of view than that pertaining to the classification of methods, forms and schools. Modern English critics are multiplying rather than diminishing these divisions. From one quarter we hear of the Oriental, the Greek and the Gothic Schools. Schlegel and his successors in England and Germany speak of the Classical and the Romantic Schools. Others tell us of the Natural and the Conventional, while in the special sphere of English Poetry such names as Alexandrine, Realistic, the Art School, and the Lake School are familiar to all.

As a matter of subjective literary philosophy there are but three fundamental forms in which the poetic mind may be said to express itself;—the Creative, the Impassioned and the Critical. Even in the sphere of prose it might be shown that for all substantial purposes a similar classification holds. In poetry, however, the division is all inclusive and has special illustration in English letters.

I.—The Creative.

This is what Mr. Arnold would call, The Poetry of Ideas. The older metaphysicians would have termed it, the product of Original Suggestion. It is inventive rather than imitative, indicative rather than exhaustive. It evokes into action that special function of the poet by which he is known as the maker, or in First-English phrase, the Scôp, the shaper, of chaotic material into order and beauty. It is here that poetic genius finds its occasion and fullest expression. All the deepest and strongest intuitions of the poet's nature come here to their most

[illegible]
[illegible] of his poetic being [illegible]
[illegible] it bodies forth the forms of [illegible]
[illegible] presentative and constructive power. [illegible]
activity all distinctions between the imagin[illegible]
sophic may be said to vanish in the fusion of the [illegible]
It is needless to state that such an order of [illegible]
strictly creative verse of the world's literature [illegible]
few volumes. We find it in those few epics [illegible]
general endorsement of critics, in the somewhat [illegible]
dramatic masterpieces of ancient and modern [illegible]
there, within the broader area of lyric verse occa[illegible]
its presence are seen. The vast majority of the poetic [illegible]
world has no perceptible trace of this inventive [illegible]
this extent undeserving of the name of poetry. [illegible]
domain of the epic and the dramatic its presence is [illegible]
Richard Blackmore has had far more followers in [illegible]
Milton has had, while Shadwell is not the only Eng[illegible]
has written inferior dramas. There is poetry and [illegible]
the more one reads of the multiplied effusions of [illegible]
the more he is convinced of the fact that the writing [illegible]
verses" is not confined to the class-rooms of English [illegible]
is one thing, Poesy is another.

The poet produces. The poetaster reproduces. [illegible]
of Victorian and American Poets to which Mr. [illegible]
attention how few are they to whom the "vision and [illegible]
have been really given! Mr. Arnold is right in asserting [illegible]
creative activity is the highest function of man." [illegible]
highest function of the author and the poet, and is [illegible]
is exalted.

II. The impassioned.

It is interesting to note that by far the most of the [illegible]
poetry found in the writings of literary historians and [illegible]
this special element. It is so with Byron, Miller [illegible]
so philosophic a writer as Aristotle speaks of it as [illegible]
passions of men. John Stuart Mill remarks to the [illegible]
Ruskin relates it to the "nobler emotions," while [illegible]
self, in his reference to the "fine frenzy" of the [illegible]
impassioned quality of poetry preëminently in mind. [illegible]
analyze the constituent elements of the poetic nature [illegible]
come first of all, upon this emotive principle. It [illegible]
poetry to be preëminently the language of [illegible]
[illegible] of the soul of man—his hopes and [illegible]
[illegible] so characteristic [illegible]
[illegible]

and passion appear in pronounced degree, as in the tragic side of dramatic verse and in the most majestic reaches of the epic. It is noticeable, moreover, that that distinctively spiritual element which is germane to the very essence of poetry is of this impassioned character. It is simply the expression of the heart in its religious life, the outgoing of the finite toward the infinite in devout aspirations and affection. Hence, the excellence and influence of inspired and sacred song on its purely literary side. As uttering in fervid strain the profoundest feelings of humanity, it finds a quick response in the moral sympathies of the race. The theory of the older peoples that all poetry was divine in origin and aim emphasized this emotive element above all others and allied the minstrel to the prophet and the priest.

It is in the light of such facts as these that Lyric poetry has been assigned by many to the highest place among poetic forms. Historically viewed, there is some ground for this opinion. There is, probably, more Lyric Verse in its various forms of Odes, Elegies, Sonnets, and Pastorals than there is of any other representative order. The shorter Lyrics of Milton are in their place, fully as important as are his epics in theirs, while it is still an open question whether such a standard Lyrist as Burns does not evince poetic genius as unmistakeably as any historic English poet. This much, at least, is true, that the absence of genuine passion is fatal to the highest examples of poetic art nor can such an element be too pronounced and pervasive so long as it is under the control of a well disciplined mind and taste. The poetry of the Restoration was what it was because passion was freed from rational control. The poetry of Elizabethan and of later Georgian days was also what it was because poetic feeling was never stronger and purer and never more clearly allied to mental and ethical vigor.

III. The Critical.

One of the more frequent terms by which this type of poetic expression is designated is, the didactic, referring to all that order of verse in which instruction rather than aesthetic pleasure is the final end. The word critical, however is, at present the prevailing one. It is this special type that Mr. Arnold has in mind when he asserts that the main business of the poet is "the criticism of life," and that Goethe ranks above Byron, not so much because of difference in productive power as in the power of the critical discrimination of men and things. As far as English Literature is concerned the representative era of this school of poetry is the Augustan age of Anne and George I, while in the last two decades of the Victorian reign, those days of strictly conventional verse are more or less reproduced. In reference to this poetic form it may be stated that it unquestionably has place among characteristic types. It is thus that Pope emphasized the external finish of verse. It is thus that Keats and Grey are quoted as classical poets rather than romantic or emotional. The poetic work-

manship is made prominent. They are accepted exponents of literary art or technique whereby the verbal execution of the poem takes precedence of creative genius and emotive energy. Poetry and Architecture as Fine Arts are nowhere so closely related as in the pages of these English verse builders. This critical poetry however, is the least important of the three great divisions mentioned. Mr. Gosse in his discussion of our poetry from Shakespeare to Pope has called special attention to this classical school and has attempted, we submit, to exalt its principles and exponents to a position of undeserved respect. We are not yet quite prepared to bow the knee in such adulation before the school of Waller and Carew. "In Literature as in Architecture," says Mr. Stedman, "construction must be decorated, not decoration constructed. Invention must precede them both—so that if imagination be clouded and the glow of passion unfelt, it is worthless jugglery to compose at all. Poetry is a spirit taking form." Here we have the logical order from our latest American critic—the creative, the impassioned, the critical. First, the Subject-matter; then, the Spirit; then, the Structure. Any radical reversal or modification of this literary sequence of poetic types always leads to poetic decline. No poetic production can be rightly called standard in which there is the noticeable absence of original ability, emotional fervor and structural symmetry, nor can any such production be regarded as a model in which the relative position of these separate types is out of the order specified. The first essential, even in poetry, is poetic genius or intellectuality and the next, is poetic stimulus and though no poetry can exist apart from that external mechanism called versification, this formal arrangement must ever be held subordinate to sense and spirit. While the poetic drift in Modern England is clearly toward the structural and technical and thus clearly on the decline, the most hopeful outlook in American verse is seen in the fact that our younger bards in loyal deference to Bryant and Whittier and the older school are seeking to produce an order of poetry marked above all for what may be called—its intellectual fervour. It is evidently under the inspiration of such an outlook as this that Mr. Stedman has written his *American Poets*.

PRINCETON, N. J. T. W. HUNT.

THE JAQUES OF THE MODERN STAGE.

To the thoroughly prosaic mind the play of *As You Like It* must remain forever a sealed book; but fortunately the mind of the average theatre-goer is more or less unprosaic. Even in the whirl and rush of our busy cities the play is sure to find full audiences during every dramatic season; and it is to the character of Rosalind that Mary Anderson owes the latest and greatest triumph of her brilliant career on both sides of the Atlantic. It is hardly too much to say that, in spite of the form in which it is at present represented on our stage, the play is the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies. This leads to the query, how can the representation be improved? It is not a question of costume or scenery. Enough, if not too much, attention has been paid to these points by such authorities as Mr. Oscar Wilde, or, more notably in this particular instance, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Even the late Richard Grant White has devoted an article on stage Rosalinds almost entirely to costume. The one thing now lacking is such textual reform in the stage version of the play as shall give us back the Jaques of Shakespeare. The Jaques of the stage to-day is simply a relic of the eighteenth century, like Dryden's Prospero, or Lord Lansdowne's Shylock, both of which have, happily, passed from the stage, soon to be followed, let us hope, by the traditional stage Jaques.

It is strange that this character should have escaped the reforming hand of such adapters as Charles Kean, for instance, who comes conscientiously near the Shakespearian text in adapting for the stage such a much abused play as *The Tempest*. The acting edition, of *As You Like It*, has certainly been handed down to us from the editions of more than a century ago. Comparing "Billy" Oxberry's edition of 1819, with the edition of to-day, we find it identical; and certain it is that "Billy," as Dr. Doran calls him, never did more than to present the stage text of his day in a more attractive and sumptuous form than before, as he himself acknowledges in some of his prefaces. This edition of Oxberry's shortens the play about one-seventh, and caters to the managerial economy of the time by dispensing with the services of two Lords, and of Sir Oliver Martext. This result is accomplished almost entirely at the expense of the melancholy Jaques,

for by the process the character is so utterly stulified, and so shorn of its salient features as to render it an insignificant nothing when compared with the original.

Have we ever seen a satisfactory Jaques on the stage? This question can meet but one reply, a decided negative. Considering the material with which the actor is supplied in the stage version, a satisfactory Jaques is out of the question, for the identity which Shakespeare gave to the character is completely wiped out. A young man or an old man answers the purpose equally well. A fellow boasting of his own sayings and emotions as the Jaques of Shakespeare never does, —in short, almost, if not altogether, a brainless nondescript is this perverted creature who has trod the boards for a century or so. The short-comings of the actor are thus mainly vicarious. The adapter's version of *As You Like It* must be his only guide, leading him to many sins, both of omission and commission. Having before him the choice of either a youthful or an elderly "make-up," it is quite natural that personal vanity should lead him inappropriately to adorn himself with youthful curls and a jaunty huntsman's costume in which to appear on the stage as a pretty sentimentalist, ranging in age from twenty-five to thirty-five, as taste and fancy may dictate. Thus it is that the old gentleman whom Shakespeare drew has been rejuvenated by the adapter's license, if not at his command.

But even with the material supplied him in the stage version, there are some sins to be laid to the actor's charge which are by no means vicarious. First of all is the almost uniform funereal solemnity which stage tradition seems to have given to the features and bearing of the melancholy Jaques,—a kind of mournful, injured, bereft air, seeming like a sustained effort to cast continual gloom about him. As a matter of fact, but very few really melancholy words are to be found among his utterances. He is spoken of as "merry, hearing of a song" on his second, which is in Shakespeare's work, his first appearance, and which I insist should be his first appearance in any case. On his next appearance he is saluted by the duke with the words

> What, you look merrily! [II, vii, 11.]

and confesses that he has just come from laughing "sans intermission, an hour" by Touchstone's dial, which rather extravagant statement should certainly relieve him from any lugubrious attributes for the time being. Indeed, it is difficult to find room in the lines for a touch of that "reminiscent sadness" which Mr. Winter insists upon in his criticisms of the acting of the character. It is certainly far from the whole duty of Jaques to maintain a continued funereal aspect. Even such random traces of the character as the adapter has left to the actor will not admit of this interpretation.

It is pitiful, too, in the speech upon the Seven Ages, to see the *actor* advance "L. C." according to the stage directions, and deliver

himself direct to the audience in the tones of an arbiter of doom. This speech, rich as it is in household words to-day, can never have been intended by Shakespeare for anything more than a bit of woodland table-talk in which a morbidly keen intellect expands itself under peculiar influences. The actual stage situation at the time admits of nothing more. Still it is hardly to be wondered at that the actor, in despair of making the character otherwise attractive, should try the effect of an elocutionary effort as a last and only resource.

In the good old days of which we hear and read, such actors as Macready, Charles Kean, Davenport, and James W. Wallack, Jr., have undertaken to represent this character in the hopelessly crippled condition of the stage version. It is needless to say that such representation has added nothing to their fame, and would probably have met with an equally favorable reception if some second rate, or third rate actor had taken the place of these lights of the stage. The Jaques of Shakespeare in the hands of a talented actor is worthy of his highest efforts, and will meet the success it deserves; but the Jaques of the adapter is unworthy the efforts of any actor, its only tendency being to create a sad flaw in a most harmonious and beautiful piece of dramatic architecture. All the other characters are allowed so much of their original identity that their charm is still retained. Enough of Rosalind, that central charm, is left to make the rôle the ambition of the great actress. From the days of Margaret Woffington to the days of Mary Anderson a new triumph has always awaited a new and successful Rosalind.

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety.

There is in Shakespeare's Forest of Ardennes a kind of impalpable magic which can only be felt when we tread the woodland mazes step by step with the great master himself. And Jaques, strange, moody, contradictory man that he is, adds most lavishly to the effect of this magic. Varied sorts and conditions of men are transplanted from the hothouse atmosphere of the court to the free, life-giving air of the forest; but the strangest, and seemingly most incongruous element is Jaques,—still the wonder and study of Shakespearian scholars, but traditionally, and only in name, the attraction of the stage.

A "melancholy" old gentleman has joined the band of young gentlemen who have flocked to the banished duke in the forest: this old gentleman is Jaques, in a sort of Diogenes-like pursuit of novelty, hoping, no doubt, with his more youthful companions to "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden age." There is no doubt that he is, or appears, old. So he appears to the aboriginal Audrey, and so she speaks of him. A man in the sixties, let us say—perhaps appearing prematurely old as a result of the peculiar "melancholy" that is preying upon him. A melancholy man, in the sense in which

the term was used in Shakespeare's day, may be far removed from that continued air of sentimental sadness or funereal gloom in which our actors seek to enshroud poor Jaques. The changes of three hundred years have so narrowed the significance of the word melancholy that many words are now needed to characterize the man. For a full understanding and diagnosis of his case, it is only necessary to turn to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a work almost contemporaneous with Shakespeare, and the lifelong study of its peculiar author, himself a victim of the disorder he anatomizes. Here we find that the word, as known in his day is applied to nearly any morbid state of mind, from the slight exaggerations of a nervous temperament almost to the ravings of a madman. The principal symptoms of Jaques cannot be denied to be inconstancy of purpose, a morbidly keen wit, and the indulgence in immoderate laughter. All these Burton plainly points out, with elaborate description and careful classification. So we find Jaques—always interested in the new comer, but quickly tiring of each, excepting only Touchstone, because "a fool i' the forest" is something rare, and the fool himself is such a rare one—evidently weary of his companions among the followers of the duke because he has long since exhausted all that was new in them except their songs, which still have a fresh charm for him, though he perversely ridicules them. The duke and his companions simply misunderstand and wonder at him; at his keen, cynical wit, his strange, and, to them, unaccountable moods. They, in their robust, youthful health, and with their matter-of-fact habits of mind, fail to see that this world-worn old gentleman is the victim of his own peculiarities. He is, however, the central figure of this band of exiles. Not only his companions, but his leader, look upon him with mingled feelings of wonder, pity and admiration.

Melancholy though he is in the sense just indicated, the dramatic effect which he gives to the charming scenes around him is simply and purely comic. Too old to be instantly acclimated as are the others in the robust, rigorous air of the forest, he still yields to its charm, perversely rebelling the while, as in the verse of his own invention which, by the way, he is not allowed to utter on the modern stage,—

> If it do come to pass,
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease,
> A stubborn will to please,
> Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;
> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he,
> An if he will come to me. [II, v, 52.]

The next mood finds him in ecstacies of laughter over the discovery of Touchstone; again, he is charmed, though not on our stage, by the "pretty youth," Rosalind in doublet and hose; till at last, in the

woodland hymeneal festival, the charms of the forest are lost for him, and he seeks a new sensation in the "matter to be heard and learned" from a "convertite."

Added to this comic effect, he has another important dramatic function. He brings the true philosophy of the banished duke into bold relief. He is forever seeking without finding that which the duke finds without seeking,

* * good in everything. [II, i, 17.]

But without the sparkle and contrast of Jaques on the one hand and Touchstone on the other, the duke's philosophy would be hardly better suited to the stage than would an essay of Bacon's. Only when it is brought in contrast with the philosophy-run-mad of Jaques and the burlesque philosophy of Touchstone, does it find its way to the heart and mind in truly dramatic form. Some effect of this kind Shakespeare seems to have found it necessary to introduce in addition to the material which was ready made to his hand in Lodge's *Tale of Rosalynde;* for Jaques and Touchstone are creatures of his own invention, and, as such, all the more carefully to be dealt with by the adapter for the modern stage. But it is just this delicately woven material that the modern stage most carelessly and clumsily handles.

The Jaques of Shakespeare utters two hundred and eleven lines; the Jaques of to-day one hundred and fifty-six lines, thirty-seven of which Shakespeare never put in his mouth, but did put in the mouth of entirely different characters in an entirely different form. And it is in these thirty-seven lines that the character is rendered so utterly absurd, on its first appearance, that no intelligent audience can recover from its first impressions of disgust.

By tabulating the lines which Shakespeare allots to Jaques as compared with those which the adapter allots, we arrive at the following result:—

	SHAKESPEARE.	ADAPTER.
II, ii.	—	37 lines.
II, iv.	—	16 "
II, v.	32 lines.	—
II, vii.	99 "	53 "
III, ii.	19 "	19 "
III, iii.	9 "	—
IV, i.	14 "	—
IV, ii.	7 "	—
V, iii.	—	31 "
V. iv.	31 "	—
	211	156

The thirty-seven lines in Act second, Scene second of the stage version are taken from other characters in the play, and perverted from the original recital to the duke by two of Jaques' comrades, of

his comments upon the wounded stag. As Shakespeare would have it, they have stolen upon him in one of his tenderest, strangest moods,

> * * weeping and commenting
> Upon the sobbing deer.
>
> [II, i, 65.]

They bring his remarks, and their description of the man in this mood to the duke as a rare and confidential matter, having just left him with the mood still upon him. The duke says,

> Show me the place
> I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
> For then he's full of matter.
>
> [II, i, 67.]

One of the lords at once leads the duke to the place, that he may surprise this strange man in his strange mood, and try an exchange of philosophy with him. We begin to wonder what manner of man this Jaques may be who can so evolve from the sad sight of a wounded deer a homily upon mankind in general. We long to see the man and hear him speak. This is our first impression of the Jaques of Shakespeare.

The stage Jaques of to-day is forced upon us without warning as a conceited repeater of his own remarks. By the necessary substitution of pronouns, aud with unnecessary mutilation of verse, he himself recites to the duke his own sayings and describes his own emotions over the wounded stag, substantially in the words of the two lords just referred to. The scene ends thus:—

> *Duke.* Show me the place;
> I love to cope *you* in these sullen fits,
> For then *you're* full of matter.
> *Jacques.* I'll lead you to *it* straight.

Exeunt, the Duke for the purpose of coping, Jaques for the purpose of being coped. The curtain falls. Some among the audience are sufficiently familiar with Shakespeare to understand the situation, and with no very pleasurable emotions. The rest, who take this for Shakespeare's own work, naturally enough wonder what there can be in it for people to admire. This master-stroke of the adapter has saved the services of two actors in the recital of simple narrative. No time is saved, and as a result of this doubtful advantage, the character of the Melancholy Jaques is so maimed in its dramatic infancy that it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a cripple for life. Shakespeare's plan of introducing the character is, of couse, utterly defeated, and the opening charm of the forest is lost. The duke, hardly less than Jaques, suffers by this treatment, for he it is who proposes this absurd coping match. Shakespeare's Forest of Ardennes breeds enchantment from our first view of it, but the Forest of Ar*dennes which* we first see on the stage breeds—fools.

The sixteen lines in Act second, Scene fourth, of the stage version are all that is left to Jaques of the thirty-two lines of Act third, Scene fifth, and of the fourteen lines of Act fourth, Scene first, of the original. The task being set to accomplish just this condensation with just this material, perhaps no better result could be expected; but the loss is second only to that first and greatest sacrifice of all, just referred to. The charming little dialogue with Rosalind is lost, although some portions of it are incorporated in a dialogue with Amiens, the last man in the world to whom Jaques would speak as to the "pretty youth" with whom he desires to become "better acquainted." Simply the loss of this little dialogue with Rosalind is the loss of one of the gems of the play, dimming the sparkle of her own charming wit and depriving us of the brilliant effect which Shakespeare has so skilfully produced by the attrition of these two characters. Here too, as elsewhere, we lose a characteristic of Jaques which is strongly marked in the original,—the interest he manifests in every new comer, not only for his own selfish gratification, but with the implied hope of mutual benefit in the acquaintance. Scene fifth, of Act second, in the original opens with a song, followed by the words "more, I prithee, more" from Jaques. These words open the substitute for this scene in the stage version, leaving us in doubt, for fifteen long lines, as to their object, thus giving a most awkward effect.

In Act second, Scene seventh, he is deprived of forty-six out of ninety-nine lines. There is room for argument as to the effect of this curtailment, for either by chance, or by good judgment on the part of the curtailer, the result is not so disastrous as heretofore. We lose the dialogue with the Duke, in which Jaques imagines himself in the "motley coat" and functions of a fool, purposing in this guise to

> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
>
> [II, vii, 60.]

to which the duke replies, taxing him with his former dissolute life, and saying he would commit

> Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin.
>
> [*Ibid.* 64.]

This dialogue had no doubt, its most significant application in Shakespeare's day, when the motley fool was hardly a thing of the past. On the modern stage, where time must be allowed for the movement of mechanical appliances, and before an audience, hardly so critical of matter as of manner, a passage of this kind gives the play a rather dragging movement, however much its retention may delight the student of Shakespeare. The main point to be decided is this: do we, by the omission of this passage, lose an interesting chapter in the man's antecedents. Had he really at one time "been a libertine," or was this only a mistaken idea of the duke's? I confess I incline

to Prof. Dowden's theory that "Jaques has only been a curious experimenter in libertinism," and that "the duke is unable to understand such a character," consequently branding him as a possibly reformed debauchee, unfit, for this reason, to encourage reform in others, whereas the man is nothing of the sort, and considers personal explanation unnecessary. This being the case, nothing of importance in his antecedents is lost. We lose only the comic effect of the continual misunderstanding with which he is met throughout his entire course, losing at the same time, of course, a passage in which his characteristics are strongly emphasized. If any space of forty-six lines among his utterances can be spared, it is this; yet, as sympathizing friends of the melancholy Jaques, we lovers of Shakespeare are fain to hear every word that is uttered by this world-worn novelty-seeker who is fast approaching the opening scene of that sixth age in life of which he himself so feelingly speaks.

All traces of his age are effectually removed in the stage version by the elimination of the dialogue with Touchstone in Act third Scene third, with the mature advice as to his marriage; so that when Audrey, later on, remarks:—

Faith the priest was good enough for all the *old* gentleman's saying, [v. i. 3.]

we are left completely in the dark as to whom the priest and old gentleman may have been. No priest has appeared, though his appearance would only have involved the utterance of an additional half-dozen words, and would have greatly heightened the stage effect. The loss of a dialogue, however short, between Jaques and Touchstone is second only to the loss of the dialogue with Rosalind. Not only Shakespearian scholarship, but dramatic effect, calls loudly for the restoration of this scene in its original form.

For the sake of saving time the seven lines in Act fourth, Scene second, are willingly given up, although the song to which these lines are an introduction is sometimes used, if I remember rightly, as an opening chorus in the first forest scene. Certainly it would be better to omit it altogether than to have it poorly sung, and in the wrong place.

Although the scenes are not numbered correspondingly, in the remaining thirty-one lines shown in the table, we have what is left of the Jaques of Shakespeare. But how little is left of him in more senses than one! These lines come too late to redeem one iota of the loss he has suffered at the adapter's hands, a kind of loss that can never be redeemed. Our impressions, if impressions are possible from the insignificance into which he has been transformed, are already formed, indelibly stamping the Jaques of the stage as an uninteresting, absurd character.

Nearly a century and a half ago, the actor Charles Macklin redeemed *the name* of Shylock from the obloquy and ridicule into which it had

fallen in his day, by substituting the Shylock of Shakespeare for the clownish Jew of Lord Lansdowne. In spite of the misgivings of his friends, this bold stroke gave him the greatest triumph of his life. Let a modern Macklin arise to-day and redeem the character of Jaques in a similar manner. A similar opportunity certainly awaits him, and the result cannot fail to be a marked success. This can be accomplished, as we have seen, with but little, if any, addition to the time of representation, the fear of which seems to be the main cause of the present trouble. If a little more time need be saved, let the song "when daisies pied," which Rosalind occupies many precious moments in rendering, be relegated to the play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, where it belongs. Even though Rosalind may have a charming soprano voice, this gratuitous exhibition of a woman's notes to Orlando is hardly in keeping with the man's disguise she is so skillfully laboring to maintain. Modjeska's Rosalind is all the more effective from the omission of this song. Miss Anderson has made a marked improvement in the treatment of this song, by removing it from the place it occupies in the stage version, singing it to herself as she walks alone in the forest, and pausing in the middle of a verse to read Orlando's "elegy." Thus treated, the effect is charming. Would that her improvements on the old stage version had extended to the character of Jaques!

The actor should be, as in many cases he is, a careful student of Shakespeare, nay more, he should be an enthusiastic lover of the works of the great master. It is only thus that the stage can do more than any other agent toward leading to the highest appreciation of the world's greatest dramatist. The most scholarly of Shakespearian essayists and critics have more to learn from the stage than is dreamed of in their philosophy. It rests with the actor alone to reproduce lights and shades of meaning which the pen is powerless to describe. Shakespearian scholarship can do much for the stage, but the stage can do more for Shakespearian scholarship. The two should go hand in hand if we are ever to behold the dawning of a true Shakespearian revival. The restoration of the Melancholy Jaques would be a cheerful light in such a dawning. May the time soon come when we shall see it!

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

XI. JOSEPH RANN.

Of the Rev. Joseph Rann very little is known. The date of his birth has not been preserved, nor is his birthplace remembered. He was an Englishman, and had the degree of Master of Arts conferred upon him by Trinity College, Oxford, in 1758. He subsequently studied for the ministry, and was vicar of Trinity Church, Coventry.

His edition of Shakespeare appears to have been published by subscription. The first volume was published in 1786, in octavo, and has the following title-page:—

The Dramatic Works of Shakspeare, in six volumes; with notes by Joseph Rann, A.M. Vicar of St. Trinity, in Coventry.

UT POTERO, EXPLICABO: NEC TAMEN QUASI PYTHIUS APOLLO, CERTA UT SINT ET FIXA, QUÆ DIXERO; SED UT HOMUNCULUS UNUS E MULTIS PROBABILIA CONJECTURA SEQUENS.

CICERONIS TUSC. QUÆST. LIB. I. SECT. IX.

Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, MDCCLXXXVI. To be had of Mess. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London; Mess. Prince and Cooke, and C. Selwin Rann, Oxford; and of Mess. Pearson and Rollason, Birmingham.

Volume II is dated 1787; Volume III 1789; Volume IV 1791; and Volume V though undated is believed to have been published in 1794; while volume VI (also undated,) is also thought to have been issued in that year.

The work is dedicated to Lord Sheffield, in the following words:—

This earnest of an humble attempt to render the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare as universally understood as they are deservedly admired, is, with the most profound respect, inscribed to the Right Honourable John Lord Sheffield, by his Lordship's most devoted servant, the Editor.

There is no preface nor any preliminary matter of any kind, and the plays are printed in the order that they appear in the First Folio. The notes are at the bottom of the page and are all short, though quite numerous. They are mostly explanatory, and do not deal with textual difficulties. The text is fair, as Rann had the advantage of all the editors who preceded him. Taken all together the work is not to be *compared* with the editions of Theobald, Dr. Johnson, Warburton,

Steevens, or Malone; though prehaps it is better than those of Pope or Rowe. If he did not do much to improve the text, neither did he injure it.

XII. EDMOND MALONE.

Edmond Malone's father was a member of the Irish bar, and represented his country in Parliament. Subsequently he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, a position which he occupied at the time of his death. Edmond was born in Dublin on the 4th of October, 1741, and was named after his father. His name is frequently given as *Edmund* but he always wrote it *Edmond*. He was educated in Dublin, at a school kept by a Dr. Ford, and subsequently at Trinity College in the same city. He then read law, and was called to the bar about 1767.

He always had a great love for literature, and in 1776 this led him to commence editing an edition of Goldsmith's works, which was published in Dublin in the following year, and in London in 1780. In 1776 he inherited a fortune from his uncle, which decided him to withdraw from the bar, and take up literature as a means of occupying his time. In 1777 he moved to London and made the acquaintance of many distinguished men, among whom may be named Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many others of like celebrity.

In 1778 his taste led him to make a study of Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakespeare, a second edition of that work having appeared in that year. He thought that that book could be improved, and in 1780 he published his well-known *Supplement*, in two thick volumes octavo. These contain many additional notes to that work, and most of them are of Malone's own production. He also reprinted *Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece*, and the *Sonnets*, etc., which had been omitted in the original work. Malone further reprinted *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, *The Puritan*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*.

About this time he also published *Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley*, and meanwhile he had been writing several dramas. In 1775 the tragedy of *Braganza* was produced, and in 1779 *The Law of Lombardy*. *The Count of Narbonne*, from Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* was also written during this period, and was put on the stage in 1781. In 1783 he printed a *Second Appendix* to his *Supplement to Johnson and Steevens' Shakespeare*—the first having appeared with that work. This contains additional notes on the plays.

Towards the beginning of 1783 Malone commenced the preparation of material for the publication of his edition of Shakespeare, which

occupied him continuously until 1790, when it was published. A full account of the work will be given below.

After the publication of his edition of Shakespeare he appears to have taken a rest, but three years later, he had a project on foot to publish another edition in quarto form, with illustrations. In 1795 he changed his mind as to the form of the work and issued a prospectus, in which he proposed to issue it in twenty volumes royal octavo. He did not live to publish the contemplated edition however, and it was reserved for his friend James Boswell to edit the posthumous work of 1821, in twenty-one volumes octavo. An account of this edition will be given in the sketch of that editor.

In 1795 the celebrated Ireland forgeries were occupying the attention of the whole literary world, and the interest in them culminated in the following year, when the volume of *Miscellaneous Papers* containing them was published. Malone entered the field of controversy then raging, and showed the absurdity of Ireland's claim as to the genuineness of the papers in question. His *Inquiry*, published in 1796, is probably the most elaborate and successful exposure of a literary forgery ever published. The research and learning displayed in its pages is truly remarkable.

In 1812 he had attained his seventy-first year, but his health was very poor, and on the 25th of May of that year he died.

His large and valuable collection of books is preserved in the Bodleian Library, and it embraces many works which are now priceless.

As before stated his edition of Shakespeare was published in 1790. It appeared in eleven volumes duodecimo, although the title-page states the number to be ten. The discrepancy is caused by the fact that the first "volume" is divided into two parts, of 414 and 316 pages respectively. The type is small and the paper of poor quality. Volume I, Part i, has two title-pages, the first of which is as follows:—

The Plays and Poems of William Shakspeare, in ten volumes; Collated *verbatim* with the most authentick copies, and revised: With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; To which are added, An Essay on the Chronological Order of his plays; An Essay relative to Shakspeare and Jonson; A Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI.; An Historical account of the English Stage; and Notes; By Edmond Malone. *Της φυσεως γραμματευς ην, τον καλαμον απουβρεχων εις νον. Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

—QUEM TU, DEA, TEMPORE IN OMNI
OMNIBUS ORNATUM VOLUISTI EXCELLERE REBUS.—*Lucret.*

London: Printed by H. Baldwin, For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Sons, T. Longman, B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robsou, J. Johnson, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun., S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newberry. MDCCXC.

The second title-page in Volume I, Part ii, merely has "The Plays

and Poems of William Shakspeare. Volume the First," the contents, place of publication, printer, etc., as in the other. The remaining volumes have title-pages similar to the one last mentioned.

Volume I, Part i, contains an engraving by C. Knight, from a drawing by Ozias Humphry, of the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare; a plate giving four portraits in a group, representing Dr. Johnson, Thomas Tyrwhitt, Dr. Farmer and Thomas Edwards; and two other engravings of facsimiles of Shakespeare's signatures. A drawing of his house at New Place is also given. Volume I, Part ii, has an excellent engraving of John Lowin, the actor, while a picture of Morris dancers is in Volume IV; and a portrait of Lord Southampton in Volume X.

In his preface Malone contended that the person who "edited" the Second Folio (if his work is worthy of such a title) and Pope "were the two great corrupters of our poet's text;" and he further stated that

> if the arbitrary alterations introduced by these two editors were numbered, in the plays of which no quarto copies are extant, they would greatly exceed all the corruptions and errours of the press in the original and only authentick copy of those plays.

He then proceeds to cite numerous passages which carry out his assertions, and says:—

> The two great duties of an editor are, to exhibit the genuine text of his authour, and to explain his obscurities. Both of these objects have been so constantly before my eyes, that, I am confident, one of them will not be found to have been neglected for the other. I can with perfect truth say with Dr. Johnson, that "not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate." I have examined the notes of all the editors, and my own former remarks, with equal rigour; and have endeavoured as much as possible to avoid all controversy, etc.

Concerning the charge that Shakespeare's text was "buried under his commentators" Malone very truly remarks:—

> When our poet's entire library shall have been discovered, and the fables of all his plays traced to their original source, when every temporary allusion shall have been pointed out, and every obscurity elucidated, then, and not till then, let the accumulation of notes be complained of. I scarcely remember ever to have looked into a book of the age of Queen Elizabeth, in which I did not find somewhat that tended to throw a light on these plays. While our object is, to support and establish what the poet wrote, to illustrate his phraseology by comparing it with that of his contemporaries, and to explain his fugitive allusions to customs long since disused and forgotten, while this object is kept steadily in view, if even every line of his plays were accompanied with a comment, every inteiligent reader would be indebted to the industry of him who produced it.

Following his preface Malone printed those of Dr. Johnson and Steevens; and also the latter's list of "Ancient Translations from Classick Authors." Then comes Pope's Preface; Heminge and

Condell's dedication and address "to the great variety of readers," from the First Folio; and Rowe's Life of Shakespeare. . To the latter is appended "additional anecdotes," and then there are printed numerous extracts from the Stratford Registers; the grant of arms to Shakespeare's father; and the poet's will. Following these are the mortgage made by Shakespeare; various commendatory verses; a list of the Quartos and Folios, and modern editions to Malone's day; a list of editions of the Poems; old plays used by Shakespeare, etc., etc.

The last hundred and fifty pages of Volume I, Part i, are taken up by Malone's valuable essays on the order of the poet's plays and on "Shakespeare, Ford and Johnson." The former of these essays must have cost Malone much time and labor, and it remains to this day, after all that has been written on this vexed subject, a very valuable work. Had he never written anything else than this essay it would have stamped him as a man of great learning and ability. It originally appeared in 1778, but it was added to and amended as given in his edition of 1790. Steevens said of it: "by the aid of the registers at Stationers' Hall, and such internal evidences as the pieces supply, he hath so happily accomplished his undertaking, that he only leaves me the power to thank him for an arrangement which I profess my inability either to dispute or to improve." This is high praise when we consider Steevens' own great knowledge of the subject.

Volume I, Part ii, commences with Malone's history of the English stage. This occupies two hundred and eighty-seven closely printed pages, and has been the foundation of all subsequent histories of the stage in England. Having sent a copy to Edmund Burke, the latter wrote Malone a most complimentary letter. Warton, Farmer, Bishop Percy, and others also praised his work very highly.

The plays follow, in the order they were printed in the First Folio, and are succeeded by the poems. An appendix and glossarial index complete the work. A very elaborate essay on the Three Parts of *Henry VI* is given at the end of Part III of that play.

Malone's text was the best that had then appeared. He adhered much more faithfully to the First Folio than Steevens, and he did not make unwise changes to "improve" the metre like the latter. Like most of his predecessors Malone reprinted the notes of other editors which he considered worthy of the honor, and added his own at the end. He enriched his pages with much new illustrative material which his extensive reading of Elizabethan literature had made him familiar with, and they contain a vast amount of valuable information.

After the publication of his edition an anonymous pamphlet appeared entitled: *Cursory Criticisms on the Edition of Shakespeare published by Edmond Malone.* This was written by Joseph Ritson, and was published in 1792. Malone was fiercely assailed, and his work severely criticized. He was said to be wanting in both ear and judgment.

The former charge referred to his having refused to patch up the lines to "improve" the metre as Steevens did; and he was accused of being wanting in judgement because he condemned the changes in the text which first appeared in the Second Folio. The pamphlet was cleverly written and no doubt incensed Malone very much. The same year he replied to his anonymous accuser in a pamphlet the title-page of which reads as follows:—

A Letter to the Rev. Richard Farmer, D.D., Master of Emanuel College, Cambridge, relative to the Edition of Shakespeare published in MDCCXC, and some late criticisms on that work.

But Ritson was not the only critic that Malone had to contend with. In 1800 Hardinge printed a very abusive book entitled *The Essence of Malone* in which he attacked the latter's Life of Dryden, and followed, in 1801, with a similar volume which he called *Another Essence of Malone, or the "Beauties" of Shakespeare's Editor.* The ribald style of this work and the unconcealed venom of its author defeated his purpose, however, and people must have turned away from it with disgust. Not content with what he had already written however, Hardinge published a "second part" of his work in 1801, and it is merely a continuation of the same exhibition of hatred of Malone. The latter did not deign to reply to Hardinge's attacks, and they have fallen into well merited obscurity.

Malone's name will always be remembered with gratitude by the students of Shakespeare's text. He collected a mass of information which served to throw light upon the manners and customs of Shakespeare's day, and thus contributed to the elucidation of his text.

J. PARKER NORRIS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

QUERIES ABOUT HAMLET.

TO THE EDITOR OF NOTES AND QUERIES.—Assuming Hamlet to have been sane, how are we to interpret his conduct at the time of the ghost's appearance?

After the ghost has vanished and Hamlet has given expression to his feelings in the most passionate language, he suddenly exclaims,

> My tables, my tables, meet it is I set it down,
> That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

then pulls out his note book and pretends to write. It must be remembered that these words are not spoken for other ears nor is the action meant for other eyes to behold. Hamlet is alone and is in no mood for trifling. If he is altogether himself, how is this conduct, which is fully as antic as anything he afterwards does, to be accounted for?

The "wild and whirling" words to Horatio and Marcellus may pass for a convenient method of silencing these friends, but what object can he have in calling his father's ghost "*this fellow* in the cellarage" and "*old mole?*"

> They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
> Get you a place.
>
> [III, ii, 95].

In the August number of SHAKESPEARIANA (p. 341) *idle* in the above passage is taken to mean *crazy*. What justification is there for this interpretation?

Leaving out of account for the moment the play of Hamlet, there are, in the other thirty-six plays ninety-one instances in which *idle*, *idleness* or *idly* is used, but nowhere with the meaning of crazy.

The term is often used as synonymous with foolish, in the sense of shallow minded, silly or ridiculous, and this is its nearest approach to crazy.

Turning now to Hamlet, idle is used twice besides the case in question.

> * * * * what might you,
> Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
> If I had play'd the desk, or table-book,
> Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
> What might you think? No, I went round to work,
> And my young mistress thus I did bespéak:
>
> [II, ii, 134-140.]

Here idle means merely inactive.

> *Ham.*—Now, mother, what's the matter?
> *Queen.*—Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
>
> *Ham.*—Mother, you have my father much offended.
> *Queen.*—Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
>
> [III, iv, 8-11.]

Trifling, quibbling is the meaning here.

The only passage cited in support of the meaning crazy is from the Quarto of 1662:—

> *Queen.*—But Hamlet, this is only fantasy,
> And for my love forget these idle fits.
> *Ham.*—Idle, no, mother, my pulse doth beat like yours.
> It is not madness that possesseth Hamlet.
>
> [In place of III, iv, 137-146 of the Folio.]

The citation is decidedly the best that could have been made, but it is, nevertheless, an unfortunate one. If the Queen's *idle* means *mad* she says, in effect, *for the love of me give up being mad*, which would not have been a remarkably sensible speech. Hamlet's *idle* is a mere repetition of that of the Queen, the word is her's and not his. Knowing, however, that the Queen thinks him to be mad, though she has chosen terms of a much milder import, he goes on and replies, not to what she has said, but to what she is thinking of, to what she would have said if she had fully expressed her thoughts.

What is more natural than this?

Fitchburg, Mass. J. F. BROWN.

THE DRAMA.

One of the most novel of the dramatic pleasures said to be awaiting the public next month,—the Shakespearian representations of the famous Saxe Meiningen company,—will be denied it, on account of the serious illness of the director, Herr Chronegk. A dispatch from the Duke von Sachsen Meiningen announced this late in July, and postponed the proposed American trip of this company until 1887.

The engagement of Messrs. Edwin Booth, Wilson Barrett, Lawrence Barrett, Robson and Crane, T. W. Keene, the McKee Rankin Co., the Morrison Co., and of Mesdames Modjeska, Margaret Mather, Marie Prescott, Rose Coghlan, Fanny Davenport, Adelaide Moore and others, all of whom are announced to play Shakespearian parts during the coming season, will make it easy for the public to entertain itself to some advantage during the interval.

* * *

Mr. Wilson Barrett's revivals of *Hamlet* in London during the last of July had all the vogue their brilliancy and careful setting deserve. The American newspapers since have made the most of considering them in the light of rehearsals for the American representations. And the farewell speeches and sentimentalities and the farewell banquet given him by the profession in London on the 12th of last month, being followed by similar effective junketings of welcome here, all lead up gracefully to the approaching point of interest; Mr. Barrett's first appearance on this side of the Atlantic in *Hamlet*, *Claudian*, and *Clito*, with Miss Eastlake, and the well appointed company which supports them in London at the Princess's Theatre.

Mr. W. Barrett's interpretation of *Hamlet* will not, perhaps, be found equal to that of the manifold glorious ideals which lovers of the

play find forming before them as they read and which are too apt to preoccupy the place of every real personation witnessed and prejudice its acceptability, but if it is given an unbiassed sympathy, I think it will be found if not irresistibly compelling, yet persuasive, suggestive, skillfully studied and in some points original and striking. It is not a fat, scant-breathed, slow-resolving, anxious-minded and insane-growing Hamlet that Mr. Barrett personates, but an alert, nervous, quick-witted Prince who puts an antic disposition on because the time is out of joint and his task therefore difficult.

* * *

Mr. Booth's engagements will begin in Buffalo on the 13th of September, and extend over a season of thirty-five weeks. He will play in all the leading cities and will be supported by a very superior company. Mr. Barrett writes: "All his plays will be mounted, dressed and presented with unusual attention to detail and I shall have the honor to direct the enterprise, guided and assisted by the ripe experience and advice of Mr. Booth himself." These representations are likely to prove memorable ones. Each one an opportunity to be prized by earnest students of Shakespeare's dramatic art. Students of the book that Shakespeare wrote never have realized as widely as they might to their advantage, it seems to me, the livingness that a great actor can lend to their appreciation of Shakespeare's genius. It is a survival of the old, ungrateful prejudice against the man who has "gone here and there and made [him]self a motley to the view." that his vital service to the world of "selling cheap what is most dear" should be not only slightingly received, sometimes, but that therefore the service itself should fall short of its highest use and purpose, to vitalize within the mind, and incarnate before the eye, the fancy of the Poet. Should the interpretative skill of the actor be deemed of small account because it is a servitor and close dependent of Literary Art? Rather, it seems to me, should it receive increasing honor as promoter of the league between the eye and heart where "each doth now good turns unto the other." It is well to remember in this connexion what Dr. Furness has said in the preface to the Variorum *Othello*:—

> I have long been of the opinion that in the interpretation of Shakespeare's plays our first appeal, and perhaps our last, should be made to the dramatic instinct, as it has been termed, with which eminent actors are especially endowed.

And if, as Dr. Furness continues, to get at the meaning of Shakespeare is "the very butt and sea-mark of our sail," what apter guidance may be had than that stage representation toward which, seemingly careless of any other aim, every word and thought of Shakespeare tended.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett's own tour begins at the Star Theatre, New York, August 30, and covers a period of forty weeks in the different

cities. Both Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett's tours will present as the staple attraction their well-known, standard plays, mainly Shakespearian, while there is also in preparation for early production a strong version of Bulwer's *Rienzi* and a two act drama of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, gracefully and deftly done, as all Mr. Aldrich touches is, called *Mercedes*. The original poem of which the play is a second casting may be found in *Mercedes and Later Lyrics*, published in 1884, and the material out of which the poet made both play and poem is an incident of the Peninsular wars in Spain as described in the *Memoirs of the Duchess d' Abrantes*.

* * *

Every play-goer will be glad to know that Messrs. Robson and Crane will continue their admirable representations of *The Comedy of Errors*, and that they will add a new attraction, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Special attention will be paid to the staging of this "most pleasant and excellent comedie," the scenes will be painted by Goatcher, Mr. Robson writes, and the costumes will be simple and appropriate. Mr. Crane will play Falstaff, and Robson, Slender, and the public may be sure that the new play will be as successful as the old, from the opening to the closing nights of the season, when like the two Dromios themselves, they both may deserve precedence and "both go out together not one before the other." (The reader who is familiar with the measured cadence of the concerted speech of these absurd brothers can enrich this quotation to his mind's ear with the necessary intonation.) Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* with Robson as Tony Lumpkin and Crane as Hardcastle; *Married Life*, with Crane as Coddle, and Robson as Dove; and *Twelfth Night*, with Crane as Sir Toby Belch and Robson as Sir Andrew Agnecheek, will round out this list to everybody's satisfaction.

* * *

The McKee Rankin Co. will bring their California success, *Macbeth*, with Kelly's music, overland to Eastern audiences, and will open the season this month in Philadelphia. And Mr. Lewis Morrison, whose Iago to Salvini's Othello will be remembered, will introduce to popular attention this season, beginning the 13th of September, a new dramatic company and a new actress, Miss Celia Alsberg, in *Faust*, and *Amy Robsart*, and notably in two Shakespearian plays seldom performed, *Cymbeline* and *Measure for Measure*.

* * *

The London Dramatic season closed with some semi-professional performances under the guidance of Lady Archibald Campbell. The patronage of the stage is growing fashionable, and the picturesque out-of-doors representations of this company of Pastoral Players, as they call themselves, are a modern instance of it that seems to deserve recording. Tennyson's *Becket*, Fletcher's *Faithfull Shepherdesse*, and *As You Like It*, have been presented, *Becket* with the greatest success.

The cast of *As You Like It*, (July 31st), was partly filled by members of the Society of Dramatic Students. Miss Webster played Rosalind, Miss Mary Dickens, Celia; Miss Belmore, Audrey; Mr. B. Greet, Touchstone; Mr. Rodney, Orlando; and Mr. Grattan, Jacques.

HOW *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS* HAS GROWN.

The night of February 19th, 1879, at the Park Theatre, New York, witnessed the first performance in twenty years of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*. Within that time all the well known plays of the great master had been frequently performed in the legitimate houses, but the *Comedy of Errors* had been neglected by the players and forgotten by the public, and it remained for Robson and Crane—whose theatrical partnership had been inaugurated the previous year—to give the present generation their first stage view of this, the most laughable and ingenious comedy of Shakespeare. The comedians of thirty years ago, Jefferson, Burton, Robson and Owens, gave occasional performances of the Dromios, but in farce form, the whole performance covering not more than one hour in action, with the text so mutilated and the action so distorted as to be scarcely recognizable by the Shakespearian student.

An effort to dignify the character of a play which had been so badly treated by actors of the past was regarded with but little favor by the many wise heads of the the theatrical calling. The man who claimed to have furnished "the mental pabulum of two generations of playgoers"—Dion Boucicault by name, oblivious of the fact that the old actor Macklin had permanently rescued the grave character of Shylock from the degradation of a century and more of buffoonery,—declared it an impossible task for the comedians to impress the public with a sense of the high humor and dignity of the play. "Actors from the time of Shakespeare himself," said the dramatist, "have treated it in a farcical spirit, and in its trifling shape it will remain to the end of time.

The opinion of the public did not coincide with Mr. Boucicault's, and the proudest moment in the career of Messrs. Robson and Crane was the night afore mentioned, when the *Comedy of Errors* was presented according to the original text, and secured the approval of an audience as critical and laughter-loving as had ever assembled in a New York theatre.

Since that night the *Comedy of Errors* has taken its place on the Shakespearian stage on equal terms with its great rival *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and the names of Robson and Crane will be associated henceforth, not only with the fact that they were the greatest *Dromios of* their time, but that they rescued from threatened oblivion *one of the* greatest plays of the immortal Master.

* *

REVIEWS.

PAPERS OF THE N. Y. SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.*

The comparative study of National Literatures is not only one of the most fascinating it is also one of the most enlightening of Scholarly pursuits. It puts "a girdle round about the earth" and bringing multitudinous differences into due relation either of contact or divergence gives the student the intellectual pleasure there is in an exhaustive definition or a clarifying distinction.

In Mr. Frey's studious comparison of certain of the plots of Shakespeare and those of the versatile writers of Spain's Golden Age the effect of an exhaustive international definition is not attained, nor sought. But in it a useful contribution toward a more comprehensive comparison of the English and the Spanish Literatures of the time, is made, and some distinctions are drawn between the work of Southern and English writers, as the incidental result of an investigation of the wholesale borrowing from their Latin brothers of which the barbaric authors of the north are so often accused.

But in tracing the plagiarisms the differences are often as striking as the resemblances. It is in the necessity of circumstances that the younger nations would have availed themselves of the patterns of the elder nations: yet in passing through similar phases of growth with the common heritage of human nature behind them, they wore their fashions "with a difference." And in no alleged plagiarisms are these peculiar differences,—due to the infusion of the national and individual characteristics of the borrower into the story and the form he has borrowed,—so conclusive of that separate and unique manner of touch which announces the work of genius, as Shakespeare's are shown to be.

Mr. Frey's view of the influence of Spanish literature in England

* *William Shakespeare and Alleged Spanish Prototypes*, by Albert R. Frey. Read before the Society Jan. 28th, '86. Pamph. 41 pp. (Price, $1.00.)

* *Digest Shakespeariana*. Being a Topical Index of Printed Matter (other than literary or æsthetic commentary or criticism) relating to William Shakespeare, or the Shakespearian plays and Poems, printed in the English language to the year '86, compiled under the direction of Appleton Morgan. Part I. A.-F. (price $2.00).

before and during Shakespeare's time is inclined toward the conclusion, generally prevalent, that the Spanish spirit affected the English only by way of Italy, until the time of Charles II, when Romanist sympathies and foreign intrigues helped to make the road which mutual enmities and prejudices had barricaded, less difficult of passage than it had been. But there are some evidences to show that the line can not be drawn so exactly, and the tendency of further study of that wonderful epoch of awakened life in England, is against undervaluation of its diligent assimilation of foreign learning. This, however, does not materially affect the main point, and the fact cited by Mr. Frey that it was not until 1590 that an English translation of a Spanish grammar, by John Thorin, appeared is important proof of this inference, at least, that interest in Spanish literature was only then being aroused, and that it is very unlikely that Shakespeare had any knowledge of Spanish.

Mr. Frey considers the alleged Spanish sources of *All's Well that Ends Well*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *As You Like It*, *The Winter's Tale* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The resemblances of the first to Lope's *La Hermosura Aborrecida* are said to be slight and Accolti's *Virginia*, Boccaccio's novel, and the translation in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* were much earlier than Lope's story. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* it is contended needed no prompting from Montemayor's *Diana*, for the translation of it by Yonge was first printed in 1598, and on the testimony of Mere's *Palladis Tamia*, this production of Shakespeare's was among those already known to fame, and if it is the earliest play,—Malone's date being 1595, Furnivall's '90-'91, Knight's '85-'91,—neither Sydney's nor Wilson's translations of parts of the *Diana* could have had any share in this which as Mr. Frey conjectures may be placed as early as 1583, since it is crude enough to have been attempted by the young dramatist before leaving Stratford, and is either of original workmanship, or, possibly a rewritten version of *The History of Felix and Philomena shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Ma^tes. servaunts.* (1584.)

Twelfth Night has been found a Spanish origin in a comedy of unknown authorship, *La Espanõla el Florencia*, and in Lope de Rueda's *Los Engaños; As You Like It*, in Lope de Vega's *Los Flores de Don Juan;* and *The Winter's Tale* in his *El Marmol de Felisardo;* but Mr. Frey holds that Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to the Militarie Profession*, *The Tale of Gamelyn*, and Greene's *Pandosto* are indisputably the likelier, as they have long been the accredited sources of the plays in question.

The supposition of Klein that *Romeo and Juliet* was adapted from Lope's *Castelvines y Monteses* is very effectually and effectively disposed of in a series of parallels giving the Shakespeare text in compar-

ison with Lope's story, (translated by F. W. Cosens, 1870,) Brooke's poem, (1562,) and Painter's translation in the *Palace of Pleasure*, (1567.) The drift of these comparisons and the richer flavor of Shakespeare's art may be seen in this example.

> *Jul.* O, Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
> Deny thy father and refuse thy name:
> Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
> And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
>
> [II, ii, 33.]
>
> *Jul.* Lord of the house of Montesi!
> Oh, Celia, say not so! Oh, grief! Oh, tears!
> Oh, misery and woe!
>
> [Lope—I, ii.]
>
> The woorde of Montegew her joys did ouerthrow,
> And straight insteade of happy hope, dyspayre began to growe,
> What hap have I quoth she, to love my father's woe?
>
> [Brooke—l. 355-357.]

These extracts are appended to the volume in a broad sheet for easy comparison and coming in like a *bonne bouche* at the end must move the reader to return thanks to the writer for providing so well-ordered an entertainment, and one giving another taste of Shakespeare's superiority to plagiarism.

Mr. Morgan's second contribution to the New York Shakespeare Society's series of publications will prove doubtless of sufficient service to students as a directory to other guides to justify and approve its appearance. Although without amplification and revision, and a careful verification of the topics, by a more familiar study of the authorities quoted, it cannot fill the place of a thorough compendium. This volume is not intended, as it is not fitted, to play so ambitious a part, but it will be found a useful book to have at hand. And to make a useful topical index, though it prove not the most useful that could be desired, is to do a hard work that the student always in need of any such help will not wish to depreciate.

The title selected is unfortunate, because it has drawn down upon the work the sharp comment of Dr. Ingleby, and other English critics, who are pitiless when they "smell false Latin." Mr. Rolfe, too, could not forbear giving a small dig in passing at what he called the "canine Latin" of the termination. Those who will be "singled from the barbarous," as the precious Armado said, are prejudiced at the fly leaf by this impertinent e. But setting aside this more exterior stumbling-block, the name and description of the work must be considered as further unfortunate because it seems to promise consulting students much more than they will find.

It is not a Digest, and it is not exhaustive. It is, instead, a list of book titles in continuation of Lowndes and of Allibone, chosen, as Mr. Morgan explains in his preface, under the restriction of a series

of rules, which in fairness to the compilers, and because the title page is misleading, it is important to cite here, in order to give the public a fair idea of the work.

"Where the precise field is covered by more than one paper or volume," Mr. Morgan's purpose is "to give only the one, or at most the two—latest. And yet this exclusion is not attempted unless there is no doubt as to the exact field covered by the later volume. In Shakespeariana * * late works are constantly superceding their predecessors, so that any attempt to make a really useful bibliography must necessarily dispense with many familiar names."

When a bibliography of any single field exists like Mr. Wyman's admirable biblography of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, to include only the leading volumes mentioned in such bibliography.

In treating such episodes as the Ireland or the Perkins Folio Controversies, which are now "as dead as the first or second Punic wars," Mr. Morgan says he has "not felt justified in even this quantum of reference. Whatever it may eventuate in, on the other hand, the Baco-Shakespearian authorship controversy is still to the fore, and therefore cannot be denied as large a space as it is entitled to as a most interesting and absorbing Shakespearian question."

Not every one will agree with Mr. Morgan about the superceding of old authorities by new ones in an index meant for the benefit of specialists in Shakespearian study, to whom it may be supposed the history of their subject would be necessary, and at any rate this exexclusion should be very judiciously exercised, to say nothing of the fact that some modern discoveries may dazzle the eyes for a moment only, and then sink into the shadow of insignificance behind the steady light of the old notions they were vainly supposed to have eclipsed forever. So it will be likely too that there will be difference of opinion on the title of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy to take precedence of other subjects to the degree it does here, it being allowed a larger rule than the narrowing one which is followed in other topics. Some students will think that "when a bibliography of any single field exists like Mr. Wyman's admirable bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy," that there is no necessity of taking up needed room by giving titles the bibliography cited includes, because this bibliography, with its continuation, really covers the ground to date.

They will feel some impatience, moreover, to find Capell out and Donnelly's yet unwritten work in. The mention under the topic,—*Cipher* of *The Great Cryptogram*, as in preparation, they cannot help but think a disproportionate, unusual, and supererogatory honor to give a book not yet in the field.

Some students, on the other hand, whose work or search will not lie beyond the operation of these rules, will find, it may be supposed, all they want here, truly, a Benjamin's mess, while others

helped here and there, will have a bone to pick in another place.

Therefore it is that the character and limitations of the work is best made known by Mr. Morgan's own preface, and a judgment of the *Digest's* claim, to public favor must be based on a recognition of the working force of these rules.

Given his premises, the book, as it stands, is in the main consistent, join issue with these premises, and the book falls in its usefulness down a dozen notches.

But in any case, it should be allowed a certain value as a modern collection, under convenient headings, of matter that needs to be unlocked by some working combination.

LITERARY NOTES.

The most important literary event of the year to Shakespearians generally, except only the publication of Dr. Furness's Variorum *Othello*, is the appearance of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps's last revision of *The Outlines*, announced as nearing completion in the July number of this magazine. A more extended review will follow shortly, but now and here it is a grateful task to acknowledge the receipt of the *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S. The sixth edition, 2 vols., royal 8vo, 384-400 pp. including a Biographical Index. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1886. (Price, $5.00.)

The Times and Associates of Shakespeare, by the Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, President of the Liverpool Philogical Society, is issued in pamphlet form by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., of London. A paper of Mr. Williams on *England Under Henry VIII.*, read in February last before the Birmingham Philosophical Society has also been recently published.

The Shakespearian Referee, by J. H. Siddons, published by Lowdermilk & Co., of Washington (250 pp. $2,), is announced to be a cyclopædia of 4,200 words, obsolete and modern, occurring in the plays with explanations, commentaries, annotations, etymologies, etc., together with translations of Latin, French, Italian and Spanish words used in the plays, etc. But its inaccuracies must gainsay the value of its claim as *Referee*.

The Mystery of Shakespeare Revealed is the title of a pamphlet by William Henry Churcher, printed by John F. Eby & Co., of Detroit, Mich., for the author. (Price 35c).

A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago, announce in their periodical, *The Dial*, the forthcoming issue of a translation from Victor Hugo, by Prof. Melville B. Anderson, of that general review of literary and dramatic art, from Æschuylus, the Shakespeare of the Greeks, and from Shakespeare himself to the greatest of modern authors, which the great Frenchman was led to make during the progress of his son François Victor's translation of Shakespeare.

The articles on Shakespeare in the new edition of the *Cyclopædia Britannica* will be written by Prof. T. Spencer Baynes.

The New York Shakespeare Society have in hand an entire *edition de luxe* of the plays of Shakespeare, with elaborate commentary and parallel text. The next issue in its series of publications will be a paper by Prof. T. R. Price, of Columbia College, on *Shakespeare's Method in the Structure of Blank Verse*, which was read before the Society at its closing meeting, May 27th, '86, when it adjourned till next season, November 25th.

McKay & Co., of Philadelphia, issued, in July, a four volume edition, octavo, of Shakespeare's complete works. ($10).

Cassell & Co. have issued an edition of songs from Shakespeare, illustrated (2 s. 6 d).

If there is any hope that the next generation shall be less vague and desultory in its reading tastes than the public of this is, the hope may be founded on the scholarly yet unpedantic and sympathethic interpretations of the open secret of great literature which are being made, for young students, by such men as Mr. Rolfe and Professor Corson.

Turning aside, but not far from his Shakespearian studies, Mr. Rolfe has been at work recently on a volume of select poems of Browning, to be included with the Shakespeare plays and his other judiciously edited manuals in his series of English Classics, published by the Harpers. He has had the pleasure in preparing the Browning volume to find a competent assistant in Miss H. E. Hersey, of Boston, a scholarly lover of Shakespeare and formerly professor of literature at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

The volume Professor Corson is now completing, an *Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning*, to be published this month by Heath & Co., of Boston, will serve the part of a privileged friend to acquaint a larger circle with the stimulating personality of this century's own poet. The papers on *The Idea of Personality as Embodied in Browning's Poetry* and *On Art as an Intermediate Agency of Personality*, which were read before the London Browning Society, will be included here, with enlargements, selections with explanatory notes, exegeses of a number of the poems, and a bibliography of criticism on Browning, and

esides, a chapter on Browning's favorite art form, the dramatic mon-logue which is likely to prove of especial interest to students of Shakespeare. Bits of Shakespearian criticism having bearing on similar tudies in comparison will be found throughout the volume.

In token of the half explored possibilities of the mother-tongue, its iterature and its thought, to supply rich and abundant educational liment, a few pages in *The Annual*, a little school publication just eceived, issued by the Literary Societies of the Hollins Institute, Virginia, will seem to the appreciative far from insignificant. These ages give questions used in the June examinations on Shakespeare nd on Chaucer. Those on Shakespeare are by Prof. Thom in continuation of his previous work in the same direction. Those of Chaucer, are in the main, by Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard University. Prof. Thom's explanatory note says:—

As I have already said in the *Shakespeare Examinations* (Ginn Heath & Co., Boston, 1883: price, 56 cents). "This examination vas given to show the best results attained in the study of Shakespeare n this institute, and will be forwarded to the New Shakspere Society n England, whose prize for the encouragement of the study of Shakespeare was awarded to this school on a similar examination in *Hamlet*."

The printing of these questions now as of the examination in full of 1883, is due largely to "my vehement desire to do all within my power to encourage the study of Shakespeare in schools throughout he country, especially in schools for girls, for I believe that Shakespeare can and will do a work for our youth just at this period of our national life not to be done in any other way.

Students of the sources and conditions of literary life in Elizabethan times will find Mr. Herford's scholarly book (*Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century*, by Chas. H. Herford, M.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1886. 426 pp. 8vo., $2.25.) of especial value because he has undertaken to show, not only by a careful collection of known facts, but also by some original discoveries, that the literary debt of England to Germany is not so slight as it is usually considered.

A second series of Mr. Bullen's *Old English Plays*, in all respects as much like the first series as possible, is about to be issued in 4 vols. at 6l. 15s. a volume. Mr. Bullen says: "There are many old plays preserved in public and private collections in MS. which as yet have never been examined by any competent scholar. I suspect that some are hidden away in libraries, others rotting in lumber rooms." The bare supposition that treasures, valuable in themselves or useful to enhance or enlighten the estimate of those of which we know, are lying ost to the appreciative eye, In waste places, should be enough o make every owner of neglected MSS. heed Mr. Bullen's

earnest entreaty to bring them to the light. And those who have no hidden stores of this kind will be glad of this intimation that yet not all our heritage from the past has been bequeathed to present use.

Mrs. Walker, in her entertaining *Eastern Life and Scenery* (2 vols. published by Chapman & Hall, London) describes Broussa, the old Anatolian town hard by Constantinople, and introduces Ahmet Vefyk Pasha to Western readers as a devoted Shakespearian. The Ex-grand Vizier of Broussa has established a theatre there in which Shakespeare's plays, translated into Turkish by the Pasha himself, are acted before appreciative audiences by a Turco-Armenian company.

The *Overland Monthly* for July contained a paper of especial interest, presenting some novel points in Spanish-American law analogous to those peculiar ones open to legal criticism in *The Merchant of Venice*. A few copies of this paper, *Shakespeare's Law,—The Case of Shylock. A Letter to Lawrence Barrett*, (4. pp.), have been separately struck off, and the receipt of one of these from the author, Mr. John T. Doyle, of Menlo Park, Cal., is duly appreciated for the fresh light it throws upon the play.

SHAKESPEARIANA IN THE MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.—Article II.—*Ophelia*, (pp. 679–692.) in *The New Englander*, for August, is by Prof. Charles F. Johnson, of Trinity College, Connecticut, whose well-considered paper on *King John* and *Richard III* in the same magazine for March will be remembered with pleasure by its readers. The present paper sets forth the amount of sentimental gush that Ophelia's pitiable insanity and suicide have excited, and attributes it to the same unjustifiable weakness which induces jurymen to give a verdict regardless of facts and law for the unfortunate who is also fair, or traces it to a survival of the 18th century feeling for women as "playthings to be petted and poetized over" instead of creatures of will and intellect morally potent, as in the Elizabethan conception. The argument proceeds to show from her effect on Hamlet; from what is said of her by others; and from her own words and acts,—which places Ophelia far below Imogen, Portia, Cordelia or Juliet, or any other woman of her own literary *milieu*, save, perhaps, Gertrude who has more brain,—that she is "something worse than shallow or common-place; that she is essentially selfish," and "so limited in capacity for understanding or sympathizing" notably in her relations with Hamlet, that she should "be regarded as one of the agents rather than one of the victims of the series of catastrophes which make up the tragedy" and that only when she is "so regarded can the play become a consistent and coherent whole."

The parallel drawn between her and George Eliot's Rosamond *Vincy is striking* and full of suggestion:—

[illegible] might have been drawn further than it was, except [illegible] in showing the effect these women have upon the lives [illegible] of Lydgate. A sudden shock of circumstances revealed [illegible] the meagreness of Ophelia's nature, inefficient to the point [illegible] in the planned interview where Polonius and the King played [illegible] eavesdroppers. Moreover, Hamlet had not those "specks of commonness," as George Eliot says, which flecked Lydgate's fine quality [illegible] it fatally easy for him not to perceive Rosamond's pernicious [illegible] till months of married life had rubbed it into him. Still, [illegible] conscious of the lack of moral fibre in the love which might [illegible] him, was as crippled in his life by it as the unconscious Lydgate was in his.

With what scorn would Rosalind or Cordelia have received the proposition" of Polonius to meet her lover for a confidential interview to be overheard and criticised.

[illegible] daughter had one-tenth of the noble temper of the unsophisticated Juliet, the [illegible] Polonius would have received some new views on human nature to add to his excellent maxims. * * *

Immediately after this soliloquy the king and the respectable Polonius emerge from their hiding place. It is worth noting that the king sees plainly that Hamlet is not insane.

> "Love! his affections do not that way tend.
> Nor what he spoke, *though it lacked form a little*,
> Was not like madness."

[illegible] adheres, of course, to his theory, and throughout the play he and his daughter are the only persons who determine from their own observation that [illegible] out of his mind. Indeed, the evidences of the Prince's insanity are such as are addressed to minds of no larger calibre than theirs. "Wild and whirling words" are the normal mode of expression to highly wrought intellectual and [illegible] natures when under stress, and thrown back on themselves. The queen, [illegible] thinks that he is delirious and sees an illusion when the ghost appears the [illegible] time. If that is allowed as any proof, the sturdy soldiers who see the ghost in the first act must be regarded as insane, too. The grave-digger repeats the common [illegible], but among those who can observe him, Hamlet is regarded as a madman [illegible] of [illegible] Ophelia, and his mind is so far out of their sphere, that to be [illegible] by them argues his complete sanity.

[illegible] *Magazine*, for August, *Hamlet's City* (pp. 193-199.) [illegible] Armstrong, describes Kronborg Castle and the [illegible] which is an hour and twenty minutes by rail

A score of rambling, ill-paved streets, leading indolently nowhere; a few hundred quaint, clean old houses, with spy-glassed windows and stair-gabled, red-tiled roofs which descend near to the earth, then mount backward into the air; some thousands of human beings, mostly invisible and, it would seem, asleep within; a vagrant, scattering city village, with orchards and gardens in its interstices, and groves and orchards in its rear, that sits half dozing in the sun, and gazes idly at the sea—such, when you have come to view it, is the city of Hamlet. Nuremberg does not surpass it in quaintness of aspect, and the Bavarian city is not half so drowsy in fact. Vivify the place with the aid of fancy, recall the ancient dignity of the Danish kings, remembering that here was the seat of their feudal power and splendor, and its features fall marvellously into keeping with the scenes of Shakespeare's drama.

But the castle in which is centred the chief action of the play is the piece of resistance at Elsinore. Amid its ponderous feudal incumbrance of double moat, bastions, and ramparts, it towers solitarily from the very verge of its tiny peninsula, guarding the strait out of the Kattegat, and dominating the whole northern region for many a league of land and sea.

Kronborg is just three hundred years old, dating its foundation from the last quarter of the sixteenth century, and has been correctly described to be "one of the most perfect specimens of its era—unspoiled, untouched, unrepaired—to be met with in Europe."

The building of the castle was the pet scheme of the Danish monarch, Frederick the Second. The Danes from immemorial times maintained the savage right of levying toll on all vessels sailing this narrow highway of the Kattegat, connecting the waters of Western Europe with the Baltic. Successive castles had, therefore, stood here from the earliest period, some of the later structures probably rising over the ancient foundations. The fortress at Elsinore immediately preceding Kronborg was, at the date of the latter's erection, already more than three centuries old. Frederick determined to destroy it and rebuild it on a scale of greater magnificence. He began the present castle in 1577, and finished it in the amazingly brief period of nine years. Being the first crowned Protestant sovereign of Denmark, and something of a zealot, he ordered the stone churches of the Catholics in half his kingdom torn down for material with which to construct its massive walls. At its completion, in 1586, the poets of all the North were invited to sing its praises, and Rubens was summoned to decorate its interior.

Gigantic, quadrangular, and four-towered, the structure stands to-day as fresh and perfect as on that day three hundred years ago when artist and architect withdrew brush and chisel. Looking on the noble front of this palace fortress, with its carved heads of Danish kings and its vast platform for the stride of sentinels one almost conceives that Shakespeare must have seen it and stood in its solemn shadow for the incentive of locating around and within these walls the central incidents of his drama. And it is not impossible that he did so, since the intercourse of Englishmen with Denmark was commonplace in his time, and Kronborg was at least twenty years old at the first representation of Hamlet.

The absurd puerilities named "Hamlet's Tomb" and "Ophelia's Lake" are in the City's strip of Park by the sea called "Hamlet's Garden." The "Lake" is "a muddy six-inch Pool" in the centre of which—"evidently to reinforce the sentimental congruities of the locality—has been arranged a small heart-shaped island." The "Tomb" is a barrow settled upon as a good barrow, as good as another to please tourists with and to put a cross upon with a *half-eraced* inscription which gives the 32rd of October, as the date of *Hamlet's* death but cautiously refrains from further conjectural read*ing as to the year.*

Incidentally of interest as it may seem to fasten to this earth those visionary suggestions—more inclusive than than the actual—which have in common with it barely anything but names—these names will serve the reader best who uses them, as did the poet, merely as picturesque starting-points for flights of fancy which can give scarcely a passing care to identify the scenes of *Hamlet* either with Elsinore, where as Mr. Armstrong says, "Hamlet, if ever Hamlet there were, never existed," or with the more northerly coast where may have lived the Prince Amleth of Saxo Grammaticus, legendary proto-type of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

One who signs himself *Want to know* asks in the August number of the Manchester, N. H., *Notes and Queries*, page 131, whether *The Imitation of Christ* or the works of Shakespeare has passed through the greater number of editions. In reply it is claimed that *The Imitation* has been oftener reprinted and translated than any other book after the Bible. A single, confessedly incomplete collection formed at Cologne within the present century is said to have comprised five-hundred distinct editions. The honors accorded Thomas à Kempis, like those given William Shakespeare, have been too great to escape the envious scrutiny of controvesialists. The disputes of the Augustine brothers, upholding their claim for John Gerson, the Chancellor of the University of Paris, against the Benedictines who hold to Thomas à Kempis, Scrivener, match the arguments of the Baconians for Lord Verulam against the Stratford player.

MISCELLANY.

THE CHURCH AND RELICS OF STRATFORD.—The Vicar of Stratford writes to the Editor of the *London Daily Telegraph* of August 3d:—

SIR—The restoration of Stratford-on-Avon Church has excited great interest, not only among those many pilgrims who have at one time or another visited the grave of William Shakespeare, but also in that far more numerous body who know and delight in our poet's plays. Many of your readers will, therefore, be glad to hear that this week made a beginning of the interior work by removing the galleries, which were erected about fifty years ago, and entirely spoilt the appearance of the nave. During the past twelve months the repair of the exterior has been going on, under the direction of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and we have expended upon it £1,539. Including architects' commissions and other incidental charges, we expect that this part of our work will not cost more than £2,000. But this is only a section of the work which we undertook when we commenced operations. The roofs of

the aisles require, if not renewing, at all events very extensive repairs; the interior of the nave is to be re-arranged, so as to be more like what it was in the olden time; the old vestry, which was unhappily pulled down about 100 years ago, is to be rebuilt; and other internal improvements, which our architects have suggested, are to be carried out. And to do all this we find ourselves with only £1,800 in hand, or promised.

When subscriptions were first solicited every one said, "There will be no difficulty in getting money for Shakespeare's Church." It will hardly be believed that a year's begging has only produced £3,807 14s. The committee, in face of this, have not felt justified in authorising much interior work, and we have to be content at present with removing the galleries and temporarily rearranging the pews. These latter are both unsightly and uncomfortable, while the choir stalls in the chancel are literally rotting away. But we must leave them as they are, because we have no money.

Will you allow me, then, once more to make a very earnest public appeal for help? We have arranged our plans so that subscriptions received from England shall be devoted to the nave work; those from America to the chancel, and those from the Colonies to the transepts; and we are now prepared to assign several parts—such as the rebuilding of the vestry or the erection of a reredos—to individuals who sympathize in our endeavours to the extent of a few hundred pounds. The work which at the present moment seems to us most pressing is the reseating of the nave, and for this we want, I reckon, £2,000. A similar sum would complete the transepts, and our colonial visitors from New South Wales have set a good example by enabling me to open an account at the bank in the name of the Colonial Transept Repair Fund.

Subscriptions, whether from England, the colonies, or America, may be paid to the Birmingham Banking Company, Stratford-on-Avon; to the Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G.; or to myself. In the present state of our funds "bis dat qui cito dat"—I remain, your obedient servant, G. Arbuthnot,

Stratford-on-Avon, July 29, Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon.

In commenting on this letter an editorial writer in the *Telegraph* says:—

Just at the moment of this demand upon public liberality it is deplorable to have doubts started as to whether the Shakespeare Museum contains a single genuine relic; whether Anne Hathaway's cottage is not, after all, a simple fraud; and Mary Arden's farm a disreputably unhistorical building. Anne Hathaway's cottage is a place which every Shakespeare-loving visitor to his native town makes a point of inspecting. It has been good enough for all the myriad tourists of all nationalities that have flocked to see it; yet recently a *dark rumour* has been going about seriously affecting its bona fides as

ıe article. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, the Shakespearian critic, told, is of opinion that the probabilities are decidedly against alled cottage ever having contained the woman who, at the age :y-seven, married William Shakespeare when the latter was ıeteen. Here is a pleasing illusion dissippated at once. Dr. Wendell Holmes, and the Colonials who lately visited the n no longer, as they recall that lowly cot nestling among tts ıd ascend again in fancy the creaking wooden staircase, picture ıselves the May mornings when the Bard of All Time must ne the same round on a courting expedition, and probably sate ıe eaves with his arm round his future bride. The sighing will whisper, What next? Well, the next surprise in store for he disestablishmant and disendowment of the old farmhouse wn as that in which the poet's mother, Mary Arden, lived. ry is now said to be altogether inconsistent with the theory of the ancestors of the Shakespeare stock ever resided there. ion to the attack on the Bard's wife, his mother too meets s tragic fate. We are on the high road to having it proved such person as Mary Arden ever lived; that, in fact, Shake- as such a wonderful man that he never had a mother at all. out the cottage is distinctly bad news for those who some time ıt their money on the "Shakespeare Fund," which went to ing for the good of the nation all the spots considered tradi- connected with the life of the master-poet. It is also dread- l news for the foreigners now in London, and for the party of pilgrims from Greater Britain who are booked to "do" their l in the course of this month. Have they come to England hat Shakespeare's fame is Dead Sea fruit? They have proba- d all about the theory of the Baconian origin of the Shake- plays, and have laughed heartily at the newly-started notion l from America that a signalling system exists in Shakespeare's which reveals to the student of hieroglyphics all that can ever to himself, or to Bacon, or to both. But will they care to e shrine of the great poet if a cloud of doubt surrounds some ost cherished monuments? If everything at Stratford were ıs being only doubfully connected with the Bard? For exam- ead of the guide-post pointing the way to Anne Hathaway's , it might be sadly truthful to say "To the reputed cottage Hathaway." Mary Arden's farm ought to be ticketed as an :ain" building, and Shakespeare's tomb in the church would be pointed out as the tomb "either of Shakespeare or somebody

ting as this sportive view is of the tourist's concern in modern l, few lovers of the plays and poems will fail to take a pensive in the Warwickshire village, whenever his steps are turned in :ction, no matter how many doubts are shouted around him.

It certainly is not satisfying, in the childish relic-hunting sense, to visit Stratford. At least the writer of this could never find it so. Nor would it be, if it were possible to label it from *Holy Trinity* to *The Birth-Place* with certificates scientifically attesting every relic, from the ring to the crumbled skeleton possibly lying under that much-rubbed stone in the chancel floor, as deserving of absolute faith. Not Stratford, or any other earthly spot, which was merely the shrivelled husk and transient dwelling-place of a germ of life and ideality, that grew from it, indeed, but left its most interior and peculiar essence elsewhere,—in the minds that recognize it and make it in some degree there own,—can yield that high and intimate satisfaction which an appreciative reader can find at home, in his own house, by the help of a few pages of black type, more powerful then any fabled Abracadabra, to bring him on such a journey as nothing else, short of Goethe's mephistophelian cloak, could so speed him on.

Yet, barring out of consideration the idle and puerile pleasure of the credulous curiosity-hunter there is a kind of satisfaction in visiting Stratford that some tourists will wish always to give themselves. It is as an illustration or a symbol of the underlying philosophy of history that Stratford appeals to them. In this light its position in the annals of English life and literature, will not easily be disturbed. And in this connexion they will continue to feel a certain measure of interest in the careful keeping of the relics of the place. Doubts of the Hathaway cottage or of Irving's chair will not so much affect their concern in modern Stratford as will such a rumor as the following, implying a reprehensible carelessness in the work of restoration which one would be glad to know the truth about from the reverend Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon.

The item is taken from the Birmingham *Daily Post*:—

A SHAKESPEARIAN RELIC IN DANGER.—Great astonishment has been caused by the discovery that in the course of the restoration work that is now going on at the parish church, Stratford-on-Avon, an interesting Shakespearian relic is in imminent danger of being completely destroyed. The memorial tablet recording the deaths of George and Esther Hart, direct descendants of Joan, sister of William Shakespeare, has been removed from its original position on the exterior wall of the north aisle and fixed in the ground near the public footpath, where it serves the purpose of a kerbstone. It is in such a position that any mischievous boys could kick or scrape their feet on it, and the stone is already crumbling to pieces, the figures being entirely obliterated. Unless speedily rescued from its present position the tablet will be irretrievably lost. Joan was the poet's eldest sister. She married a Hart, and the family lived in Shakespeare's birthplace until about ninety years ago. From further investigations made it appears that the stone possesses greater interest than was at first supposed. George Hart was grandson of Joan, the poet's eldest sister,

to whom Shakespeare bequeathed £20., his wearing apparel, and a life interest in the "birthplace" property in Henley Street. George Hart married Esther, daughter of Thomas Lydiate, of Stratford, in 1657. She died in 1696, and her husband in 1702. They had issue seven children. Shakespeare, by his will, left £5. to each of the three sons of his sister Joan, among whom was Thomas, George Hart's father. The stone, therefore, is one of the oldest that was erected in memory of the Hart family. When removed from its original position on the wall the greater part of the date was intact; it has now wholly disappeared, and every day is adding to the mischief. The stone forms a convenient seat for loungers in the churchyard, who amuse themselves by kicking their heels against it. Yesterday several fragments of stone were picked up from around the base.

A letter in the *Times*, August 3rd, from the well-known Shakespearian, Mr. Samuel Timmins, one of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace, referring to the above item, very justly says that if this is correct the appeal of the Vicar of Stratford will lose most of its force.

Mr. Timmins continues:—Many local Shakespearians decline to subscribe except for such reparations as were approved by the Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings in an admirable survey and report some three years ago.

The proposed removal of the galleries and the open benches, which are not yet fifty years old, may be a church matter, but of no Shakespearian interest, while the removal and neglect of monumental tablets demands an earnest protest. One line of the doggerel verse may well be quoted now—

Bleste be ye man yt spares these stones.

The Athenæum of August 7th sounds still another note of alarm on the score of these Restorations. It says that the proposition to rebuild the "vestry." means nothing more nor less than to distribute the ancient charnel house, over which was once a small room. The remains of this, still preserved under ground, ought to be uncovered and protected, instead of being sacrificed to a modern building, and it is to be hoped, since the Vicar of Stratford has appealed to the public for assistance on the ground of its interest in the birthplace of Shakespeare, that he may consider himself engaged to carry on the work under absolute deference to the superior value of the slightest relic whatsoever of implied Shakespearian association.

DEATH OF THE FORMER STRATFORD LIBRARIAN.—Mr. James Gibson, formerly Librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, having resigned his position some months ago on account of ill health, died at Stratford on the tenth of July. His Bibliography of Robert Burns, was published in 1881. He compiled also a book on the *Inscriptions of Tombstones and Monuments Erected in Memory of the Covenanters*.

IN MEMORIAM SHAKESPEARE.—The Memorial Library has received another fine present of books from Sir Theodore Martin. This gentleman takes a very warm interest in the formation of the Library, and it is encouragement of this kind that leads one to believe that before many years elapse the Memorial buildings will fulfil all the objects for which they were erected. In the theatre there is represented, each succeeding April, two or three of Shakespeare's grand creations, one "new" play at least being yearly produced; the picture gallery is furnished with paintings, chiefly illustrating Shakespearian subjects, by artists whose names take high rank; and the Library, as I have said, is likely to become one of the most representative of the poet's works in the kingdom. In Sir Theodore Thomas and Mr. Henry Graves, of London, the Shakespeare Memorial has a couple of friends whose united efforts will render attractive at least two departments of the institution. Their example will, doubtless, inspire others.

—Stratford-upon-Avon *Herald.*

HATHAWAY OR WHATELY.—A. Hall, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, makes the most of an ingenious supposition that Richard Hathaway alias Gardner of Stratford, who died in 1582, may have married a widow named Whately, from Temple Grafton, which would then be Anne Whately's birthplace, and she be entitled to the name Hathaway as step-daughter and half of blood to his own children. This would account for Anne's seniority to the surviving Hathaways and for her exclusion from her step-father's will, and if the Whately family held property in Temple Grafton she would be heir to an interest therein through her mother's right in dower from her own father, and her settlement as Anne Whately, of Temple Grafton, would be authorized. He adds:—

> We must not drop the Hathaway connection because it is known that Fulke Sandells and John Richardson who became sureties under Shakespeare's marriage bond, (November 28th, 1582,) were concerned together in Richard Hathaway's will, that Thomas Whittington, who was shepherd of the Hathaways, kept money deposited in the hands of Mrs. Anne Shakespeare, formerly Hathaway, alias Whately; further, in 1565-6, John Shakespeare appears to have been surety for this R. Hathaway, at which time the infant poet was twenty months old and his future bride about nine years.
>
> Pilgrims, take courage. We know by one safe document that Anne Hathaway became the poet's wife, and by another she may have been named Whately.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Dall, in her book *What We Really Know About Shakespeare*, unsafe guide as she is, in many important respects, in this particular, was one of the first to lead the way towards the conclusion which now seems sure to prevail that Shakespeare's wife was not the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery (see pp. 32 and 163, also p. 183, where she numbers it among the new points she believes she has made).

In commenting upon these Mr. Rolfe said, (in the department

Shakespeariana, Boston *Literary World*, January 23rd, '86, p. 30):

On one at least * * we believe she is right, namely, that Anne Hathaway was probably *not* the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery. To this conclusion we ourselves came some months ago, and in a parlor lecture on *Shakespeare as a Man*, which was read in Hartford, November 18th, '85, we said: It is generally agreed that Anne was the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery, whose will, dated in 1581, makes specific bequests to seven children, Bartholomew, Thomas, John, William, Agnes, Catherine and Margaret, but contains no reference whatever to Anne. As this was a full year before her marriage to William her relations to him cannot have had anything to do with this omission. For myself I find it difficult to get rid of a lurking suspicion that this Richard Hathaway was not Anne's father but some other Hathaway of Shottery. It is curious, however, though no one has noted it before, so far as I am aware, that Fulke Sandells, one of the signers of Anne's marriage bond a year later, was one of the "supervisors" of the will; while the other bondsman, John Richardson, was a witness to the will. But if these persons were intimate friends of one branch of the Hathaway family they may naturally enough have been on equally close terms with another branch. Mr. Rolfe adds that he referred the question to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, who considered it worthy of investigation.

A BISHOP'S BONES.—In a coffin built up in the masonry in the crypt of Winchester Cathedral has been found the skeleton of Edward VII's Lord Privy Seal, "the haughty prelate, Bishop of Exeter," who with Sir Edward Courtney, his younger brother, and "with many more confederates" took up arms at Bosworth against the "bloody dog" of Gloster. [*Richard III;* IV. iv. 502].

KEAN'S PURSE. — In his address at Oxford Mr. Irving spoke of the last days of Edmund Kean, who died without a ten-pound note. A few days after he received a letter from Robert Browning, enclosing the slightly faded green silk purse found in the pocket of the great actor after his death "without a sixpence therein." It was given by Charles Kean to John Forster and by him to the poet. "How can I more worthily place it," writes Mr. Browning, "than in your hands, if they will do me the honor to take it, along with all respect and regard."

Mr. MASSEY'S LECTURES.—Mr. Gerald Massey, well known to Shakespearians as a critic who holds for the abstract and allegorical interpretation of the *Sonnets*, began a series of ten "literary and evolutionary" lectures in St. George's Hall, London, on the 31st of August. The first of these is *On the Man, Shakespeare.*

SHAKESPEARE ON THE CONTINENT IN 1774.—Prof. James D. Butler writes:—*In one of the* best books of Eighteenth Century travel, by

Doctor John Moore,—father of him who fell at Corunna, and was immortalized by Wolfe's lines on his burial,—may be found a stray morsel or two concerning foreign appreciation of Shakespeare. It may be worth noting, as an illustration of how much sooner the great English dramatist was appreciated in Germany than in France that Dr. Moore chronicles the Prussian Crown Prince in Potsdam as "studying Shakespeare (Vol II. p. 251) and having actually read two or three of his plays." The Englishman thought Shakespeare must be all Greek to a foreigner and told the royal student so, and that plainly.

> The Prince said he was aware of all this, yet he was determined to struggle hard for some acquaintance with an author so much admired by the English nation; that though he should never be able to taste all his excellences, he was convinced he should understand enough to recompense him for his trouble; that he had already studied some detatched parts which he thought superior to anything he had ever met with in the works of any other poet.

This conversation, let it be noted, took place when A. W. Schlegel, who is thought to have made the first apocalypse of Shakespeare's true inwardness to Germany, if not to the world, was not yet seven years old. It was only a score of years after Diderot, ranking among the chief of French critics, pronounced Shakespeare an "admirable monster full of barbarous absurdities with not the least spark of good taste. In him nature was pleased to combine all we can imagine of strong and great with whatever is most mean and detestable in clownishness devoid of all wit."

SHAKESPEARE ON BASE BALL.—Some one has collated the following references to base-ball in Shakespeare: "The nine worthies." "Pardon me if I speak like a Captain." "Will make him fly an ordinary pitch." "No doubt but that he hath got a quiet pitch." "I'll have an action of battery against him." "Masking the business from the common eye." "Kind umpire of men's miseries." "Must have a stop." "Had no other books but the score and the tally." "As swift in motion as a ball." "A hit, a very palpable hit." "It was a black, ill-favored fly." "For nothing can seem foul to those that win." "Our play is preferred." "The base is right." "'Tis time we twain did show ourselves in the field." "Taste your legs; put them in motion." "He that runs fastest gets the ring." "Would I were gently put out of office before I were forced out."

DR. C. M. INGLEBY—DIED 26TH SEPT.

I have just learned from Mr. Timmins of the death of Dr. Ingleby.

The news comes with a shock. Although we all knew that for the last year or two his health was infirm, we none of us supposed that he was lying in a desperate bed, or that the end was drawing near thus swiftly.

The leaves of his *Cymbeline* still wear their newest gloss, and the commendatory notes of welcome to it from literary journals have not yet ceased.

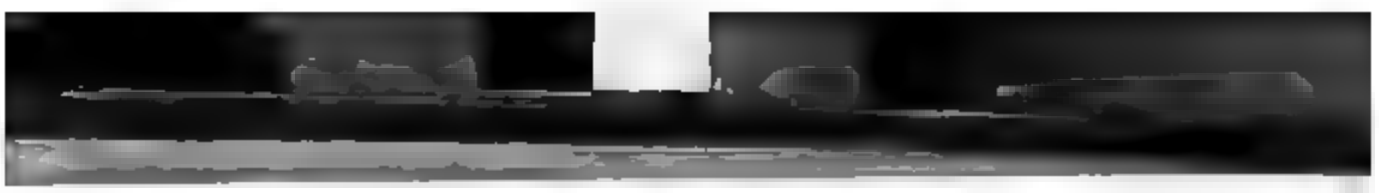
The loss to Shakespearian criticism is great. Dr. Ingleby's retentive memory gave him ready control of the learning gathered from extensive reading, while his habits of precise logical expression aided and subdued his poetic fancy. To an unusual degree he was a many sided man—an excellent musician, and eminent in Metaphysics and in Mathematics. I well remember the cordial admiration with which one of the most celebrated Mathematicians of our day, spoke of a solution by Dr. Ingleby of a problem that had proved to all others too intrinsecate to unloose.

But these qualities and achievements lie outside of the province in which we all followed and admired him. The principles of criticism enunciated in his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics* cannot be too closely laid to heart by all students; and by his *Centurie of Prayse* he has earned the gratitude of all lovers of Shakespeare, at home and abroad, for many a long year to come. Never was there a man more ready than he to give of his best to all who applied to him for literary aid and comfort.

Deep and broad is, and will remain, this gap in our great feast.

H. H. F.

12th October, 1886.



SHAKESPEARE IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

In the empire of Literature, Shakespeare rules alone. No other poet has so quickened the human mind. No classics are worthier than his to be permanent text books in our literary institutions. None ministers such varied development to all the mental powers.

Let us first consider Shakespeare as a school-reading book for advanced classes. Reading is a fine art, but if it do not voice the *soul*, it is a mere mechanical art. No force of will, no painstaking can raise it above that level. A clear, flexible, musical voice, distinct articulation, pauses nicely adjusted and skilful inflexions may make one a perfect *mechanical* reader, but is such vocalizing good reading? What is it, but a mill so grinding its grist of words as to crush out the soul in them, leaving their corpses laid out upon the lips of the elocutionary undertaker. There can be no good reading, of that, in which the reader takes no vital interest, and other things being equal, the deeper the interest the better the reading. If the words read are the reader's pulses, if in his tones you feel his heart beat, your's will throb too.

A keen relish of the subject matter read, its pithiness, wit, rythm, beauty and force, is indispensible to all really fine reading. By a month's practice in such reading, one would improve incomparably more than plodding a life time through worlds of words that touch not this life.

Shakespeare as a reading book in schools would, under a competent teacher, excite in the pupil a vivid interest, and hold it unflagging to the end. No other bears so triumphantly the test of the recitation room. Other books grow dull upon re-reading, and frequently intolerable, if often read. Shakespeare never tires, and if the pupil be appreciative, his zest increases at each reading.

Finally, no other book furnishes such ample means for vocal culture, nor such incentives and aids to natural and impressive reading.

II. Advantages of Shakespeare as a study.

First. It is our best model of idiomatic English, the staunchest bulwark of our grand old Saxon, beating back the floods that threaten to whelm it.

Nothing would so withstand the rush into our language of vapid,

foreign dilutions, as a baptism into Shakespeare's terse, crisp, sinewy Saxon.

Second. While the study of Shakespeare keeps thought hard pushed, its difficulties attract and stimulate rather than dishearten.

Though often taxing the powers of the pupil, yet such is the interest excited that each knotty point proves a magnet to draw out his best thinking, and a premium to pay him for it.

Third. Of all writers, Shakespeare affords the largest scope for the analysis of language as an instrument of thought.

If language were a mere vehicle of ideas, then in using it, the chief mental exercise would be in selecting words to express them, but it is hardly less necessary to thinking than to utterance. If we do not think in words, we do not think *with* them.

What mental process can be carried on without them? How vast then the force of language, as an educator of mental power. Words are intellectual developers. They generate ideas, make them fast, —fixtures in the mind, and hold it still to contemplate and thus multiply them. Our conceptions, our logical processes, even our abstractions, give birth to ideas, only when shaped in the mould of words. Since words then, are both the symbols and inspirers of thought, inciting as well as transmitting it, the more vividly they express it, the more powerfully do they stimulate it. Such words so used are thought generators, their function is creative.

Shakespeare being pre-eminent, not only as a master of thought, but as a word master, a system of education that ignores the study of his language as a mental discipline fails in a vital point.

Fourth. The study of Shakespeare not only quickens the pupil's thinking powers, but trains him to the use of apt and telling words.

In action upon matter, two things combine in every proper instrument ; substance and form, or a fit material and a fit shape. Dough in the shape of an axe, and steel without shape are but dough and steel, the axe is wanting. So in mind as wrought out in language, the same things combine, substance and form, thought and speech. Thought without expression is life unborn, expression without thought is a birth still-born. Thought ill expressed is a born monster. Fit words not less than fitly *spoken* are apples of gold. What hands, assigned to dress and keep throughout the ages the gardens of literature, have caused to grow in them, such and so many golden apples, as those of Shakespeare. Who that has regaled his sight and taste with fruits and flowers such as his, can turn from them to those tepid dilutions, thinnest platitudes, tawdry fineries, daubed with prismatic streaks and strung with tinsel to tinkle and dazzle—those grandiloquent mouthings, misty ambiguities and mawkish sentimentalities, which, tricked out in a motley patch work ablaze with pyrotechnics, flaunt their gewgaws in our sensational literature.

Such is the marvellous mosaic of his words that each word, attracted to

the thought it reveals, seems to have dropped by gravitation into its own place. Let him who doubts this take a page of Shakespeare's and substitute for any of its words better ones of his own if he can.

The study of such works tends to form a correct taste, habits of critical analysis, a terse, vivid and graceful style, and that keen discrimination which separates the dross or strained fancies, pragmatic conceits and tinseled word painting, from the beaten gold of a sterling literature.

Fifth. Being works of transcendent imagery their appeal is incessant to the imagination, and, as every faculty plied by its appropriate stimulant gains vigor thereby, the imagination of the student, thus under the tuition of the greatest of masters must be hopelessly stolid not to profit by such training.

Besides, the relation of the imagination to the other faculties is such that their scope, grasp, hardy growth, their symmetry, poise, and point are greatly determined by the force and range of its conceptive power, which becomes thus pre-eminently their educator, beckoning them out and up,—their watchword and talisman, their badge, beacon and banner. No power of the mind performs for it so high a service as this. When wisely developed it is the standard bearer for them all. It alone buoys us from our low actuals, toward a higher possible. It comes to us where we are, points us to where we should be, and lifts and lures us along the way. Without it we should have neither ideals, nor standards of excellence in art, science, literature, or moral attainment. It is the patron of all progress, hovering over and moving before us, our pillar of cloud, our pillar of fire, uplifted ever, and spanning our vision with its bow of promise and of hope. Without it life would slug itself away stifled in the miasms of its own stagnation,

Such being the special function of the imagination, its training and general culture become of vast moment in education.

What can minister to the pupils' powers of conception such training and discipline as the study of Shakespeare under a direction instinct with his spirit and roundly in earnest. But the works of Shakespeare are not merely those of the imagination, he was was pre-eminently a thinker. Thoughts the deepest, keenest, wittiest, the most far-reaching and myriad-phrased glow on every page.

He is the greatest of dramatists, and poets, the greatest of wits, humorists and literary artists, the most profound in his æsthetic intuitions, the most original and subtile of mental analysts—*too* profound, as well as too simple and true, to parade the machinery of philosophy, or be lavish of its technics; so acute as a metaphysician that the delicacy of his dissections, sometimes escapes the scrutiny of his ablest commentators, baffling the skill of even Pope, Arbuthnot, and Dr. Johnson. May I not add to this that Shakespeare was also the wisest of sages. Does he not give us more lessons of practical wisdom and fraught with deeper meaning in the conduct of life, than ever fell

from any lips save his of whom astonished crowds declared "Never man spake like this man." Shunning the formalities of scholastic logic, its elaborate methods and techincs, he yet inwrought its very gist through his works,—not logic as an art with its routine and formulæ, but those principles which an analysis of the art reveals. None of its terms are in his nomenclature, but the laws of thought that underlie them are presupposed throughout.

Sixth. Another advantage of the study of Shakespeare is the culture of the dramatic element. This is a universal power. Why not give it its due? We have special appliances for training the other powers—why not give this, too, its due. If undeveloped; the other powers suffer. Its special function seems to be, to act, not only as a sort of universal mental lubricant, but to minister vividness, piquancy, compass, conceptive force, and general momentum to all the powers. Its development gives self-poise, quickens perception, memory, imaginative, taste, and intuition, gives keener appreciation of beauty, strength and grace, and to volition a firmer grasp and wider sway.

To exercise this power seems a kind of instinctive mental necessity. No intellectual element has more persistently asserted itself through all time; and of all way-marks with which civilization has spaced off its progress, none have been projected into higher relief than the dramatic. Through phases of manifestation endlessly diversified, its exercise has formed in all nations the most attractive of diversions. True, it has thus often been in bad company, and put to evil uses, and thus come to be associated with the lax morals of theatres in their perlieus.

But does the abuse of a thing forbid its use? Is it not rather a plea all the stronger for its *right* use? What good things are not abused, and the best the most? Shall all good things be ruled out, because they *only* can be abused? Shall we deny education to the dramatic power because the theatre is its special sphere?

Far more plausibly might the scouter of all Christian churches put under his ban the dramatic element, because formerly its almost exclusive public exercise was in the service of the church, its houses of worship being thrown open for its representation, and presided over throughout Christendom by bishops and the clergy.

Accustomed to associate the exercise of this power with the theatre alone, we are apt to overlook the vastly wider scope and relations of the dramatic element in mind. To illustrate this, I refer you to the fact that the teachings of Jesus Christ, the very essence of practical Christianity are an appeal to the dramatic element in mind. How am I to determine my duty to my neighbor? I am to *put myself in his place*, to make his case my own, I am to be to *myself* the representative of his rights, interests, and well-being. In a word, I am in the highest sense to impersonate him, at the bar of my own conscience, *just as in any other case* of personation, I do in my conception assume

the personality of another, and so regarding *myself* as *himself*, I am to judge the case accordingly, and thus determine what is his due from me. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." These are the dramatics of Christianity.

The universality of the dramatic instinct, and the strong tendency to act it out are seen in earliest childhood. Children almost as soon as they can totter, begin to go out of themselves. The boy turns into a dog and bow-wows—a cock, he flaps his wings and crows—a cow, he fetches a long drawn moo—a horse broke loose, he curvets, prances and kicks fearfully among his nursery blocks—a big bull, he waxes dangerous as he bellows and paws the carpet—a locomotive, he blows his steam whistle and dashes round the nursery with puffs and yells spasmodic, or taming down, sticks a feather in his cap and struts a soldier. The girl chirps and sings, a birdie, a dove, she coos—a lamb, she bleats—or a loving mother, she lullabies her sick baby doll as she rocks it to sleep. What mother upon answering tiny raps at her nursery door, has not seen entering there distinguished guests?—the teacher, the doctor, the squire, the minister, or their wives—next come world-wide travelers, and authors known to fame, gravely sifted in with peddlers, beggars, and gypsies, and with pomp and circumstance, Generals, Governors, Presidents, Kings and Queens, the Sultan, the Pope, the Grand Lama and the Great Mogul.

How much both of the happiness and development of childhood, thus wells up in spontaneous out-flow from the dramatic element. In this the child is but the father of the man. True, far less of it is seen in adults, the hard facts of the real strike down the ideal, while fashion, conventionality, fictitious standards, the general artificiality of society, tend to stifle that with every other spontaneity. In proportion as we identify ourselves with others we are all dramatic. Thus, entering into sympathy with their situations and states, we reproduce them in ourselves. In our tones, attitudes, gestures, and expressions of countenance, we unconsciously look, act, and seem like them.

Though the term *dramatic faculty* means the power by which one personates others, yet when analyzed, we find it identical with that by which we express our own thoughts and emotions. We are all when natural, and thoroughly in earnest, dramatic. One can personate others only so far, as he by his conception, passes into their life, making their sentiments and emotions, as well as their words his own, and, as such, expressing them. Thus, whether expressing in natural action one's own thoughts and feelings, or those excited by his conception of others, the relation of thought and feeling to action, is, in both the same. Consequently, every outacting of one's own mental states, becomes when natural and in earnest, dramatic. But besides this, the development of the dramatic faculty is invaluable, as an intellectual discipline. The process is itself an educator. It trains to

high force the power of conception, inasmuch as the personation of a character, necessitates its vivid conception. It also shapes and kindles distinct ideals, gives acuteness and zest to the literary appreciation, brings attention to a focus till it burns there, thus giving special vigor to that without which, mind has no power worthily to achieve. Finally, it trains the mind to such self-adjustment, that it can hold itself still, while the will compels all the powers to combine in representing its conception of the character assumed.

Besides this general educational force, it tends to break the slavery of a special class of pupils, embracing often the finest organizations. In this class are natures keenly sensitive—those lacking self-esteem—the timid—the morbidly self-conscious—the self-distrustful—those who intensely crave approbation, and wither under disparaging comment. Pupils with these peculiarities underrate their powers. In measuring themselves they judge from false data. Their intense sensitiveness stifles manifestation. Thus they can neither show nor know their own strength. Their light is within ground glass, and they judge of it by the few rays that struggle through. The manifestations of mind made by their schoolmates, they compare with their own, not considering that *they cannot show* what they have, their powers having to force a passage through non-conductors, which stop half of them, and so hard beset the rest, that they come out warped and battered; consequently such natures shrivel under a false sense of inferiority. This morbid sensitiveness, with the aversion to class exercises that it begets, this disheartening sense of inferiority, with the other disturbing forces in its train, not only makes the pupils miserable, but keeps half his powers dormant, and fetters the rest.

Though such cases abound in both sexes, yet far the larger num- of them are girls; multitudes of these writhe through their school-days, the impaled victims of a morbid self-consciousness, and diffidence, that make every movement and expression, artificial and distorted, a stifling constraint, half-paralyzing thought, utterance, and action, intensifying self-distrust, and mortification, and thus perpetuating a misery self-inflicted and intolerable. Such cases demand a special process to call out self-assertion, and to make it a habit.

Till this be done the successful development of the mind is impossible. While such a palsy sits upon the powers they cannot act. To set them free is the first thing. If you demand speed, strike off fetters, if you want ready speech—away with gags, clear vision—unbandage the eyes.

I have dwelt the longer upon these cases because they are so common, so afflictive to the subject, such a bar to development, and because, especially in the case of girls, our schools provide no adequate remedy. Each case must be prescribed for according to its own symptoms. The end to be reached in all is the same, to put the pupil into her own custody, to develop self-poise and self-sway. To

state in detail the means to this end is aside from my present purpose. I will only add that I have found the persistent exercise of the dramatic element in such persons, vastly more effectual, and that too, in a far shorter time, than in the use of all other means combined. The teacher must of course begin his process in private, and continue it until the pupil acquires sufficient confidence to bear the presence of others. These morbidly sensitive pupils always think that they lack utterly dramatic power, whereas, they usually possess it in a rare degree. Consequently, when this is developed it gives self-confidence in other respects, substitutes freedom for fetters, tells favorably upon all their studies and elevates their intellectual tone.

In selecting pieces for recitation and assigning parts in dramatic scenes, the teacher can provide in other ways for the needs of his pupils. Such selections being left to the pupils themselves, they choose what they can speak and act most easily, thus, instead of those elements being called out which most need development, those may be stimulated, which are already so prominent as to disturb the balance of mind and character. Thus instead of restoring an equilibrium already jostled, they jostle it all the more. The true educator will ask, not who will act this part *best*, but who most needs its stimulation. With him, dramatic exercises are not an exhibition to show off his scholars, but a discipline to develop them, a process consecrated to their symmetrical unfolding. He will study the peculiarities of each, and prescribe accordingly. Thus to excessive timidity he will assign characters full of self assertion—to chronic gravity, mirth: in a word, he will prescribe for each undesirable habit, its special corrective, and generally for whatever is defective, or redundant, the personation of those opposite traits which antagonize each.

In thus urging the claims of development of the dramatic power, I advocate no novelty, I do but ask that our system of education be made self-consistent. All our schools provide dramatic training in one respect. What is taught in a reading lesson? Is it merely to speak plain, and mind the stops? Many a parrot is taught to do that. Must the pupil stop where the parrot stops? Such reading is the mere saying off of words.

To teach reading is to train the pupil to express meaning, to voice in varying tones the shifting shades of the author's thought and feeling. This expression in tones of the ideas and emotions of the writer is dramatic action, none the less dramatic because only vocal action. Those dramatics are professedly taught in every school-house in New England.

All teachers *assume* to develop the dramatic element in vocal expression. Let us then be self-consistent. Why develop the dramatics of sound and leave out those of sight. Why teach the pupil to reproduce the author's conception to the ear, and not to the eye? In the former, he has a daily drill for years, in the latter not a lesson.

Why not? What we see stirs us more than what we hear. It sinks deeper, stays longer and, and suggests more. While voice reveals thought and feeling in sound alone,—posture, attitude, gesture, manifold action, with expressions of face and feature diversified in countless phases, reveal them in lines, shapes, figures, hues and pictures, in lights and shades vastly more multiform. As thought and feeling reveal in voice their own sounds, so in gesture, posture and attitude they reveal their own shapes.

Why should these last be all ignored in our system, while the former are strictly enjoined? "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." *He* has so blended mind with body, that earnest thought and feeling express themselves, not only by the tongue, but by the entire person. The eye speaks as well as the tongue and better too; clearer, louder, softer, more ravishing, awe inspiring and sublime. What fore-ground, play-ground and battle-ground, has the mind like that of the human face? Let one's soul be but kindled, and how light breaks, and fires flash from the dilated form. Then posture, gesture, presence, the head, the hand, the planted foot, the bearing, the whole person become mind visible, at once its glowing focus, and its flaming radiator.

I advocate then an adequate provision in our higher schools for the due education of the dramatic as well as the other powers of the pupils.

I advocate its development, not merely as a relaxation to relieve the monotony of study, and give zest to the intervals of sterner work, nor as a graceful accomplishment, giving ease, elegance, and dignity to manners—nor yet as an innocent and beautiful amusement, adding to the attractions of home, though in each of these respects it does invaluable service; nor do I advocate it for ostentatious display on days of, so called, public exhibition, but I plead for it as a most salutary,greatly needed, and almost utterly neglected mental discipline and culture. This neglect is the greater marvel because the dramatic art is initiatory to all art—the natural pioneer to each.

Seventh. Again, the study of Shakespeare stimulates general mental activity, luring almost constraining the pupil into habits of vigorous thought. The tendency of the pupil to slug and drone, is to the earnest teacher his "gorgon dire," seeming sometimes a very demoniacal possession, defying exorcism. If the demon be not deaf, dumb, blind, and besotted, as well as dead asleep, Shakespeare taught as he should be. could hardly fail to cast the monster out.

His page is ever astir and aglow--thought quivers and flashes—pulses throb, and life leaps along the lines. Thoroughly plied with such forces, and inspirited by a skillful teacher, the pupils mind must be a marvel of matter, if not inspired to mental activity.

Eighth. Further, I advocate the study of Shakespeare in our higher schools because nothing in our literature so tends to beget in youth an *earnest* love of nature. In the good time coming to education, that

vast developing force, the love of nature, will at last receive its due as an educator of mind.

More than all other books, Shakespeare deals with *universal* nature, animate, and inanimate, material, mental, social, and moral, without and within. Oceans, and rills, worlds, and molecules, and all between. Mind infinite, and infinitesimal; life vegetable, and animal, with its aspects, modes, acting forces and effects, thoughts, affections, passions, motives and relations, shapes, hues, uses, and stages of growth and ecay: these and a myriad beside form each a thread in the tissue of Shakespeare's universal net work.

It is the testimony of two and a half centuries that no human productions have so variously expressed the inmost and utmost of nature, physical and mental, as those of Shakespeare. Five words of the inscription upon his monument, in the Church of Stratford-on-Avon proclaim this profound appreciation,—

Shakespeare with whom quick nature died.

While he yet lived the wise estimate in which his works were held by his own generation were thus chronicled. "They serve for the most common commentaries upon all the actions of our lives." Pope says of him, Shakespeare is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature, and it is not so just to say, that he speaks *for* her as that she speaks through him.

Nature was in the order of time the first divine lesson to man, and the vast instrumentalities of inspiration, providence, and spiritual ministry have been superadded, yet all are lessons assigned by the same infinite teacher, the later not superseding, but amplifying and enforcing that original lesson.

The blessings that are always with us we most undervalue. Such await our birth, ply every grade of our growth, throng in through the senses, throb in every pulse, flash in every ray, ring in all tones, float in every odor, and savor, live in every thought, feeling, volition, and physical action, ever acting without us and upon us at each moment of our lives, and peopling even the vagaries of our dreams. These myriad influences do so seem parts of ourselves, that we see not what they are, life long educational forces, each a lesson and a teacher, sent to us on a divine mission.

These stimulants, acting through our external senses and our internal consciousness, are pulsations from the heart of universal nature, from the constitution and laws of things and of mind. This universal nature is a revalation of God's will to man upon the subject of education. To each individual he has delivered a copy. Let him con it well. This unwritten revelation, is in two testaments. One is born in every man—the faculties of his own being, the other lies all around him through his senses.

Why is this revelation in nature so radiant with glory? Why is it traced all over with lines of beauty and no other lines? Why but to attract mind to its contemplation, and thus illumine, dilate and develop it throughout! Has God made every tittle of nature a magnet to attract mind only to amuse it? drawing it to itself to give it nothing for coming there?

Nature is not a mere store-house of things, events, facts, entities, masses, atoms, and isolations, but an exhaustless fountain of principles, laws, causes and effects, fixed relations, affinities, combined elements, balanced forces, means and ends, processes, necessities and motives, and thus an infinite magazine of susceptibilities and powers, each a stimulus inciting the mind to clothe itself with beauty and strength.

Well doth it become us then, reverently to uncover in the presence-chamber of nature the earliest, divinely commissioned educator of man, the only one that begins to teach him at his birth, and provides that every moment shall bear to him a new lesson on its wings. In recounting the intellectual characteristics of the Bible, one of the most marked rarely receives its due. I mean its recognition every where of the fact that nature is a universal educator.

There is in our literature, but one book besides, that thus teems throughout with nature, and that is Shakespeare. Many other writers move us with her melodies, some with her grand harmonies, but Shakespeare alone sweeps the diapason of all nature's symphonies besides. In others, nature glows in the beauty of her leaf, bud and blossom, but in Shakespeare only, in all the wealth and glory of her golden fruitage too. Other writers represent nature while she sits passive, as her picture is sketched. In Shakespeare she paints her own portrait full-length, using his hand to hold her pencil, and guiding it with her own. Thus in Shakespeare we find the original of nature, in others but copies, often faint-lined. On every page of Shakespeare we find nature herself at home; not her proxy, her effigy, shadow, nor echo; not her attorney, consignee, nor man of all work; not even her minister plenopotentiary, nor premier, but her own very self, in her own dress, with her simple looks, artless ways and all unconscious air. There in free disport, all quick with life, she basks at full length in her own sunshine, ever humming her fancies as they come and go, now in frolic, now in battle, musing now, and now in tears, in ecstasy, in prayer, all in her own sweet way, and saying and doing all, only because she cannot help it, if she would, and would not help it if she could.

All honor to those educators who give high prominence to the *sciences* of nature in our schools; but shall we restrict our pupils to the study of nature's mere *scientific* ics, and ologies stiff with scholastic formulas? While doing all that we are doing in physics, (and *much* more may we do,) yet, let us never ignore the fact, that outside

of these sciences of nature, lives vast nature herself, all aglow, above, beneath, around and within us,—its great heart beat stirring our pulses too, thrilling us with its vitalities till we grow plastic in their warmth, absorb their forces, and thus dilate into a larger development, and rise into higher life. This Nature illumines every page of Shakespeare, her representative, pupil and child, speaking in her own vernacular, trained by herself and commissioned by her to train others. Let Shakespeare have conferred upon him the freedom of her schools and right royally will he execute his high commission.

The last consideration that I urge, is that Shakespeare's works are in themselves an epitome and a summary of universal literature wrought out in endless forms of philosophic structure, and æsthetic texture, in felicities of thought and style, regrouping and refining the shapeliest features of other writers. What characteristic of universal literature is not sublimated in Shakespeare?

Intuition, invention, acuteness, grasp, philosophic depth, subtile wit, and humor, the loftiest creations with the lowliest simplicities, all varieties of verse in faultless rythm, of prose in tersest form and fittest words, highest utilities of practical wisdom, with profoundest moral inculcations, adorned with all felicities of diction, welling ever from unsounded depths,—in a word, beauties and sublimities in endless novelties of form, lavished with unconscious prodigality, and yet adjusted with a marvellous nicety of taste and skill, spring spontaneous in his pages.

Our text books in English literature contain biographical sketches of hundreds of authors with brief extracts from their works. Such books furnish details not easily accessible elsewhere. They are convenient collections of literary statistics, relieved by quotations characteristic of the writers. But what means do such fragmentary scraps afford for the literary education of pupils, enabling them to discrimate and combine the elements of literature, grasp its scope, master its analysis and form a critical taste that shall be its touchstone, separating its gold from all alloy? Such scrap-books do, in this respect, mock the pupils' real need. Apart from the biographical notices, they constitute a sort of literary confection made up of all sorts of ingredients, and often like other confections, neither easy of digestion, nor convertible into aliment. Such collections afford no adequate means for literary training. When the pupils in our advanced classes are, under a wise supervision, put to the study and critical analysis of Shakespeare, there will then be taught in our schools, not only an English literature, but all that is fundamental in Universal Literature, not its mere outline, but its essential self, with whatever is vital in æsthetic philosophic detail.

And now to sum up in a word, let me say that, regarding Shakespeare, as without a peer not only as a poet, but as a thinker, a philosopher, a moralist, a metaphysician, a logician,—though without the

mechanism of logic,—as the most acute and profound mental analyst, that ever threaded the mazes of human nature, I look upon the critical study and analysis of his works as indispensable to the completeness of a liberal culture. I regard it not mainly as a discipline, unfolding the æsthetic elements, but quickening and giving momentum to the whole mind, a general educational force, a normal stimulant to all the faculties, rousing the inert, developing the latent and giving symmetry and equipoise to the whole.

This is not theoretic abstraction, but historic detail, embodying the results of many years in classes of both sexes, under a supervision inspired by these convictions. In conclusion, I notice a grave objection to the study of Shakespeare, which is, that his dramas abound in such representations of vice as tend to corrupt the mind.

Shakespeare's dramas present multiform phases of human nature. They teem with good and very good, bad and very bad, men and women. The good speak their own vernacular, the bad theirs. Truth and falsehood, fidelity and treachery, love and hatred, revenge and forgiveness, blessing and cursing, innocence and guilt, are all there in high relief. On the one hand, Christian meekness, humility, and repentance, compassion and the rendering of good for evil; on the other, bloated pride and self-will, envyings, jealousies and hypocricies, malignity and diabolic rage. We have already noticed a marked resemblance between Shakespeare and the Bible in their peculiar modes of presenting thought. We have here another in the impartial presentation of the differences in moral character. In that respect the method of Shakespeare is exactly the method of the Bible, with this exception, that only the good of Shakespeare's best characters appears. In the Bible the falsehoods, impurities, injustice and other sins and shames into which the good sometimes fall, are, with stern impartiality told in detail.

There is another striking similarity between the methods of Shakespeare and those of the Bible. The latter records crimes, sometimes describes them in detail, yet it not only never *gilds* them, but it unmasks their ugliness, and so encases them in a dark setting of circumstances and consequences that their grim features disgust and repel. This Bible method is also the method of Shakespeare. He draws in minute detail Iago, Goneril, Regan, Edmund, Claudius, Shylock, Queen Margaret, Macbeth, and Richard III, monsters all, but who is attracted to their diabolisms by his description? Nay, who does not the rather recoil from them all the more, for the graphic hideousness with which he stamps them.

A word with regard to the alleged indecencies of Shakespeare's dramas. The words decency and indecency, are not for the most part, absolute in their meaning, but comparative, not intrinsic but relative, not invariable, but incessantly shifting with phases of civili*zation*, grades of development and the progress of refinement, with

[illegible] throughout Christendom, yet,
[illegible] common feeling of fitness, modesty
[illegible] recommended eschewed, *at this and there* an
[illegible] intrinsic, but relatively such. Thus numbers
[illegible] phrases in our language, once universally used in refined
[illegible] or in sermons on the gravest occasions, are now regarded
[illegible] and are used only by persons utterly gross in all their
[illegible] and tendencies. Words expressing such ideas are a necessity,
[illegible] language, but when in the advance of society they become
[illegible] with associations specially repulsive, they thus become inde-
[illegible] and give place to synonyms that are not so, though representing
[illegible] ideas. The very *gist* of all indecency is, as a general rule,
[illegible] of conscious violence to that sense of moral fitness, which
[illegible] has made its standard. Some of the best books in our older
[illegible] contain expressions, not at all indecorous when they were
[illegible], but if used now by the *North American Review*, the *Atlan-*
[illegible] *Harper's Monthly*, would sentence them to instant death "with-
[illegible] benefit of clergy." In some of the most advanced of our old
[illegible] classics, are passages and descriptions, which, were I to read
[illegible] now as apt illustrations of the topic under discussion, you
[illegible] justly regard it as an indignity to be resented, and my address
[illegible] to be abated on the spot. Milton's *Paradise Lost*,
[illegible] book in most of our higher schools. Shall that, the
[illegible] poem since Job, be ruled out of them for alleged indecen-
[illegible] And yet, when under reading in the school room, what teacher
[illegible] quietly arrange to have certain passages passed without being
[illegible] the class." Who would dislodge from the household shelf,
[illegible] family Bible, because it contains details, which in selections
[illegible] to an audience would be quietly passed over.

[illegible] the same principle of discretionary selection and omission,
[illegible]'s Family Shakespeare was long since compiled. Near
[illegible] years ago, Prof. Hows of Columbia College, New York City,
[illegible] his *Shakespearian Reader* as a school text book, and ten
[illegible] since his *Historical Shakespeare*. More recently Rev. Henry
[illegible] of Boston has published his *School Shakespeare*, an
[illegible] text book for advanced classes.*

[illegible] surely no small marvel that it should be charged against the
[illegible] of Shakespeare that they allure youth to disparage virtue and
[illegible] immoral lives. They never deck pollution with the robe of
[illegible] call evil good; nor smooth the brow, nor the pathway of
[illegible] nor strew with flowers the road to crime.

[illegible] in his immortal *Paradise Lost*, fills pages with impious

[illegible] more recently Mr. W. J. Rolfe, A.M., and the Clarendon Press
[illegible] their carefully and judiciously expurgated editions.

vaunts, glozing lies, and profane scoffings, but they are the swaggerings, hypocrisies, maliginities and blasphemies of Devils. Who would be allured to lies, hates, and impieties by such examples? So Shakespeare prints wih graphic vividness his human Satans, Beelzebubs, Belials, and Molochs, but he compels each to show his cloven foot, and flaunt his own devilish livery. If Milton's Satan plot to steal the robes of Michael or Gabriel, he is sure to be caught in the act and stripped, naked, and gnashing, under the lash of scorn.

No works not professedly religious, are so rife with moral sentiments as those of Shakespeare. They infect with no moral taint the pure, nor lead the innocent to tolerate the atmosphere of guilt. Gentleness, and human sympathy, love and justice meet, embrace and blend.

The religious literature of Christendom furnishes no statement of the law of love, the golden rule, and the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, more terse, comprehensive and radiant with beauty than scores of passages in the works of Shakespeare. I close with one of them, selecting it, not because it is the most striking, but because it is seldom quoted. It is in the speech of the Duke to Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, I, i, 30.

> Thyself and thy belongings
> Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
> Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
> Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues, nor nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence,
> But like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor,
> Both thanks and use.

THEODORE D. WELD.

QUEEN GERTRUDE.

Amid the mystery and the interest that encircle the main figures of the tragedy of Hamlet, the minor characters are often lost to view. And none of these is more often effaced or more unfortunately than the unhappy Queen. After Hamlet's denunciations of her in his first soliloquy, she is regarded as a wicked, wanton creature fit only to typify the frailty of woman, the fickleness and depravity of gross natures, and, like the thief who, predisposed to fear, saw an officer in every bush, the ordinary reader is inclined to interpret all the remaining evidence concerning her in the light of this first impression.

As the distinguished Ghost had not yet laid the withering tale before young Hamlet, it must be remembered that the sole ground for all this bitter raving was comprehended in her too hasty marriage with his uncle.

But the fact unwelcome as it is, is constantly made manifest, that in the shifting phases of human society, fickleness has not been held as an unpardonable sin in man or woman, much less in King or Queen whose royal nuptials are too often at the mercy of fate, circumstance and state policy.

Hence when the pathos and passion of the mastering language here brought to bear on this offence, is allowed for and considered, need it follow that an unqualified sentence be passed upon the Queen. Be that as it may however, her guilt or innocence turn not upon her hasty marriage but upon her knowledge or her ignorance of her husband's murder.

What does the story teach on this vital point?

Something of what the answer shall be to this question depends upon the copy of Shakespeare appealed to.

The critics agree that in the first copy of the play the queen's innocence of this atrocious act is explicitly stated.

Now in the later copies did Shakespeare intend to reverse that position, or are his interpreters doing it for him?

It is significant to consider that the main accusation against the queen comes from the Ghost to Hamlet, and, is of such a character that though it might signify an unlawful yielding of her affections to

Claudius before the death of the king, it gives no testimony to her knowledge of his murder. In fact, amid the outpouring of his vengeful wrongs, by which he sought to harrow up the soul and freeze the young blood of his son two-fold bereft, there comes a touch of tender remembrance—perhaps as "sorrow's crown of sorrow," and his heart cries out in solicitous injunction:—

> But howsoever thou pursuest this act
> Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven:
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
> To prick and sting her.—
>
> I, v, 84.

And there gives utterance to the exquisite lines which Knight says, "are full of the poetry of external nature, and of the depths of human affections as if the spirit that had for so short a time been cut off from life, to know the secrets of the 'prison-house' still clung to the earthly remembrance of the beautiful and the tender that even a spirit might indulge."

> The glow-worm shows the matin to be near.
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
> Adieu, adieu, Hamlet! remember me."

How well the dutiful son fulfilled the inexorable command thus laid upon him we may discover in following the progress of the drama.

In the presence of the players, he "interpreted the language of the acted queen into wormwood for his mother;" and later, when availing ourselves of the privilege taken by Polonius, we witness the interview in his mother's chamber, we find him so far exceeding his prerogative as to make necessary another visitation from the "being majestic" who comes to* "dissuade him from the persecution of his mother which he had previously forbidden, and to admonish him again to that vengance on the *murderer* which he had so imperatively commanded."

We know not when Hamlet's words "enter into his mother's ears like daggers," how the "thorns, that in her bosom lodge, prick and sting her"—but we do realize her torture in the mother's cry—

> O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain!
>
> III, iv, 156.

"In the play as we now have it, Shakespeare has left it doubtful whether the queen was accessory to the murder of her husband, but in this scene in the first copy (1603) she says:

> But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,
> I *never knew* of this most horrid murder.

* Gervinus.

"And Hamlet says—

> And, mother, but assist me in revenge,
> And in his death your infamy shall die.

"The queen upon this protests—

> I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
> What stratagem so'er thou shalt devise.

"In the amended copy, the queen merely says—

> Be thou assured, if words be made of breath.
> And breath of life I have no life to breathe that thou hast said to me."*
>
> III, iv, 197.

We watch her from this time with increasing interest, surrounded as she is, and completely hedged, by the cunning villainy of Claudius.

Alone she stands but ever watchful of Hamlet, who, either because of reason dethroned or "encumbered by this dire revenge," is swayed by his irregular impulses beyond companionship, and through the perfidy of her husband is hurried out of her sight.

At length, when she is robbed of the attendance and devoted love of that guileless "unmothered girl" she had hoped to see the bride of her son, she is constrained to say—

> One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
> So fast they follow.
>
> IV, vii, 164.

Even her most adverse critics here recognize one of those "redeeming touches" which prove a nature not wholly depraved—and the lines—

> There is a willow grows aslant a brook, etc.,

are truly said to form an exquisite specimen of emblematic or picture writing.

Another scene, Knight says, differs altogether in the quarto of (1603) from anything found in the amended copy.

It is a short scene between Horatio and the queen in which Horatio relates Hamlet's return to Denmark, and describes the treason by which the king plotted against him, as well as the way in which he evaded it by the sacrifice of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

The queen, with reference to the "subtle treason," that the king has plotted, says:—

> Then I perceive there's treason in his looks
> That seem'd to sugar o'er his vil[illegible] :
> But I will soothe and please him for a time
> For murderous minds are always jealous.

* Knight.

This is decisive as to Shakespeare's original intentions Knight thinks, in regard to the queen.

He furthermore adds that "the suppression of the scene in the amended copy is another instance of the poet's admirable judgment in that she does not redeem her guilt by entering into plots against her guilty husband."

From the avalanche of woe and sorrow in the last scene we would gladly turn did we not find there is wrought an opportunity, out of all the sickening horror and bloodshed, for the suffering queen to prove her repentance and love by drinking the poison prepared for Hamlet.

The subtle undercurrent of treason, running throughout all the dark history, leads her to suspect there may be death in the draught made ready by the murderous hand of Claudius, and she is upheld in her heroic determination to test the wine, at the risk of her own life, through a secret fear of evil intended for her son.

The perfidious, though most gracious king, ever on the alert, suspecting her intentions, begs her not to drink.

Unheeding his beseeching command she drains the fatal cup, sustained by the consciousness that in her self-consecrated death she may at least atone for the wrongs and sins of the past—sins hidden deep within her mother's heart which at last overflowed with a devotion and strength that raised her, by this vicarious suffering, to a nobility of maternal tenderness beyond our criticism.

Here then let the evidence close and our investigation cease—remembering there is a step beyond the portal of each individual life which we dare not take.

All that remained of the hapless erring queen was "pure womanly" —and, may we not shroud her clouded record with a mantle of charity in thinking of the atonement of Hamlet's mother.

AMANDA LOWMAN BARTHOLOMEW.

A SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE.

PRELIMINARY EXPLANATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Since announcing that it would attempt to open *A School of Shakespeare*, SHAKESPEARIANA has received many letters of inquiry and encouragement. And this being, as Quince says, "a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal," it is thought advisable to answer these manifestations of interest here, and here, also, to make known more fully the purpose and the means SHAKESPEARIANA seeks in this attempt, and the spirit in which they are sought.

So far as is known, the shallow rawness of an assumption of impudent authority has not been imputed to it in any quarter, save one, but "there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living;" and if there be others "afeared of the lion," there is need of a prologue like Bottom's to tell them plainly that this attempt is made in no spirit of bluster about a novel enterprise. The face of "Smug the joiner" "must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,— * * * 'I would wish you,'—or, 'I would request you,'—or, 'I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for your's. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such such thing: I am a man as other men are.'"

Seriously, it is mainly the work of a joiner that SHAKESPEARIANA modestly proposes to undertake. Not to discover something new under the sun, or to cry Eureka! over a preserve of fresh-hatched facts in the sophisticated world of Shakespearian study and interpretation, but to join old facts, already there to join, with new or warmer sympathies. To try to make more widely available the wealth of material already collected for study, bringing into view suggestively, continuously, and progressively,—as a magazine published periodically may do, perhaps, in some degree, to more advantage than many better books may,—in their fitting connection and in relation to current study, summaries of old facts which are yet never old but ever renewed in immortal freshness and fitness in their appeal, at each new gaze, to the open mind and heart. "'Tis not new facts that avail, but the heat to dissolve everybody's facts,"—the heat to put "you in

the right relation with magazines of facts." And it is faith in this virtue of heat, faith in the need of sympathy, reciprocity, or whatever it is that welds elements to a use, making conversation possible, organization desirable, or civilization bearable, which moves SHAKESPEARIANA to offer itself as an organ of communication for the educational reading and study of Shakespeare. If there is room for a Shakespearian magazine which shall be anything more than a hobby for some of the dilletante, or a bone of contention for others, while for serious workers it is mainly an unnecessary object for good-humored indulgence, this office must be its best use. Nor is it a restrictive, but a widening use. A use not adapted after the dogmatic, pedagogical manner to compel or cajole the wayward attention of school-boys and school-girls, but one fit to employ the serious attention of men and women who have not given up growing, or whose self-complacency does not forbid them to understand how it is that Shakespeare may teach them as well as be taught to others.

It is scarcely necessary to rehearse the essential advantages, spiritual and mental, which often have been shown to come hand in hand with an appreciative study of a great author. Some especial advantage, and one peculiarly appropriate to this time of desultory dipping in many basins, being it seems most desirable and likely to accompany a faithful and continuous holding of the attention upon the thought of one various-minded man. Having passed into the crude era of daily and Sunday papers when everything is to be made attractive of quick and passing notice, and not yet having reached the higher stage of literary elaboration where everything so attractive also shall be made worth while, we are suffering from a habit of intellectual dissipation, from a chronic incapacity for continuous attention to any literature that has a serious tendency.* Even in the study of science, the peculiar hope of the time, the tendency yet is toward necessary analyses merely; toward busying everybody with small parts, dissections, chips, and fragments of the bodying forth of the growing whole of nature. That the piecing out of this working evidence shall come in due time we may have faith, yet we shall do well to ask how it may come, or. how it may be made available when it does come, if meanwhile the mass of men and this generation of growing children have their desire for studious reading, their capability for serious attention to trains of facts, events, and thoughts to be laid before them, frittered away by empty excitements and so weakened by disuse that it can not healthily assimilate or place in due order and relation the multitudinous facts destined to reward special researches.

* In *The Nation* No. 1100, July 29th '86, p. 92, may be found touching this, a suggestive article on *The Reading Habit* which quotes Mr. Henry Holt's remarks, before the Senate Committee, on the Hawley Copyright Bill, and adds some *further* considerations of value.

Would it not be well then, to get the spiritual perceptions trained into a state of preparedness. And though no magical nostrum may minister to a mind diseased by trifling and the pernicious love of bits of gossip, a treatment that may call it aside a little from the Present to fit it for the Future, to arouse it and to exercise it, might have a perceptible effect. If the advantage which accrues to us from the study of Greek and Roman authors lies in the fact that their lines of thought are essentially our lines of thought, then surely the fidelity, the care, the elaboration, the nicety which have been devoted to Greece and Rome may be given to Shakespeare who has influenced intellectual life of our day more than any other man of mortal born.

The prescription is not of course to read a book and be whole,—

> For men have oft grown old among the books
> To die case-hardened in their ignorance,

instances of which the children of this world may have noticed in some dryasdust antiquarians and catchers up of unconsidered trifles, but to awaken general intellectual interest by following the life within the thought of Shakespeare. "I don't know or don't choose at this moment to admit,"—writes Prof. Child, in a letter in regard to SHAKESPEARIANA's project, which he, perhaps, may excuse the quoting of here,—"that a greater service could be done to men and women than to fill their minds and hearts with Shakespeare."

Teachers and parents are likely to see the bearing of this without exposition. But a letter, representative of similar letters, from an earnest teacher in New England supplies an example so to the point, that, with the permission of the writer, it is cited here:—

For several years I have been the leader of a class in this place. I have tried the study of mental and moral science, Milton, and other literature, but have found nothing that holds a class like Shakespeare; and for more than ten years now, we have made that our study. The present class consists of some twenty young people, two or three of whom are in school, and the others are working to support themselves, with a very little time for study. We read three-quarters of an hour each week and the result of our persistent effort to do what we can, makes me see what a power for good the study of Shakespeare may be.

We do not read in a learned way, but try to become acquainted with the people to whom Shakespeare introduces us, listen to what they say, compare their expression of themselves in private, with their public utterances, and judge of their mental and moral characteristics. We talk about these people, and get many lessons upon the conduct of life, more mental and moral science than we did when we set out to study those sciences. My aim is to lead all to take part in discussions, and to keep all within reach of the youngest in attainment. I am often surprised and pleased with the comments of

those who have had few educational advantages. Shakespeare is so human that he has something for all minds.

We read very slowly, having spent two years upon the historical plays, reading in connection with them, portions of different English histories, *Ivanhoe*, and *The Last of the Barons*, &c. All are in the habit of bringing to the class whatever they find what they think will be of interest. * * *

I was made glad by your announcement of the plan for study. We cannot be a help to clubs having leisure, and a high degree of cultivation, and probably will not be able to follow any plan made by and for such clubs, but I am sure of getting many suggestions. * *

I thought that you might be able to make your magazine lead to the formation of clubs like the Florence class, and so I have written about it.

Many people are suffering for the lack of mental food to whom such a club would be a blessing. As a means of education the study of Shakespeare is far superior to the desultory "forty minutes" courses coming into vogue.

My own experience shows me that a club might be formed in every town and village in our country, where two persons could be found to make a nucleus for it. Could not other teachers and classes or clubs be reached by you, and similar work be begun in a small way?

That is the open question which SHAKESPEARIANA now puts to the Public. It would like, besides trying to make itself more useful or more entertaining to societies and students already at work, to lead those who, perhaps, have thought but little about it, to find out for themselves by study how intimate are the relations with them of the man "who carried the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which fed him" and to know in themselves how valuable is the influence of those thoughts on which "the foremost people of the world have now for some ages been nourished." It would like to do what it may, also to induce those whose studies devoted and apart in special lines have been in some cases doubtless sufficient to themselves and quite their own reward, and who scarcely have felt in them, or cared to feel the touch of a brother's shoulder alongside, to give out something of the fruit of their labors for the common good, to lend abroad over the common road some light from their own peculiar individual interpretation of the open secret of the mind and art of this representative Saxon.

Whatever irresistible impulse it is which leads the devoted scholar not to keep his work to himself but to put it in the open market, to print it, and to publish it abroad, whatever spontaneous desire for fellowship and mutual emulation it is which leads men interested in the same subjects or pursuits to organize and club together, should argue with specialists to induce them to appeal to a larger audience, and *should* argue with societies to move them to seek larger fellowship.

Taking it for granted that not yet is all study of Shakespeare finished, nor all he can teach us exhausted; believing that scarcely ever was there more interest shown in him than now, or a time more ripe for a fresh reception of his message; assuming, also, that there may be room, quite its own, for a periodical publication which shall deal with the material of Shakespeare study, SHAKESPEARIANA has announced its attempt to open *A School of Shakespeare.* But it is confidence in the power of coöperation, if it may be aroused, which has inspired its purpose. And it is the working together of all who love and study, or wish to appreciate the art and thought of Shakespeare, which must be the means whereby what educational impetus there may be lying latent within the power of effort to bring out, shall set this attempt in effective motion.

To some the way may be shown, of others, it must be asked. Of all in some sense, for though not all may contribute in the same way, all are needed to contribute in some way. "Farmers will give corn, poets will sing, women will sew, laborers will lend a hand, the children will bring flowers." Without the help of each there will be a lack in the work not to be otherwise filled.

Will all who already are reading and studying Shakespeare, will all who would like to read and study him, and will all who would be glad if such an attempt as this might succeed, bear some part in it?

Let us hear of your work in societies, clubs and classes, whether it be great or whether it be slight and unambitious, in any case let us hear of it, for then only may it be seen how the work of all shall fit in together and be of mutual service or interest. Steady report of the work of all Shakespeare classes as well as of all Shakespeare societies is desired and an effort will be made, in furtherance of which an answering effort of yours will be necessary, to make this department complete.

So far as you can make it applicable or as soon as you can, if already you have laid out a programme of your own, will you be willing to follow a general line of study in which all may join to some degree, through this magazine, to the end that a community of interest may be established in the same subjects and inquiries, and that what benefits there may be derivable from coöperation may be put in train to be realized.

So much eminent approval and encouragement of this projected attempt to apply the coöperative principle to Shakespearian study having been received, all energy must be bent toward the execution. And in the execution some such valuable aid and counsel has been promised, that with your help there is reason to trust it shall prove capable of growth.

The growth of such a living and dramatic school as SHAKESPEARIANA hopes now to open must be organic. One step at a time is all that can be wisely undertaken; but in reply to those who have inquired what plays are to be considered, it should be said that the plays chosen

as points of outlook will be first *The Merchant of Venice*, a formed but early fruit of Shakespeare's thought, then *Hamlet*, the work of the disillusionized man, and then, *The Tempest*, or, one of the last ripe, wise plays, the three to be studied in relation to each other and to other plays, as representative of the growth of Shakespeare's mind and art.

Prof. Thom will suggest a scheme for a course of Shakespeare study taking these plays successively as the bases. The first series of questions on *The Merchant of Venice*, with bibliographical or other additions by Miss Hersey of Boston, will appear in the November number and these questions with other suggestions and comment are intended to constitute leading questions for further contributions, notes, queries, and discussions. The result aimed at being to make the magazine contents, to some degree, topical.

The proposed Series of Shakespeare Illustrations may prove a fitting accompaniment to this course of reading. In the reprints from the First Folio, begun with this number (to be continued in November, and concluded with some selected notes), scarcely need it be said there is no attempt or wish to give the enticing antiquated appearance of the original type; only are they given, as may be seen, for the matter's sake. Though many readers are so familiar with what is here reprinted that they may think it almost absurd to publish them, others there are who may see the Folio prefaces here for the first time in their entirety. It should be observed, however, that they are not offered for their rarity, merely, but for their use, along with other editorial prolegomena it is arranged to publish in these supplements, in giving an implied but faithful history of Shakespearian interpretation and appreciation.

A few words remain to be said in reply to a number of inquiries received as to club organization; and, at the risk of seeming to speak oracularly of the trite, and of explaining that which may need little explanation, it is proposed to set down here for these inquirers, and for others desiring such suggestions, a few considerations about the formation and work of clubs or classes.

Pray keep the reason why you organize, foremost in mind in your work. Don't consider your club, which is a means, as anything but a means for the realization of your purpose, which is steady and progressive reading, or study, of Shakespeare, itself done in order that you may understand more fully, may appreciate and enjoy The Plays.

You want, it may be supposed, to read and study Shakespeare more devotedly than you have, knowing that it is good to do, or, perhaps, not yet knowing much of his works, yourself, you are ready to believe that what has been to the soul's good of so many, will be to yours. You feel that it is easier to do a thing you want to do regularly and systematically if you join with others who also want to do it, and that *in other* ways you may get and give help to do better what you want

to do, that you will have more emulation and interest in your study if others like-minded will go into it with you.

So you find out who wants to do what you want to do, and having found them, to the number of two or twenty, you get up a class or club.

A class has the advantage over a club that its leader or teacher knows the Author well, or more intimately than the rest do, and can direct your work without the intervention of plans or organization of yours. The responsibility of cutting out the work then devolves upon him, and if he is earnest and methodic, he will inspire you all, and put you to work according to some more or less consciously recognized plans of his own. In short, if the Teacher is good, a class is as much more easily prosperous, and as much less likely to get its unity broken up while in the course toward its purpose as a monarchy under a wise king is much sooner better off and less likely to be disintegrated than a democracy which must help itself gradually by dint of lifting all to a higher plane. On the other hand, if the leader is not wise, and has little knack or tact, the Class will go hardly as far as the Club; for the Club from the start requires more ability in its members to plan work as well as to do it.

As for club work it is often not followed with high enough purpose and consistency. There is no wide, general plan and detailing of members to special work lying within it. Everything is hap-hazard. No thought guides and no thought is the result. Though as good work may be done if each member think for himself, and follow diligently a chosen task of his own, using the assembly of the club as a place of report.* Still, it will be found generally, that individual members are too idle or unable to follow thoughts and topics of their own choosing, in this independent way, and so, after a spasm of vague excitement over the prospect, little work being arranged for, or done without pre-arrangement, to make the fair hopes good, the meetings drag, the lesser pleasures of the banquets get the upper hand of the intellectual aspirations and energies, and slowly, perhaps, but not less surely, the club goes to pieces. Some good does not fail to get done, by the way, doubtless, if it is merely the good of turning the attention of some one of the members to the rich browsing ground within Shakespearian pastures. This harm is also done, that it turns loose a good many cynics who henceforth look doubtingly on clubs and post up warnings thereon to the world. But was it the club that caused your failure, O! illogical cynics? Was it not rather the lack of a club "that was a club?" as Charles Lamb would say. Was it not your individual and collective idleness, your flinching motives, and your

*This, it is understood, is the plan of the New York Shakespeare Society. It has been said it has no plan, but more accurately it may be said to depend upon its member's plans.

unclubbableness which made your break-down? What is it you expect but the miraculous if you look to reap where you have not sowed.

> O! then we bring forth weeds
> When our quick minds lie still.

If you get together to associate yourselves for work, and then don't work, don't call it an association for work, and say that it came to nothing and therefore association is useless. It is precisely the uses of association that you should keep in view. And these uses unless grounded on the purpose, which is steady and progressive study, are of course not uses.

So it is often said that organization matters little. True enough relatively speaking. The work is the important thing not the tool you use in doing it. But for all that it is good you wish to know how you may handle that good tool, coöperation, which the world, though it has done many evil things through the abuse of it, scarcely yet has learned the use of for the highest purposes.

Whether you form, then, a class under a teacher or a democratic club, keep your purpose ever in view, and for this get the best machinery, but keep this machinery subordinate.

If, as many have written to us was their case, you would like to work but don't know how to begin, or, you have met with others and begun work without knowing how to go on, it seems likely that you may find just such hints and suggestions as you need from this *School*, or from the work of other societies you may hear of through the *School* and with which you may be put thus in useful connection. They may offer you encouragement and precedent, or, no less useful, some method to depart from and make fitter for your own uses. For instance: In answer to several inquiries about how to form a club, perhaps no plan of organization simpler and better for ordinary club purposes need be given than the following By-Laws of the Locke Richardson Club of Oakland, California. But while adapting it to meet your special conveniences, it will serve, of course, as a good type for differentiation:—

I. This Club shall be called the Locke Richardson Shakespeare Club.

II. Its object shall be the study and reading of Shakespeare.

III. Its membership shall not exceed fifty.

IV. It shall meet with different members in turn, on invitation, alternate Saturday evenings until May 1st, at which date it shall close.

V. Its organization shall consist of an Executive Committee of seven members, which shall include a President, two Vice-Presidents. and Secretary who shall also discharge the duties of Treasurer;

VI. It shall be the duty of the President and Vice-Presidents to preside at meetings; of the Secretary to keep the records and funds,

and of the Executive Committee to assign the work of the Club, levy assessments, and perform all other duties common to such a Committee.

VII. Any member may propose a name for membership by writing such name on paper and handing it to the Secretary. The Secretary shall keep a list of names thus proposed for membership, and in case of vacancy the Executive Committee shall select from such list a name for ballot by the club. Two adverse ballots shall exclude from election.

VIII. Two consecutive unexplained absences shall be understood as a withdrawal from the Club, and the name of such absentee omitted from the roll.

IX. The Executive Committee shall fill vacancies in its own body.

X. Necessary expenses shall be met by assessments levied on members.

XI. Meetings shall begin promptly at 7.45 P. M., and Club work shall not extent beyond two hours.

XII. No refreshments are permitted.

XII. The By-Laws may be amended at any regular meeting of the Club, by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

Further, it seems likely that you will get what guidance you may need in your work from the plan of study to be given here on chosen plays, though surely you will find a point to enlarge upon here or curtail there according to your peculiar necessities. But it will not be less valuable to you because you have to use it in your own way, rather it will be the more valuable to you for your appropriation.

As to Text books, a letter Dr. Furness once wrote to the Monday Club of Des Moines, Io., may be quoted from.

"In the study of the mere text, without any commentary, the Cambridge edition of Clark and Wright is the best. I doubt, however, if any such real hard work as the use of these editions demands would be remunerative to you, and I especially doubt if you would get as much genuine enjoyment out of Shakespeare as you would if you read him in a less laborious way. There are very many cheap excellent editions, such as the Clarendon (London) and Rolfe's, and Hudson's (American), which are printed in Separate Plays, and these you can readily get. I should also strongly recommend Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, published by Macmillan. If you can afford it, it would add variety to your meetings if each one had a different edition, such as White's, Singer's, Knight's, and the Cowden-Clarke's, and Staunton's.

There is much vain talk about the different texts. Any text will do that has been issued within fifty years. All texts are more alike than unlike, and their differences (except to an exact student, which is what few can afford to be) are mostly trivial. The ground-work is

Shakespeare's and from him come the profit and the pleasure to be derived from the plays—and where you think the printers have misunderstood the passage you can punctuate for yourself."

Prof. Thom in *Class Room Study of Shakespeare* after speaking of the same three school editions adds:

> I find Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer* useful; and Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* almost indispensable. Whoever has a volume of the Furness *Variorum* edition needs little else for the play edited.

Any text book will serve that gives the text. The main thing is to read it, and to read it to understand it. Set apart some spare quarter or half hour each day for reading the play your club will take up, and don't wait till you meet to get perfectly familiar with it.

Don't substitute the opinions of others about Shakespeare for your own reading and understanding of him. What is best in him, for you, is sacredly reserved there for you to discover, however much help toward the discovery you may get by keeping help as help merely. For it need not be believed that you must eschew help of any kind, as some wise scholars have been impelled to say because they felt and felt truly that nothing should stand in the stead of the main benefit, your own peculiar impression and thought.

You might as well shut yourselves out from the experience and work and past life of other men in the material products of civilization,—because you yourself have born in you the same capabilities, will come to the same needs, and can work out similar products,—as refuse to learn by others impressions, and to enrich your associations by widening your sympathies. Why should it be forbidden to you to put two and two together to make more? Still in reading be sure that you are exercising your power to make your own product.

It may be supposed that you expect to do what you can with the plan of study the November number will offer for *The Merchant of Vænice*. In the meanwhile get perfectly familiar with it. Treasure it up in your mind and learn it by heart. Read it, and having read it, read it again. If you are a novice or a veteran in reading Shakespeare, this advice you will find in either case good;

> to your divers capacities you will find enough both to draw and hold you, for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe:

Then see what you have got out of it, tell yourself the story and the thoughts you have gathered. Write them out patiently, the better to get hold of them. Don't try to be original, or fear to be common-place, only set down the story and the thoughts and the relations of the characters as they remain, without book, in your mind. Picture to yourself everything as vividly as you can. And then, reading over the play again you may find yourself in a fit frame of mind to be an

[illegible] your views with your associates [illegible] and that their reading is not altogether your reading. Agreement and opposition both will have their use in giving you new light and fresh suggestions. Discuss it as freely with others as you can. Let not the tongue-tied spirit of man hamper you, and never decline your turn in the conversation. Never think you have not facts enough to the purpose, others have no better than you have and your book furnishes. Dare to speak as you feel and you will find not only that you have unlocked hidden stores of your own but of your author's and of other peoples, and the inspiration of conversation may begin for you in your club.

Only in your reading remember you read not in order to discuss but to understand, and in your discussion that you talk not to dispute but to realize your own impressions and enlarge your mental horizon by learning what your neighbors' impressions are. Other impressions of your neighbors which you will find directly tending to your appreciation and enjoyment—because it is their business to represent thoughts and impressions visibly—are the actors of Shakespeare. If you see the play often you will see more in it in reading, and if you read it till it is intimate and familiar, you will see more in it when it is played, more perhaps than is represented, but so much the better for you.

In this way you will make ready to take up a special study of the play. The month that elapses between the opening of a *School of Shakespeare* and any tabulated study of the play, SHAKESPEARIANA would be glad to have understood as representative of a much longer time,—as a short wait between scenes is representative of necessary years of progress,—spent in a familiar and digestive reading of *The Merchant of Venice*.

THE DRAMA.

A SCHOOL FOR ACTORS.

The condition of American Dramatic Art is an important index to the status in our country, of aesthetic taste at least. Moreover, that art, reflecting as it must, not only the manners but the morals of the country and the times, deserves our most thoughtful study.

Improvements in our dramatic performances are demanded to-day by the critics, the thinking public, and the more conscientious of the actors—for the good of the actor, of his masses of auditors and spectators, and of his art of the future.

The press, the public, and these performers are well satisfied with our theatre buildings, stage settings, and the mechanical "make up" of the theatre before and behind the curtain—they are well satisfied with the frame of the picture—they want more attention to the painting itself—they ask for more of the bread and meat and wholesome drink of the "legitimate" and such other forms of the Drama as pleasantly appeal to their better senses and sympathies—they ask for more actors who aim to be artists, who are qualified by inheritance, by motive, and by education to do good work in their profession.

An endowed theatre, a new class of managers, a theatrical censor, or a Puritan uprising will not be the proper means for accomplishing the improvements sought.

We do not admire poor stage-pictures after seeing those of Henry Irving, and those of the old Booth's Theatre of New York when the latter was under Edwin Booth's direction. When we shall have once seen better acting, we shall from the front steadily demand it. And when the acting is bettered, the play will be—and not till then. We are so accustomed "to eat pie" as Mr. Jekyl says in *The Rajah*, that some of us have forgotten the taste of pudding.

It is the education of the actor which must develop a higher standard of acting, a better class of plays, and a purer public taste.

With the decadence of the stock company system in this country and of the excellent and practically thorough training it afforded the neophyte on the stage—came the necessity of something to supply the lack of stock experience.

We look abroad and see that the present advanced condition of the

drama in France, in Germany, and in Italy is closely identified with the development of Schools of Acting. These countries of Europe present in every branch of Dramatic Art examples which we in America may well follow. They have many stock companies, and many schools of acting. The first theatre in the world is the Théâtre Français with its great Conservatoire, graduating Rachel, Bernhardt and all the leading actors of the Parisian theatres. Italian schools of acting have graduated Salvini, Rossi, Ristori, and the leading actors of Italy. The finest "ensemble" in the stage of any theatre is produced by the German company of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. This company is practically a school or college of acting, with a preparatory department for novices. Every large city in Germany and Austria contains a school of acting closely allied to the principal local stock-company. And it is in Germany that Shakespeare's productions are played more than any other author, and more than in any other country in the world, not excepting England.

Many Schools of Elocution and Oratory have sprung up in America and England and flourished. A few badly regulated attempts have been made in England in past times to establish a School of Acting, all of which have failed, generally, as in the case of the recent London School because of lack of method, scholarship, and want of experienced teachers.

In America, the failure of the few past attempts in this direction (all made during the past ten years, have been owing to their "single-handedness,") i.e. the attempt of one man to do what should be really the work of many acting in co-operation, as in a college. Meanwhile the only regulation of the young actors' training was to be found in the stock companies of Managers Wallack, Daly, Palmer, Harrigan and Field.

In 1881, the Madison Square Theatre, N. Y. introduced many new methods of management. In 1882, following the example of the German theatres, the proprietors of the Madison Square Theatre appointed a dramatic director. I was chosen for this office. I was at that time an instructor in Harvard University. My duties, besides those of criticisms on the Theatre's performances, included the examination into the fitness, and the preparatory coaching and training, of all novices who applied for admittance to the Madison Square Stage. This latter part of the work became very large. In the following summer I went abroad for the purpose of investigating the process of theatric training and the schools of acting in Europe, in view of establishing in the Madison Square Theatre, a completely organized training-school. During the following year, the proposed school plan however, necessarily remained subordinate to the regular theatre business. I therefore accepted the offer of Mr. P. G. Hubert, the New York architect who was at that time (1884) building the Lyceum Theatre to direct the latter, (renting it to ama-

teur societies,) and to conduct the proposed school therein. After associating myself for one year with Messrs. Gustave Frohman & Steele Mackaye,I opened with their co-operation the Lyceum Theatre School, October 1, 1884, with over one hundred students. At the close of the first school year, I separated the school from the Lyceum Theatre on account of the failure of the latter. The second year of the school opened in October 1885, under my sole management, as the New York School of Acting.

This school of acting now numbers one hundred and twenty-five graduates distributed throughout the theatrical companies in America. Students, including several professionals have come to enter it from London, Edinburgh, from Canada and all parts of the United States. The aims of the school are to draw into the actors's profession, educated ladies and gentlemen, to admit only the best qualified of these and to give the latter a thorough and practical training, in all essentials for artistic success. Its corps of Instructors now numbers about twelve—all professed and experienced teachers, several of them stage-managers or actors,and specialists, comprising members of the Lyceum, Daly's Madison Square Theatres, etc. Many lecturers on special topics are engaged yearly.

The school is carefully formulated to answer by its practices three questions:—"*Who* shall go upon the stage?" "*Where* shall they (the best qualified) go upon the stage?" and "*How* shall these naturally qualified aspirants receive necessary preparations for going upon the stage?"

The students of the school are chosen, not, as it is too often the case with the untrained actor, from the variety stage, the circus, and worse, but from the better ranks of life when possible, or wherever young men or women of proper physical or mental qualifications and right motives can be found ready. About two-thirds of the applicants received by the school are refused.

New York City is now the recognized theatrical centre of the country. It is to New York City that the aspirant for professional position must come. The principal companies are chosen, rehearsed and located in or sent to travel from that city. The city of New York contains the large number of over thirty theatres and as many more amateur societies, perhaps seven hundred and fifty established professional and three times as many amateur actors. About three hundred and more theatrical companies start from New York City each autumn.

A visit to the New York School of Acting during active session, would discover in a passage through the different rooms, classes in dancing, fencing, stage-rehearsals, and companies in reading and pantomimic practice, individuals training in special parts or in "Making-up" the face, students in rehearsals of their own, etc., etc. —*these* classes and individuals passing from one room to another

every hour or two, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., or all collecting to listen to a lecture or to practice "Groupings" and "Ensemble." All work is daily, and is carried on under the discipline and routine of a well-conducted theatre. All studies are undertaken for their dramatic or theatric use. The arrangement of hours of elective required studies and like matters follow collegiate methods. A two years' course is required for graduation.

The first general aim of the educational process is the training of the physical instruments, (i. e. particularly in giving thorough muscular elasticity, strength and poise to the body and to the vocal organism and in gaining skill in the technique of stage-business.)

The second general aim is to train the mind in the study of gestures, attitudes, and bearing of body—breathings, tones and tunes of speaking voice; in perception and knowledge of dramatic and general expressional effects; and in study of relations of characters.

The third general aim (comprised mainly in the second year) is to train the emotional and affectional nature in the study of plays and characters and complex dramatic effects of conception and command of the varieties of human feelings.

There are three principal departments of study. Action, Diction and Stage-Effect. Study in each and all of these three branches is daily conducted, the relative importance and length of time allotted to each being successive in the order given:—Action, (including Pantomime,) the first; Diction, (including Elocution,) the second; Stage-Effect, the third.

In connection with the study of those branches is the practical requirement of certain accomplishments, dancing, (ballet) fencing, "Make-up," costuming, French, (dramatic) Literature and the like. The students attendance at city theatres during the writer is arranged for them as a valued means of instruction. Students are also employed (especially in second year) in minor roles and as supernumeraries in the companies of Modjeska, Barrett, Wallack and others. Special public rehearsals are also given by the school in and near New York.

The school has benefited by following the methods of the Paris Conservatoire and German Theatre-Schulen, by avoiding the errors of schools that have failed in the past, and by assimilating the newest educational and theatric ideas.

Its brightest hope, however, lies in the great dramatic possibilities of the people of this country. It can afford to be self supporting (free from patronage) and rely for its success upon the thoroughness of its teachings, and the excellence of its results. The amalgamation of races in this country, the nerve, exciting climate, the ambition—stirring, national development, the variety of physical conditions in our large country, our sturdy inheritance from our English ancestors, and our "esprit" derived from the French—all con-

tribute to make us a dramatic race. It is from the new far West, and the old South, that our best talent comes. There is still too much crudeness in the life here and too much "business" effort for the deepest encouragement of artistic worth. But that encouragement is growing.

This new training-ship, the New York School of Acting, needs the breathing of that encouragement to keep it progressive. The school has existed two years. Upholding high aims of moral as well as of æsthetic training for the stage, for thoughtful as well as for entertaining performance, it surely deserves success, and may live to reform much that needs reformation on our Theatrical Board.

May the New York School of Acting do its work steadily, thoroughly, modestly and help our country to be a home of National Drama,—of a creative dramatic art.

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT.

LITERARY NOTES.

The ninth volume of the fifth edition, complete in ten volumes, of the Works of Shakespeare, revised and edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is issued by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co., of London. Vol. IX., 8vo., pp. 440. Price, 9*s*.

A miniture edition of Shakespeare, with a Glossary and Life, by J. Talfourd Blair, is announced for issue this Autumn, from the press of A. C. Armstrong & Son of New York.

Prof. Henry Morley's excellent edition of *Hamlet*, issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., in the series known as *The National Library*, has a worthy successor in his edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, out last month. It contains an Introductory Note of value by Prof. Morley; and *The Adventures of Giannetto* from *Il Pecorone* of Sir Giovanni Fiorentino; the piece in *The Orator* of Alexander Silvayn, of 1596, *of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian; Gernutus, the Jew of Venice*, from Percy's *Reliques;* and other illustrative notes of the story, as found in the *Decameron*, the *Confessio Amantis*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, are appended. The whole volume, uniting a good text, with choice elucidation and illustration for so ridiculous a sum when compared with its contents, is indeed such a clear case of the gold of the King's Treasury becoming the dust of the Highway that it irresistibly must coin the dimes of all appreciators of literature who see it into these little greenish-brown paper covered volumes, as unambitious as the third casket of dull lead, yet quite as satisfactory in the contents

as was the scroll that rewarded Bassanio's choice of the basest chest. (Cassell's National Library, No. 30. 32mo., paper, pp. 192. Price, 3*d.* or 10 cts.)

The same firm issue also *The Shakspeare Reading Book*, Series 1, 2, and 3, (price, 3*s.* 6*d.*), by H. Courthope Bowen. It consists of selections from the plays most likely to interest young people, graduated to suit the age of the pupil. A system of marks is used to designate words which need emphasis in reading, and syllables which require accent. This may prove of service to direct the young student how to render the passage correctly; but there is always the danger that such prompting may go too far, and help the pupil so much that he will not think for himself, and help himself along to the true meaning of a given passage. If the teachers, now, who would do well, doubtless, to introduce some such reading matter to their classes, would but stir up a little healthy dispute where they may as to the appropriateness of Mr. Bowen's directions, what straws to show which way the wind of thought blows might these little black marks become.

Shakespeare's *Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, edited by H. B. Sprague, is issued by Winchell, of Chicago.

Another new edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's ever popular *Tales from Shakespeare* is printed by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The editor is Mr. Alfred Ainger, and he contributes an interesting and instructive introduction. (Post. 8vo., pp. 366. Price 5*s.* or $1.25.)

Mr. Edmund Gosse's *Sir Walter Raleigh* is a peculiarly interesting contribution to the series of *English Worthies*. Unlike most of the previous histories of Raleigh it dwells upon his "personal career disengaged from the history of his time." It is published by Longmans Green & Co. (12mo., pp. 242. Price, 2*s.* 6*d.*). An American edition is published by Appleton & Co. of New York, (price 75cts.)

1750 Examination Questions on English History, by Oxon., published by Sonnenschein & Co., is a reference book for students of English History, which will have a use also to the special students of Elizabethan History. The book is made up of a series of questions, taken from various sources and arranged chronologically, and under each head is given a list of references to standard works, noting also the page or pages where the information may be found.

John McCullough, Miss Adelaide Neilson, and the Wallack family, besides Edwin Booth ,Lawrence Barrett, and Ellen Terry, are on Mr. William Winter's list of subjects for the histrionic biographies he is now preparing for publication by Mr. George J. Coombes, of New York.

Seven Decades of an Actor's Life on and off the Stage, is the title of a book of reminiscences just completed for the press, by James Anderson, the veteran English actor.

SHAKESPEARIANA IN CURRENT MAGAZINES.—In the *Contemporary Review* for August, in *Perigot*, pp. 239–252, Vernon Lee writes some characteristic random notes ápropos of the Pastoral Players in Coombe Park last Summer, and of Lady Archibald Campbell's recent article concerning the play they gave, Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdesse*. She comments upon the growth of realism —meaning thereby "the observation of things as they are and the consequent faculty for their faithful reproduction"—considering its progress especially on the Stage, and mainly on the Shakespearian Stage. There, modern realism overlays and masks much of the childish unrealities of an earlier world which knew not the *Comédie Humaine*, *Madame Bovary*, the *Wahlverwandschaften* and *Middlemarch*. In instance of Shakespeare's "extraordinary blindness of the humanly possible," of the want of the "perception of what is and what is not," she says:—

> Oliver, in *As You Like It*, could not have suddenly turned from an utter scoundrel into a fit husband for Celia; nor could Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, have instantly married off an unknown brother of the person she was in love with, on discovering that person to be a woman. Such things are impossible, due to absolute carelessness, want of habit of realizing situations; they are as utterly silly and childish as to stick three rosebuds and a box sprig into the ground and call the arrangement a garden.

Remarking on the engrafting of realism upon his drama, she says:—

> The text is studied—even the most florid passages like Queen Mab and some of Hamlet's speeches—so as to abstract from every word whatever indication of gesture or intonation it might possibly contain, whatever dramatic essence the author failed to put in, and the critics insist upon putting in for him. Everything has to be made real, and hence the difficulty which a large amount of Shakespeare evidently presents to men like Salvini or Irving; they insist upon clearing up points which Shakespeare was evidently satisfied with overlooking; upon rendering life-like what the great poet had grandly left lifeless. * * *
>
> While reading *Othello* our powers of understanding and sympathizing are constantly being appealed to: we master the situation, the miserable meeting of this man and this woman, each noble, but each destined to be the others victim; we see where the mischief lies, we feel where we could ourselves have helped. The mere catastrophe, the few minutes of Desdemona's murder, are the least thing; the tragedy has been in Othello's soul, and is virtually over by this time. It is different in Salvini's representation. Here the murder is the chief interest—all works up towards it. We go away morally bruised and sickened by this sight, indifferent to all else. Comprehension, all were swept away by sheer horror. The spiritual physiognomy of the person is crowded out of our mind by the mere visible appearance of Othello, and all else of the play, all the rest of the action, all the poetry of Shakespeare, pales and vanishes by its side.
>
> But Salvini is a great, a very great actor, one of the very greatest, in scenes like

this one, that has ever lived. Undoubtedly. But is the art of Shakespeare realistic in the same sense as is the art of Salvini?

And, in the first place, can we of the end of the nineteenth century fairly judge what Shakespeare's art really is? In order to do so we must, so far as we can, remove the network of thoughts and feeling with which each succeeding generation of critics, of actors, and of readers have overlaid the original work. I sometimes doubt whether, even after all our trouble, we could see the real Shakespeare, so utterly have we corrupted the text of what he represents to our soul. The many scholars and societies who labour to give us back the original word and meaning of what he wrote are, in reality, defeating their own object: every explanation is virtually an interpolation, an alteration; and Shakespeare's plays are by this time one mass of such interpolations and alterations. A book like that of Gervinus, for instance, is to my mind a perfect pest; and had Gervinus been a man of greater powers, it would have been a still greater one, if possible.

The besetting sin of all Shakespeare criticism, of all criticism, nay, of all intellectual manipulation whatsoever, is the mania for reducing a heterogeneous thing to a very simple formula. The extraordinary insight into character which Shakespeare undoubtedly possessed, and his fondness for generalizing on questions of feeling and conduct—peculiarities, by the way, which were shared by his great contemporaries, Webster and Ford and Beaumont and Fletcher, nay, even Marston and Heywood—these psychological elements in Shakespeare, which are the elements also most akin to our modern mind, have misled us into imagining that the art of Shakespeare is deliberately, consistently, nay, almost exclusively, psychological. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that psychology is not the main object of Shakespeare's art, but if that art may be said to have any main object, it is merely to please by many and various means, of which the study of character is only one. The Shakespearian drama may, I think, be defined (since we can never escape the demon of definition) as the rough union of various artistic elements agreeable to his contemporaries into a whole which should give them the greatest aggregate of artistic pleasure; the exposition of some interesting action, spiced and garnished with every sort of extraneous thing, with high lyrism, buffoonery, wit, poetic fancy, obscenity, philosophy, and fashionable euphuism. The action is neither all-engrossing nor absolutely realized. The spectators take a considerable pleasure in the murder of the King, or the trial of the Merchant; but they are so far from absorbed by this situation that they can attend to and delight in all manner of irrelevancies.

Shakespeare is not merely frequently indifferent to the possibility of a situation (as in the various sudden conversations of scoundrels, the cool interchanging of brides and bridegrooms, the cheerful acceptance of amazing discoveries), he is constantly violating all realism of detail. He constantly indulges in speeches which entirely disfigures a character and deaden a situation; he can no more resist a metaphorical or philosophical tirade in the midst of hurry and passion, than Rossini can resist a nice roulade in the midst of agony. There is in Shakespeare (if I may be permitted to continue my musical simile) much fine, free, natural recitative, with occasional intense poignacy of intonation; there is occasionally an instrumental bar or two of deeply imaginative suggestiveness, either serene or ill-omened, like Banquo and Duncan's little conversation about the marlets, and the old man's story of Duncan's horses after the murder; but there is also an infinite amount of pure undramatic art, singing and fiddling for singing and fiddling's own sake. Macbeth's speech to the murderers can be compared only with a most intricate fugue, and I know of no composer who would have put a fugue in such a scene; compare with this metaphysical disquisition the rapid action of a much more lyrical and metaphysical poet, of Shelley in the similar scene in the "Cenci." Hamlet's speeches to the ghost constitute a grand aria as florid as any in *Semiramide;* the beautiful scene beginning

"In such a night as this," in *Merchant of Venice*, is a perfect Mozartian duet between Jessica and Lorenzo, warbling at each other like Tamino Pamina.

I think, therefore, that Shakespeare's art, essentially pageant-like and decorative, and, if I may say so, operatic, accepted situations and characters only in a general way. I doubt whether, with the single exception of *Othello*, Shakespeare was either a skilful conductor of action, like Calderon or Racine, or (in comedy) Goldoni, or a deliberate psychologist or reconstructor of character, like Schiller in *Wallenstein*, or Goethe in *Tasso*. He frequently realized character and situation with amazing power (as, with a lesser genius, did Webster), and his conceptions were nearly always coherent, but he troubled himself little about developing. * *

All that deliberate psychology belonged to the period of literature for the closet; it could come only after Richardson and Rousseau; it required the sedentary, self-analyzing habits of novel readers.

Considering all this she concludes in a word that Shakespeare was not our contemporary, nor his audiences ours. But that since along with increase of realism has gone the increase of the desire for the unreal, since with Manet and Raffaelli is Burne Jones, and with George Eliot is William Morris, so it is that "of all people we realists of the Nineteenth Century are perhaps the most in need of imaginative art, in want of the great pageant master Shakespeare."

The *Catholic World* for October brings to notice *Something Touching the Lord Hamlet* (pp. 29–42), by Mr. Appleton Morgan. It is a readable and reasonable character sketch of Hamlet as Shakespeare portrays him throughout the course of the play. Its bearing being to plead against "the exegesis which credits Hamlet the Dane with madness, indecision, a disjointed and diseased will, or other insignia of a mind diseased;" and by considering the Hamlet of the First Folio apart from a "certain finical over-study of the crude *Hamblett* of Belleforest," or the *Amleth* of the Saxo Grammaticus, to correct that æsthetic criticism which leaves "the perfect work of a master to go back to the childhood of a re-utilized tale, for an inconsequent and irresponsible lunatic 'who fails to act in any definite line of consistent purpose; neglects what he deems a sacred duty; wastes himself in trifling occupations; descends to the ignoble part of a court-jester; breaks the heart of a lady he dearly loves; uselessly and recklessly kills her father, with no sign of sorrow or remorse for the deed; insults a brother's legitimate grief at her grave; and finally, goes stumbling to the catastrophe of his death, the most complete failure, in the direction of the avowed purpose of his life ever, recorded.'"

The passage quoted, it may be explained, occurs in *The Subjection of Hamlet*, by Mr. Wm. Leighton, a book published several years ago, and Mr. Morgan's article takes this as the text of the theory he brings the play in witness to discredit. First he points out that Hamlet "'in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations,' must ever be and remain an Englishman." Not a Dane, but "an English Prince in *waiting*; in his minority entitled to princely maintenance, but only *so long* as he remains a cipher in the State. In this sense only can

the King say to him, 'Be as ourselves in Denmark.' The Crown-Prince who should trifle with State affairs would have become in Tudor, or Elizabethan usage, on the instant a crown prisoner."

His restive mood, and difficult position in court is shown from the opening of the play; his rational turn of mind is shown in the fact that the ghost to convince him, unlike other Shakespearian ghosts, must be visible to outsiders, and proved to be not a creature of his own fancy; and that even this was not enough, and that "the lawyer and acute and accomplished weigher of evidence

> Must have ground
> More relative than this."

The scene after the King is "frighted with false fire" is shown to be an outbreak of exultation at the success of his stratagem. His interview with Ophelia is seen to be the necessary leave-taking of love, for devotion to a hard task. And thereafter all the action of the play goes to show Hamlet's tenacious struggle with Claudius and with fate, and his need in dying to say to Horatio,—

> Endure the buffeting of life to say a word for me: show why I broke Ophelia's heart, by mischance killed her harmless old father, why I took the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds: put down the poisoned cup, and tarry here to report me and my cause aright; nothing extenuate, but tell the story of harsh fate and of my duty all, all done! "If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart," do this for Hamlet! "The rest is silence!"

MISCELLANY.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH.—On Sunday, 22d August, the Parish Church at Stratford-on-Avon, having been closed for a month past for the much talked of restoration, was re-opened for service. Minor matters connected with the repairs and changes undertaken have stirred up much controversy, and each issue of the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald* for several weeks past has added to the discussion some editorial notes or some vehement letters from contributors who had various opinions concerning the removal of the galleries, the widening of the centre aisle, or the free seat system proposed, etc. In all of which, of course, there is scarcely a passing interest felt by lovers of Shakespeare's fame. Though they will be glad to know that the disappointing, white-washed looking and cluttered-up interior of the celebrated church has been improved and made to look more spacious, especially if they have contributed anything of their substance to the Restoration Fund, but otherwise, their interest in the controversies warmly waged yet in Stratford will be rekindled only in hearing that

the removal of the Hart tablet—as described in the September number of this Magazine—is still disregarded and that the inquiries made about it have remained unanswered.

Mr. W. G. Colbourne, a member of the Restoration Committee, has written and published a letter declaring that his committee gave no instructions for the removal of any of the mural tablets, and that some individual member must have taken upon himself that responsibility. Whereupon Mr. Timmins wrote the following letter which appeared in *The London Times* of Monday, the 23d August:—

Sir,—the letter of Sir John Lubbock contains one sentence which is especially interesting as to the need for protecting not merely ancient monuments, like Stonehenge, but churches and other buildings of national interest.

Sir John Lubbock says that "when the owner allows a monument of national interest to fall into ruin, or, *a fortiori*, if he proposes to destroy it himself, the nation should have the option of purchase at a fair price."

The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon has not attempted to answer the letters which appeared in the *Times* of August 3d; and a recent Mayor of Stratford gives the following account in the *Birmingham Daily Post* of this day as to the way in which the restoration is being accomplished:—

Sir,—As a member of the committee for the restoration of the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, I beg to state that it was not with my knowledge or consent that the mural tablet to the memory of George Hart and also other tablets have been removed from the walls of the church and I may add that it has been done by someone without asking the consent of the restoration committee; and, also, that the committee have not since their removal been called together by their chairman, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, to investigate the matter and order their re-instatement. W. G. COLBOURNE.

Stratford-on-Avon, August 18th.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? Who is the "someone" who gives orders for such wreckage? Last autumn the fine avenue of lime trees was ruthlessly lopped of branches by "some one," but nobody knows who gave the order.

The tablet named has now been placed in the present vestry, but intending donors will want to know who is the "some one" responsible. The removal of anything from the inside of a church is sacrilege, but the removal of the memorials of the dead from the outer walls to be kicked into fragments as a kerb-stone would have been accomplished with impunity but for the vigilance of the Press.

Is it not time to consider whether national "memorials" like Stratford Church should not be protected from mutilation by the

owner or someone, who like Gallio, cares for none of these things?—Faithfully yours, SAM: TIMMINS, One of the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace.

Hill Cottage, Arley, Coventry, August 19th.

In writing thus, Mr. Timmins spoke with due privilege on behalf of those who, though not parishioners, of Stratford Church, have right and interest there through the greatest of all its parishoners, William Shakespeare, and whose right and interest there on the score of his, has been appealed to with much flourish of trumpets by the powers that be in Stratford, for encouragement and for means to carry on this work. This work, as it now seems, was planned by some autocrat of the Restoration Board. Mr. Timmins' question,—Who is the autocrat,—receives a reply in a letter from the Vicar of Stratford which appeared in the *Stratford Herald* of September 3d. In this he answers three letters on church matters. A few words at the close in response to the third letter, which is the one quoted above, alone concerns Shakespearians.

* * To the third letter I cannot respond in such cordial terms. It is copied from the *Times*, and is from a correspondent who signs himself "Sam Timmins." He complains that I have not answered a previous letter of his on the subject of church restoration. May I ask, who is Mr. Sam Timmins? Is he a parishioner? Is he even a subscriber to the work? Or is he one of those silly persons who think that they acquire a certain notoriety by writing to the papers? If I answered all the foolish things that are written about Stratford, or my work there, I should require to keep a private secretary. Let me tell Mr. Timmins that, if the editor of the *Times* has been silly enough to insert his letters, I am, at least, not silly enough to answer them, and that my parishioners are quite able to keep me in check if I attempted to "wreck" their church,—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. ARBUTHNOT.

Clifton Down Hotel, Clifton, near Bristol, August 30, 1886.

From this all those people who have been interested in the repairs of Holy Trinity, for Shakespeare's sake may gather who it is who is the responsible member of the Restoration Committee, but they will get little good of their discovery, for scarcely will they be able to gather from this letter anything else to the purpose. In truth nothing may come of this but disaffection.

An editorial item in the *Stratford Herald* adds this news:

The Hart tablet, after occupying two positions in the churchyard, has now been removed inside the church, and probably it is intended to "restore" the stone (the last line having been chipped off), and then place it in its original position.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, contributed some judicious words to the discussion in the following letter to the *London Times*:—

You lately published a letter on the Stratford Shakespeare memorials from the pen of Mr. Sam. Timmins, the editor of the admirably-executed parallel texts of *Hamlet*, and one to whom the literary public of Birmingham have for many years been so largely indebted. Mr. Timmins being also one of the Vicar's colleagues in the Birthplace Trust, and well known to be better acquainted with the history of the local objects of interest than any one in the county, the following onslaught upon him by the latter gentleman, which appears in the local press, will probably be read with some surprise:—"May I ask who is Mr. Sam. Timmins? Is he a parishioner? Is he even a subscriber to the work? Or is he one of those silly persons who think that they acquire a certain notoriety by writing to the papers? Let me tell Mr. Timmins that, if the Editor of the *Times* has been silly enough to insert his letters, I am, at least, not silly enough to answer them, and that my parishioners are quite able to keep me in check if I attempted to wreck their church." Reflections of this kind would be hardly worth notice were they not among the indications of a determination on the part of some of the leading inhabitants of Stratford to suppress as far as possible all outside adverse criticism on their dealings with the Shakespeare monuments, or at least to limit such criticisms to those who are either parishioners or subscribers. But money in such cases is not always forthcoming under an uncertainty of procedure, and this no doubt is the reason of the names of Mr. Timmins and others not being found in the subscription list. The Vicar fails to see that a recent transaction is an indubitable evidence that the present distributors of the restoration fund are lacking in that reverential enthusiasm which alone entitles them to send round the hat to the public in the name of Shakespeare. It will be a great pity if the Shakespeare memorials in Stratford Church are not scheduled to the Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, and it would also be desirable that an object of such general interest as the Birthplace should be placed under a more representative management. Any movement in the former direction must be undertaken by persons of more influence than myself, but the latter object can be gradually accomplished under a provision in the trust deed, and steps will before long be taken to carry it out.

And Mr. Timmins himself writes at length in the *Stratford Herald* of September 16, a full exposition of the matter which may well be the "end-all here" of this restoration controversy:—

SIR,—The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon is as hard to please as the soldier who, when flogged, complained that the lash always touched him too high or too low.

When one correspondent writes to *The Times* as a "Stratford Parishioner," the Vicar snubs and ignores him because he does not give *his name*. When another has the courage to sign his name he is called

"silly," and told that he merely wants to advertise himself. Even the editor of *The Times* is called "silly" because he, in his discretion, thought proper to publish the two letters which the Vicar does not condescend to notice except by two letters in the *Stratford Herald*.

A Kentucky man was once asked if his people always answered one question by asking another? "Du they?" was his answer. The Vicar has taken Kentucy as his example, and answers some awkward questions by asking some which answer themselves. A Vicar may ask questions; a parishioner must not, but must accept the *ipse dixit* of a Vicar as infallible and final.

The Vicar's first question is, "Who is Mr. Sam. Timmins?" This is his fun. He knows me well enough; and if he did not, and if he is sufficiently friendly and familiar with his own parishioners, he could have been told that I have been well-known in Stratford for more than thirty years. He does know, however, that I am one of the trustees of the Birth-place and New Place Trusts; that I am not an *ex-officio* member thrust upon the board by accident, whether interested in the work and fit for the duty or not. He knows—or ought to know—that I was chosen, without any canvassing by friends or myself, because they thought I deserved the honour, which I value highly. If he wants to know more, let me inform him that I have been on very friendly terms with two former Vicars, with the late Mr. E. F. Flower, Mr. W. O. Hunt, and many others, long before he left Arundel to come to Stratford. If he desires more, he shall have the whole story of my life, and he will see that I have never been a stirrer of strife, or one "who troubleth Israel;" and he may have some of my printed discourses, which might be acceptable to his congregation—as a change.

His next question is—"Is he a parishioner?" and he answers his own question, for he knows I am not, and, no doubt, he secretly rejoices that such is the fact. It may interest him to know that as a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, as a member of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and also of the Society for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead, I should, if residing in Stratford, have carefully watched "restorations" and removals of tablets, and should have found out the unknown "some one" of whom Mr. Alderman Colbourne wrote.

His third question, "Has he subscribed to the fund?" has been already answered in the very first of the two letters, which he has evidently read, and in which I said, "Many local Shakespearians (he will please note that I did *not* advertise myself) decline to subscribe except for such reparations as were approved by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in an admirable survey and report some three years ago." This report, dated the 4th of May, 1884, is now before me, and, if its wise counsels had been followed, no

"burning question" would have arisen, and I should have urged many American and Colonial friends to subscribe, and should have subscribed myself.

The Vicar, with a defective memory, a faulty logic, and some facts which are, at least, inexact, insinuates rather than argues that I had no right to interfere. Let me remind him of these facts. He wrote to the *Times*, and begged from Americans (especially) and Colonials help to restore the Church, and he made a very special appeal to the "numerous *body* [*sic*] who know and delight in our poet's plays." On the very day that his letter appeared in *The Times* the local evening papers announced that the Hart tablet had been pulled down, used as a kerb-stone, seriously damaged, and threatened with complete destruction!

As a Shakespearian student, and one well-known to other Shakespearians in Germany, the United States, and the Colonies, it was my clear and simple duty to call attention to this reckless sacrilege of the worst kind. I wrote nothing, I said nothing, I knew nothing, except from the news received from Stratford. I cut out the paragraph and sent it to *The Times* with ten lines of very mild comment (under the circumstances), and made "an earnest protest" against the "removal and neglect of monumental slabs." I accused no one, I blamed no one, I suspected no one, I asked for no inquiry, and for this "earnest protest," based on Stratford facts, of which I had no personal knowledge, the Vicar pours out the vials of his wrath upon me!

My second letter was more severe, but not half severe enough. All the facts were based on Mr. Alderman Colbourne's manly letter, giving a curious peep behind the scenes of the Restoration Committee, and in which it was stated that the Chairman, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, had not called the Committee together to consider or explain, to inquire or protest! "Some one" had done it; "some one" had blundered, but the Chairman of the Committee did not trouble to consult his colleagues, or to find out who the "some one" was. His ideal committee seems to be, according to the old story, a committee of two, the chairman to have a casting vote, and himself to be chairman.

Since that letter was written I have visited Stratford, and have found that several other monumental slabs have been removed from the north wall of the church, leaving glaring white spaces on the old, grey, time-worn walls as a silent protest against "some one" not yet named. I deny the moral, and I doubt the legal, rights of any vicar to remove still-legible memorials of the dead, for which, doubtless, some former vicar has duly received fees. "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark" read inside the church has a curious commentary on the outside walls. Shakespeare seems to have foreseen such desecrations, and to have warned the disturbers of the *memories* of the dead by these famous lines:—

Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

The Vicar indulges in a flourish of trumpets on his free church and open seats, which are well enough for the living, but there should be some regard and reverence by "some one" for the memorials of the dead. If this practice is continued and the right stands unquestioned by a court of law, how long will the Clopton Chapel be safe? The family is long ago extinct, the space would be useful for the congregation, and some future Vicar may think it his duty to remove the venerable tombs.

I claim distinctly a right to comment on the recent proceedings, as a student of Shakespeare, a love of antiquities, and as one who reveres the memorials of the dead, however humble. Even the most savage tribes respect the relics of their dead, and it is quite time that places of natural interest like Stratford Church should be rescued from "restoring" vicars, from "some one" who, ghoul-like, works in darkness, and from those who, like the Vicar of Stratford, give us no word of regret, offer no explanation, make no inquiry, and only dispute the right of any one not a "parishioner," or "subscriber," to interfere.

My case about these removals and destructions is that of large numbers at Stratford, of all lovers of Shakespeare the wide world over, and of every Englishman who is proud of the monuments of his country, and who honours the resting-places and memorials of the dead.

Stratford-on-Avon has been unfortunate as to its clerical residents. The Rev. Mr. Gastrill, who cut down Shakespeare's mulberry tree and pulled down New Place, left Stratford "amid the execrations of its inhabitants," more than a hundred years ago. A few years later Shakespeare's monument in the chancel was barbarously treated. Early in the present century the beautiful vestry over the charnel-house was pulled down and destroyed, leaving "not a wrack behind." It is surely time that any right to remove or ruin should be questioned and quashed, and that "Ancient Monuments" and "Memorials of the Dead" should not be left to the thoughtless or careless tenant-for-life of a vicarage, or of any Restoration Committee, to be altered or destroyed.

The earlier reparations were carefully and reverently made, and if the same care had been continued there would have been no reason for complaints. No archæologist or Shakespearian will be willing to help unless "some one" is discovered and deprived of the power to do further mischief to so venerable a fabric, and until the Restoration Committee has full control of the work and is publicly responsible for any alterations which it may be necessary to make.

Faithfully yours,

SAM: TIMMINS.

Fillongley, Coventry, 7th September, 1886.

A KEEPER OF RELICS NEEDED.—Mr. George Bentley writes to *The Athenæum* of August 28th, to inquire if Charles Lamb's grave is looked after at all; to deplore the removal from York Cathedral of the characteristic figure of Archbishop Blackburn playing the violin; to declare that Gray's inscription on his brother's tomb at Stoke Pogis, needs attention; also the tomb in Upton-cum-Chalvey, which celebrates a woman, 'who dared to be just in the days of George II;' and concludes,—'what a noble office would be *The Keeper of Relics!* Won't you say a word in favor of the creation of such an office?' with the thought still in mind of the Hart tablet castaway to uses of a curb stone, 'the last line having been chipped off' by boot heels not yet worn out, who that values the smallest familiar associations with that most loveable of Poets, of whom we know so little, William Shakespeare, will not appreciate Mr. Bentley's suggestion; and stand ready to do what may fall in his way to urge some measure that will lessen petty Vandalisms?

SCIENTISTS AT SHAKESPEARIAN SHRINES.—Among the pilgrimages of pleasure arranged for the Assembly, at Birmingham, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was a journey to Stratford, on the fourth of last month. Mr. Sam: Timmins, on behalf of the Trustees, received the members of the Association at Shakespeare's Birth-place; and at the Chapel of the Guild the distinguished visitors, were met by the Rev. R. S. de C. Laffan, who conducted them over the ancient Grammar School, and the Chapel over both of which he has charge. In the days when little Will Shakespeare's 'shining morning face' looked upon them, the school was undergoing repairs, and the Chapel was used for classes, and this fact, Mr. Laffan reminded the guests may have suggested the allusion to Malvolio as being,

> Cross-gartered villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school in the Church.
> T. N. III, ii.

At the memorial building, Mr. F. Hawley, its competent Librarian, and Mr. Edgar Flower, one of its generous friends, were the hosts, and presented to the attention of their visitors the accomplishments and the aims of the Shakespeare Memorial.

In the absence of the Vicar, the Chaplain, the Rev. F. Smith, received them at the Church, and in the Evening at the Town Hall, they took tea with the Mayor, who made them a speech of welcome, in the course of which the Hart tombstone came to the for again in this wise,—

He should like to say one little word about a certain tablet, which, he was sorry to say, had derived something like an unenviable notoriety. Now, might he be allowed to say, as one of the members of the Restoration Committee—and he felt he was speaking very much in the name of the Restoration Committee when he said it—that that tablet which was removed from the place where it had been

for so many years was now about to be replaced inside the church instead of outside, on the wall and near the very place where it was outside—(applause). He had received a letter from the Vicar authorising him (the speaker) to place that tablet in the spot which he had endeavoured to indicate to them; but for two reasons he had hesitated to do so. In the first place he had no right to assume a responsibility for the action of his friends on the Restoration Committee, and in the next place he hoped before it was put up that the inscription, or the words of the inscription that were wanted, might be inserted. He believed that that tablet, which was made of Wilmcote blue stone, had peeled, and he sincerely trusted that it would be thoroughly restored.

A visit in similar token of the interest felt in Shakespearian relics and associations, was made last month to Hollingsbury Copse, by the members of the British Medical Association, then holding its annual meeting in Brighton. *The Nation* of September 9th, had this to say of it:—

Though the Copse is three miles from the city and more than four hundred feet above it, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps often walks home from town, and no doubt many of the pilgrims were pedestrians. They were well paid for their pains. The early Shakespearian relics consist of about fifteen hundred separate articles illustrative of the personal and literary history of the cosmopolitan dramatist; no other collections, not even those at Stratford-on-Avon, possessing anything like so large a number of authentic memorials of biographical interest. Sparing no expense or exertion for many years, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps would seem to have long ago gleaned every grain that could be picked up in the field of his special research. Yet among the forty-seven articles specially described in the pamphlet printed for the convenience of the medical visitors, five are recent acquisitions and never had been exhibited before their visit. One of these five is the first edition of *Pierce Penilesse*, the earliest work—even earlier than Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*—in which there is an allusion to any of the plays of Shakespeare. Only one other copy is known to be extant. Another is the head of Shakspere in an oval, engraved by Stafford in 1655, of such rarity that only three other copies are known. A third is three of the original title-deeds of Shakespeare's residence, New Place—the only ones of the poet's time known to exist, dated 1532, 1563, and 1567. Title-deeds long after those years were jealously guarded by their owners (American public registries being unknown); and, as Shakespeare never mortgaged the estate, these three indentures, which are preserved un-injured, may be fairly included among the very few personal relics of the dramatist upon the authenticity of which no doubt can be entertained. These documents were recently discovered by Mr. Richard Sims of the British Museum in the

archives of a county family, and at once came into the possession of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. Never was there a better confirmation of the text "He that seeketh findeth." Another curiosity, which deserves to be styled a "preciosity," is a fragment of four leaves only, but unique, no other vestige of a copy having as yet come to light, of the first edition, 1598, of the first part of *Henry IV.* It contains the only existing record of what Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps holds to be the true reading in *Poins's* speech: "How the *fat* rogue roared!" It is something, he says, at this late day to recover even one lost word of the immortal text. But the pearl and pride of his accumulations—he has hung it in his dining-room that his eyes may feast on it as he breaks his daily bread—is a proof-copy of the Droeshout portrait of 1623. In the guide to his guests, accordingly, he has printed a page from the art critic, Fairholt, as well as the testimony of the late Director of the National Portrait Gallery, "whose knowledge of early engraving was unrivalled," to thicken other proofs which to some beholders might demonstrate thinly, that his engraving "is the *only* likeness of Shakespeare in existence which has come down to us in a genuine, original, unaltered state."

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF SHAKESPEARE'S PATRON.—In the *Athenæum* of September 11th appears an unpublished letter of Shakespeare's patron, The Earl of Pembroke, which has come to light through the researches made at Hatfield by Mr. Thomas Tyler. The relations of William Herbert to Shakespeare and to the Sonnets, if the Herbert-Fitton theory regarding them be considered, makes this letter of especial interest. It was written from Ramsbury, September 2nd, 1601 to Sir Robert Cecil, Her Majesty's Secretary, its occasion being Elizabeth's refusal to renew the patent of the Forest of Dean.

And the reason for this blow, his disgrace and banishment from Court seems to have been his amour with the Maid of Honor, Mrs. Mary Fitton.

The Sir Edward spoken of was Sir Edward Winter, who later, 1608, as an entry in the Calendar of State Papers shows, surrendered the office of keeping the woods and deer in the Forest of Dean previous to its grant again to Pembroke.

The letter reads:—

S^r^. What love and thankfulness you could have expected from me if I had prevayled, the same to to (*sic*) the best of my power you shall find me ready ready (*sic*) to performe on all occasions now, I am disgraced. Her Matie, as I heard when she promised Mr. Mumphersons a park after my Lo: yor father's death, when she knew how nearely it concerned my Lo: Burleigh in honor, recalled her promise, preserved my Lo: honour and gratiously satisfyed her servant an other way, If it had pleased her Matie as gratiously to have conceaved, in this matter of the forrest of Deane, of that poore reputation I was desirous to preserve, the maintenance whereof might have enabled to doe her Matie more honor and service than now I am able to performe, I should have bene happy and Sr Edward might an other

way as well have bene satisfyed. But since her Matie hath in her wisdome thought fitt to lay this disgrace upon me: I accuse nothing but mine owne vnworthines, wch since I so plainly read in mine owne fortunes I will alter my hopes, and teach them to propose vnto themselvs no other ends than such as they shall be sure to receaue no disgrace in. The haulk that is once cauuast will the next time take heede of the nett, and shall I that was borne a man and capable of reason committ greater folly than byrds that haue nought but sence to direct them? If her Matie make this the returning way for her fauor though it be like the way of Salvation narrowed and crooked, yet my hopes dare not trauell thorough the ruggednes of it, for they stumble so often, that before they come half way they despaire of passing such difficulties. There be some things yet in her Matie's hands to dispose of, wch if it would pleas her to grace me wth might happely in some measure patch vp my disgrace in the opinion of the world. But I have vowed never again to be a sutor, since in my first sute I haue receaued such a blow. I should be infinitely bound unto you if you could but gett a promise that I should haue leaue to trauell after the Parliament; it would make me more able to doe her Matie and my country service and lessen if not wipe out the memory of my disgraces, but whatsoever shall become of me, I will ever wish you all happiness and continue

Yo^r most affectionate frend, to be commanded,

PEMBROKE.

AUCTION SALES.—A copy of the third Folio Shakespeare bound by Lewis was bought by Quaritch, the London bookseller, for £139, at the auction sale by Messrs. Sotheby on the 28th of July. He secured also the Second Folio, another fine copy, for £59.

Green, Peele, Webster and Marlowe's Dramatic works, only twelve printed, by W. Pickering, on large paper, was bought at the same sale by Mr. H. Stevens, for £30.

The Library of the late Mr. N. P. Simes, of Strood Park, Horsham, sold earlier, on the 9th of the same month, contained the rare 1637 edition of *Hamlet*, printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke, and the *King Lear* of 1655, which had a few of the head lines cut into, but was otherwise a good copy. The former brought £50, the latter £10.

A large paper edition of Dyce's Shirley, and Gifford's Ben Jonson, also a large paper copy, were among the books belonging to the Earl of Clare, sold by the Messrs. Sotheby on the 12th of August.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.—Seeing recently a new item of "Shakesperiana" entitled "The Poet Priest" showing many passages of Holy Writ paraphrased by the poet, I wondered if the following anecdote was known to your readers. It is an actor's story of a Mr. Woodward, who resided at College Green, Dublin, opposite the Irish House of Representatives. A very unpopular bill was at the time before the assembly. A great mob had congregated in order to coerce the members not to vote for the unpopular measure to become law. In order to carry their point they deemed it necessary to swear them that they would not vote for the measure. The door of the actor was besieged by the turbulent mob, who persisted that a member of the family should throw them out a bible. The actor's wife was in a state

of alarm, not knowing in her excitement where to put her hand on one. A book was handed to her, the first that could be procured, which turned out to be a volume of Shakepeare's plays. This was handed to the rioters, who received it with cheers. After administering an oath to several of the members upon the next most precious writings to the one they thought most binding upon the consciences of their opponents, the precious volume was safely restored to the owners, and its historical association prized afterwards. It, is, perhaps, the only instance on record of an oath being administered upon a copy of the poet's writings, although a less sacred volume in the estimation of our people might have been fated to be used. We all know how much Shakespeare was indebted to the Scriptures, but it will be known but to few that his works were ever thus used as the volume of our sacred law.—J. W. JARVIS, in *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, August 20th, 1886.

SELECTED REPRINTS.

———:o:———

A SERIES OF SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATIONS

FORMING SUPPLEMENTS TO

SHAKESPEARIANA.

———:o:———

PART I.—PROLEGOMENA TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

[*To be continued with Explanatory Notes*]

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life;
O, could he but but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse,
All, that was ever writ in brasse,
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. J.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND

INCOMPARABLE PAIRE

OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM

EARLE OF PEMBROKE, &C., LORD CHAMBERLAINE TO THE

KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTY.

AND

PHILIP

EARLE OF MONTGOMERY, &C., GENTLEMEN OF HIS MAIESTIES

BED-CHAMBER, BOTH KNIGHTS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER

OF THE GARTER, AND OUR SINGULAR GOOD

LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their Authour living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done

ıeir parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke his Patrones, or find them: This hath done both. For, so vere your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were ıs before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. ve but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to ; his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of ofit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer ɔlayes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have ɔbserved, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind ious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are senters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the on. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be con- my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. y hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes ıse, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could: e most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, hey are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we umbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your ser- *hakespeare;* that what delight is in them, may be ever your the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be com- by a payre so careful to show their gratitude both to the and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

To the great Variety of Readers.

FROM, the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of ycur purses. Well! it is now publique, & you will stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your brains be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shilling worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade,or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-Pit*, to arraigne Playe daielie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth acquitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himself had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, & perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to others of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED.

THE AUTHOR.

Mr. William Shakespeare:

AND

What He Hath Left Us.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
  Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
  As neither *Man*, nor *Muse*, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
  Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
  Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance
  The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
  And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
  Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
  Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
  The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My *Shakespeare*, rise; I will not lodge the by
  Chaucer, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
  Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
  And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
  I meane with greate, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
  I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst our *Lily* outshine,
  Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlowes* mighty line,
And though thou hadst small *Latine*, and lesse *Greeke*,
  From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æschilus*,
  Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Paccuvius, *Accius*, him of Cordova dead,
  To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: or, when thy Sockes were on,
  Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent *Greece*, or haughtie *Rome*

sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph my *Britaine*, thou hast one to showe,
To whom all Scenes of *Europe* homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the *Muses* still were in their prime,
When like *Apollo* he came forth to warme
Our eares, or like a *Mercury* to charme!
Nature herself was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry *Greeke*, tart *Aristophanes*,
Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle *Shakespeare*, must enjoy a part.
For though the *Poets* matter, nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the *Muses* anvile: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Look how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of *Shakespeares* minde, and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of *Avon!* what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the banks of *Thames*,
That so did take *Eliza* and our *James!*
But stay I see thee in the *Hemisphere*
Advanced, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of *Poets*, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight fro hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN JONSON.

THE SISTERS OF PORTIA.

PORTIA: You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. *Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 149.

If we of the present time, so far removed by centuries and by customs, would see Portia such as she was—it will be necessary to study her as a type of the *grande dame* of the Italian Renaissance. It will not be possible to assign a definite epoch to her existence; for, while the most striking episode of the play of the *Merchant of Venice* dates back to a story told in the fourteenth century, and consequently the especial direction of Portia's intellect conforms to the fashion of learning of that period, her personality and surroundings are distinctly of the *cinque-cento*, at the close of which time Shakespeare wrote his drama. So perhaps we may, in order to form a vivid vision of the personality of Portia, justly consider her as a concentration of the feminine ideal of the Renaissance, a period of most brilliant and important transitions in the history of woman in Italy.

Let us observe a little the influences which went to the formation of this type:

In the days of the troubadours, women were little more than slaves, notwithstanding the perfunctory and false adulation offered them at Tourneys and Courts of Love. In the stormy and distracted period preceding the Renaissance, Italy was torn by innumerable struggles; and the state of society was such that women whose husbands or fathers were gone to the wars, were compelled to take refuge in the convents, where they prayed for peace and awaited news of their warriors. In the cold seclusion and enforced leisure of the cloisters was sown the seed of the love of learning and of poetry which, in the following centuries, was to distingush the Italian women. With intellectual development came a consciousness of power, and this was not slow or uncertain in its affirmation.

Among the poetesses of the *trecento*—for the most a gentle train of lyric nymphs who imitated the sonnets and songs of Petrarch—appears clearly defined the figure of Leonora della Genga, like an Amazon among Arcadian shepherdesses. Since she was the first literary exponent in Italy of the theory of the rights of women, and had no indifferent part in preparing the way for the possibility of a Portia,

it may not be irrelevant to offer here a translation into English verse of the famous sonnet of Leonora della Genga—premising that in the change of idiom it loses somewhat of its original vigor:—

Give over, men, to say and to declare
That Nature nothing but the man intends,
And that to form the feminine she lends,
Except against her will, but little care.
What envy takes your mind, what cloud is there
That your intelligence not comprehends
How all her strength on woman she expends
And gives to you of glory a lesser share?
To wield the sword do women know right well,
To govern empires; yea, and furthermore,
They know the road that leads to Helicon.
In everything you are inconsiderable,
Ye men, compared to them. No man hath power
To take from woman's hand her fame or crown.

This sonnet, although not precisely conciliating, could not fail to be effective with the minds of men; and Boccaccio refers to it in his treatise De Claris Mulieribus. And thus, under the auspices of Messer Boccaccio—who cites as examples a host of women, famous or infamous, as the case might be, in the annals of antiquity—the intellect and place of woman began to be recognized in Italy.

The extent of the knowledge of that epoch was very limited, compared with that of our own century. It was not then, as it now is, an immense ocean of which the horizon continually recedes before our progress; but seemed rather like an inland sea, readily navigable from shore to shore. And like the early mariners at their oars, the Italian scholars of the *trecento* sat facing backward, with their gaze immoveably fixed upon the past. It was a patriotic instinct which led them to look fondly at the former glories of Italy—only a few elect spirits such as Dante were able to foresee the glories of the possible future.

At the great universities of Bologna, Padua and other cities the principal studies were Law, Theology and Philosophy—the latter branch including also Medicine. To these were later added "the humanities," Greek and Latin literature; which, at first subordinate, greatly increased in importance during the next two hundred years, until classicism pervaded the whole thought and literature of Italy. Learning was universally pursued with a passionate ardor of which the final aim was to secure for oneself a lasting name, and praise that should remain perdurable beyond the limits of mortal life. Dante has expressed this desire in the fourth canto of the *Inferno*, where the word honor in its various forms—*orrevol*, *onori*, *orranza*, *onrata*, *onorate*—sounds and resounds as when "the note of a trumpet is heard from the right hand, and from the left another answers."

In those days, the education of girls was identical with that of their brothers. The ideal of the woman of the Renaissance was that she

should be in every way the companion and equal of man; and that to the learned reunions, fashionable at the courts of princes and nobles, she should be able to contribute the treasures of her intellect as well as the grace of her presence. The learned Gregorovius in his monograph upon Lucrezia Borgia, has noted that the idea that mental cultivation is injurious to womanly charm, is a prejudice entirely of Germanic origin, and one which never occurred to the Italians of the Renaissance. He points with pride to the many distinguished figures of potent and noble women that appear in the history of Italy during the Renaissance, and, at a period somewhat later in the history of a kindred Latin nation, France; while in Germany and in England, at the same epoch, feminine influence played no prominent part.

Hence we find the way prepared for extraordinary displays of learning among the Italian women; and the actions of Shakespeare's Portia will no longer appear to us unusual, unfeminine, or capricious, nor even as the improbable invention of the dramatist, or the writer of *novelle*.

The episode of the discomfiture of the money-lender has been traced back to the *Gesta Romanorum;* but in the elder version it differs upon an important point from the story as given in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, and in various other *novelle* of the fourteenth century—it lacks the beautiful personality of the lady disguised as a lawyer. But in telling his story to an audience of the *trecento*, Ser Giovanni could point to a group of women, some of them still living at the time, who would have been quite capable of the action of his heroine.

At the University of Bologna there flourished a company of ladies learned in the law, whose duty and opportunities as daughters and wives led them first to study, then to teach, jurisprudence.

One of these was Bitisia Gozzadini, who was crowned laureate of law by the unanimous vote of the Padri Togati, in the presence of the applauding nobles and people of Bologna.

Novella and Bettina Andrea were the daughters of Giovanni Andrea, a jurist eminent in Canon Law. These sisters were deeply versed in philosophy and in the classics, as well as in legal studies; and upon the occasions of the absence of her father, madonna Novella assumed the chair of the professor and taught his classes—having first taken the precaution to veil her beautiful face in order that the minds of the students should not be diverted from Canon Law to that of Cupid. Novella Andrea, after her marriage to the learned jurist Giovanni Oldrenghi, frequently acted as the colleague of her husband, prepared briefs, and lectured to his classes. Cristofano Bronzini of Aneona wrote of her:

> Novella, of Bologna, was so highly versed in the laws that she read publicly at Padua, and she, being very learned, whenever her father or her husband was occupied in public or private business, took worthily the chair, and continued the

lessons begun by her husband or her father, to the infinite use and satisfation of all the hearers.

It is pleasant to know that Oldrenghi appreciated the worth of his lovely and learned wife; and that when Pope Urban V. offered him the robe of a cardinal, with the condition that he should induce his wife to leave him and become a nun, he promptly refused, and taught the world, says the chronicle, that virtue is above purple and fine linen.

The other sister, Bettina Andrea, married Giovanni Sangiorgi, doctor of laws at Padua, and was able to assist him in his lessons of jurisdiction and philosophy, although her fame as an expounder of law remained inferior to that of Novella.

Among many other instances may be cited that of Maddalena Buonsignori, who took a degree and then taught jurisprudence at the University of Bologna, where Brunetto Latini and Guido Guinicelli taught, and Dante Alighieri was a pupil. The historian Magliani says that the *dottoressa* Maddalena wrote a treatise De Legibus Connubialibus, in which she combined profound knowledge of ancient laws with original and acute interpretation.

A generous oratress, of a spirit akin to that of Portia, was Galeana Savioli, who defended the cause of her husband, the senator Brancaleone, before the public council of Bologna. She refuted the false accusations which had been brought against him at Rome; and to such effect, that she saved him from threatened death and caused his restoration to his former dignities.

The stories written by Ser Giovanni in the year 1378, bore the collective title of *Il Pecorone* (The Simpleton). These tales are supposed to be related in turn by a prioress and her chaplain, who, sitting in the convent parlor, tell the legends, founded upon facts of history, concerning the builders of Troy, Frederic Barbarossa, the Countess Matilda, the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and others, less imposing in their themes, such as the first *novella* of the fourth day, from which Shakespeare took the plot of *The Merchant of Venice*. Ser Giovanni was so good as to explain in a sonnet his reasons for naming his book *Il Pecorone*, and modestly observes, that of the company of simpletons he himself is chief.

Between the date of the writing of these tales and their publication at Milan in 1558, with a subsequent English translation, there occurred in Italy many brilliant examples of feminine learning and eloquence. Among these was Tarquinia Molza, born at Modena in 1522, and granddaughter of the poet of the same name. She learned Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, was familiar with the classic authors, and studied philosophy, mathematics and astronomy, without neglecting the fine arts. She was also lady in waiting to the Princess Lucrezia and Leonora d'Este, and Tasso wrote one of his dialogues in her honor. In the year 1600, the Roman senate and people rewarded her with a diploma for her eminence in the sciences, classics and poetry, as well as for her courage

ınd virtue. They gave her the freedom of the city of Rome, and or her sake, extended it also to the entire Molza family of Modena ınd to their descendants.

Cassandra Fedele, borne at Venice about the year 1465, was earned in classic literature, philosophy, oratory, history, theology .nd music. She enchanted by her eloquence the magistrates of he Venetian republic, and her profound knowledge of philosophy, Greek, and Latin astonished the severe doctors of the University of Padua. She corresponded with kings, prelates and men of letters; ınd was as eminent, says the biographer Comba, for virtue and social graces as for erudition.

This is the very type of Portia; and may even have been the model rom which Shakespeare drew this superb portrait of a Venetian lady —a portrait which Titian might have painted with the palette in olace of the vocabulary. Indeed, were Portia the historical woman, ınd Cassandra Fedele the creation of the dramatist, only then might he reader have been tempted to charge Shakespeare with exaggera- ion of the perfections of his heroine. At least, it will be easy to oelieve that Portia's legal knowledge was so profund and her wit so rained and ready, that she required but little aid from her cousin, who was probably also her former teacher, Doctor Bellario of Padua. All hat was necessary, was the letter to the Prince, which must come rom Bellario and in his own handwriting, and the loan of the cos- umes of the doctor and of the clerk. And if the ingenious plan of the lefence were the result of her own legal knowledge, and not supplied (as without these precedents of feminine jurisprudence we should ıave been left to believe) by doctor Bellario, it is all the more natural hat Portia, should desire to appear in person to conduct the defence which she had devised. The alleged illness of Bellario was, of course, a convenient indisposition by request of his charming cousin, ınd there is no doubt that he could and would have come to Venice ıad he feared that Portia could not prove equal to the emergency.

To return to the history of the Renaissance, here very slightly and rapidly sketched only as a background for the figure of Shakespeare's Portia, we find that in Italy of the sixteenth century, woman was at he highest point of her glory. Men of letters, poets and statesmen vied in the celebration of the apotheosis of woman—as Magliani calls it; and it is precisely in this golden age of social and literary ıistory that we may fancy Portia in the enjoyment of a heritage of feminine prestige which as we have seen, had been gradually amass ng for her endowment since the time of the emphatic Leonora della Genga. If one might choose the point of time in which to imagine he Lady of Belmont in all the splendor of her beauty and riches, ınd surrounded by the nobly intellectual personages of the play of *The Merchant of Venice*,—the early years of the sixteenth century would seem an appropriate time. The Italian Renaissance had ripened to its perfection; and this rich fruit of the tree of knowl-

edge has not yet been touched with decay. Venice was living in a dream of Oriental magnificence; its commerce and art were hand in hand; and the wealth of the nations went and came through the arterial system of its water-ways. Yet a few more years, and the power of Venice was to decline. It is not easy to imagine Portia among the premonitory shadows of contest and defeat that saddened the Venetians in the later years of the century. She was the joyous daughter of a fortunate time.

Although it is not possible to insist upon points of chronology as indicated by Shakespeare, two dates appear to suggest the early years of the *cinquecento*. Antonio had sent ventures to Mexico; and the closing of the University of Padua, which event occurred in 1509, had not yet disturbed doctor Bellario in his professor's chair, and sent him with his brother instructors, to find a place in some other school.

Comment and admiration have not been lacking in regard to the perfection of detail with which Shakespeare finished his portrait of Portia. Her brilliant buoyancy, her trained intellect, her exquisite and noble *gentilezza* of a *grande dame* of the Renaissance are everywhere apparent. Her stately reserve with the unsuccessful suitors, her magnificent surrender to Bassanio are thoroughly in character, even to the touches of modest depreciation of herself in the lines

> An unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpracticed, etc.
>
> (III, ii, 159-165.)

And

> This comes too near the praising of myself.
>
> (III, iv, 22.

which notes a trait of elegant Italian manners, to this present day made a part of the refined training of children in Northern Italy.

The name, even, of Portia was happily chosen because in perfect accordance with the fashion of the *cinquecento*. Classicism reigned everywhere, even in the baptismal register; and the names of the saints were neglected in order to give the newly born daughters of noble houses such names as Porzia, Lucrezia, Atalanta, Pentesilea.

Is it perhaps too much to hope that this slight sketch of the intellectual conditions of the Italian women of the Renaissance; this array of the pallid recalled figures of the sisterhood of the Law may have somewhat availed to make Portia appear more possible and real, and to lead her into the large circle of light in which stand the shapes of actual unforgotten women who once lived in Italy, so that the erudite dames of Bologna, and the golden-haired beauties that Titian painted, and Dante's Beatrice, and madonna Laura, and Simonetta so sweetly praised, and all the lovely ladies that sing and dance and weave garlands through the centuries of Italian poetry and art shall take Portia by the hand and call her sister.

E. Canazza.

SHYLOCK.

It was once my fortune to share a seat in a crowded railway carriage with a Jew—"an Ebrew Jew." A situation of this kind is one which usually elicits expressions of condolence from one's fellow-Christians, but such expressions would have been wasted in this case, although my fellow-traveller became at once communicative to an extent finally bordering on the confidential. He was from Bohemia—not that sea-girt land which existed in Shakepeare's fancy as the home of Florizel and Perdita—but the real, modern, geographical Bohemia. Landing in New York, a penniless youth, he was at once welcomed, sheltered and supported by people of his tribe, after the traditional manner of the Israelites. Supplied with a peddler's pack, he took up the burden of life, until by patient thrift and industry he had acquired a moderate competence, and established himself permanently in a thriving New England town. And here his troubles began. Desirous of rising to the dignity of a landholder and of enjoying the pleasure of proprietorship in a home for himself and family, he found himself the victim of a species of Christian boycott, so far as the purchase of real estate was concerned, till at last, by means of pardonable craft, he succeeded in purchasing a homestead to his mind. As it happened, his next-door neighbor was a Baptist deacon, in the same line of trade as himself, and until the advent of his Jewish rival, almost a monopolist in that line. At this point in his narrative my fellow-traveller waxed eloquent as he described the petty annoyances, slights and wrongs which he suffered at the hands of his neighbor, a detailed narrative of which would go far toward marking the quaint irony of the old New England saying, "all deacons are good men, but there's a difference in deacons." All these wrongs the Jew bore "with a patient shrug," till at last a wrong more flagrant than the rest brought matters to a point where forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Unable to contain his righteous indignation, the Jew confronted the Christian in his place of business, his Rialto, in fact, and openly accused him of dishonorable and unrighteous dealings, using as a peroration of his philippic, words substantially as follows: "If I am a Jew, I have eyes, mouth and nose like any other human being; I live by eating and drinking,

and I have human faculties and feelings which show me when I am wronged."

How deftly Shakespeare struck the keynote of the Jewish race smarting under Christian contumely and oppression, in the almost identical words of Shylock maddened by his wrongs! It is not too much to suppose that these very words were caught up by the Jews of three centuries ago and handed down from generation to generation almost as a part of their religion.

There was much food for reflection in the story of my fellow-traveller. Jewish frugality and thrift had made his life-struggle with poverty successful; through pride of race he had risen superior in the conflict with Christian oppression. Here was, in some sense, a Shylock, but where was Antonio? Do we find him in the Baptist deacon with his petty, sanctimonious hostility? Since the days of Shylock the adamantine character of the Jew has only been hardening if that were possible, while we Christians think we have vastly improved in our attitude toward the Jews. But is the outspoken enmity of Antonio, are even the brutal taunts of Salarino and Solario improved upon in any degree by the sanctimonious duplicity of the deacon or the refinement of the boycott? It is just this prejudice of old that keeps us from catching a true appreciation of the character of Shylock from the many living types about us. We see him hedged in on one side by the unchanging manners, customs, and traditions of his race and religion, and we proceed at once to hedge him in on the other side by our own opposition and prejudice, until his path in life is narrow indeed. The Jew is almost the same pariah in the Christian social world to-day as three centuries ago. The theatre-goer, or casual reader of Shakespeare imbibes at once a prejudice against Shylock from the simple fact that he is a Jew; and his name has really taken its place among the parts of speech in our language as a synonym for sordid baseness, cruelty and avarice. His dramatic position as well as his race and religion unfortunately adds to this feeling, for the whole strength of the character, grand as in many senses it is, stands as a constantly opposing force to all that we call beautiful in the play. We lose sight of the man and see only the Jew. But as in all of Shakespeare's characters, it is with the man himself, be he Jew, Turk, or infidel, that we have to do.

It is, perhaps, a truism to say that comedy is only tragedy averted or suppressed. The comedy of *The Merchant of Venice* is one in which the tragic element holds stronger sway and approaches nearer its culmination than in any other of Shakespeare's comedies. In *Twelfth Night*, for instance, the tragic is continually suppressed until it is a mere undertone, while even in *Measure for Measure* we feel a confidence that the agent for its suppression is always within reach. But in *The Merchant of Venice* this element grows and grows, until we are upon the brink of a tragedy with no visible relief at hand.

And this effect is solely due to the character of Shylock, terribly in earnest at every point, making it really a dramatic necessity that he should possess all the strength and force of will, all the intellectual power, and all the pride, hate, and avarice which his words imply. In the ever-recurring changes of potent influences which are continually working upon this strong nature, we are always in danger of losing sight of the character itself. It is perhaps no wonder that for this reason, and from the prejudices just referred to, the character often has been, and still often is, misappreciated or misunderstood. Yet through, and in spite of all these influences, the man Shylock is plainly to be seen, swayed though he is by hate, avarice and personal wrongs, yet guided by force of will, and by a keen, subtle, Jewish intellect.

In the transaction with Antonio and Bassanio he appears to be speaking with a double purpose—outwardly to assert his dignity, pride, and sense of the wrongs heaped upon him, inwardly to con his own advantages and possible means of revenge, however remote. But there is more than revenge implied in the result of the transaction; there is positive mercantile advantage. An enemy who has "hindered" him "half a million" is silenced by the coals of fire apparently heaped on his head; no longer can the voice and influence of Antonio work to the detriment of the trade plied by Shylock in the Rialto. Antonio is convinccd that in signing the bond he has signed a treaty of peace; Shylock is invited to supper as a token of good will, and goes, hypocritically and reluctantly enough, after having spurned Bassanio's invitation to dinner before this ostensible treaty was concluded. Whether this advantage was a prime motive or not, he has certainly gained it, and it is hardly reasonable to suppose that the wily, astute Jew could have been unmindful of it in his eagerness to gain the other advantage of placing his enemy in his power, and establishing a remotely possible means of revenge. The results of this diplomacy are brought about with the consummate skill which not only a keen but a great intellect can command. A low usurer would have contented himself with a sharp bargain for the highest possible rate of interest on the best possible security, but Shylock takes "no doit of usance," foregoing the present advantage in the expectation of far greater advantage in the future. It is not necessary to go beyond this scene to catch the shrewd, subtle play of intellect, concentrated as it is in the apparently off-hand words

> I say
> To buy his favor I extend this friendship;
> If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
> And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
>
> —I, iii, 169.

It is this very intellectual power, perhaps as much as pride of race,

or pride of purse, which gives to him the commanding presence we must accord. Through this entire scene there is a current of dignity and of independence amounting almost to hardihood when we remember, that, in spite of his fiercely muttered hate, he is held in check by the civility and servility of the money-lender to his customer, the Jew to the Christian. Something of independence may have been accorded to him from the fact that he appears to have been one of the Rothschilds of his day. Three thousand ducats in the days of Shakespeare was "a good round sum," and to the banker of to-day should mean not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. A Jewish banker who could hazard a sum like this naturally must have felt the power of his wealth, not only for his own honor, but, through him, for the honor of his race. And this pride is a strongly marked and clearly expressed feature—a pride in the very fact that he is in position at a moment's notice to lend this sum, and has the power, too, to lend it on a Christian's "single bond," without security or interest.

I think it will always be found that we make a full acquaintance with Shakespeare's old men on their first appearance if at all. It is so with *King Lear*, and it is so with Shylock, the leading instances. In the few pages of Scene Third, Act First, Shylock, in all his characteristics is plainly revealed, and his motives are plainly marked. Such characteristics under the influence of such motives, may readily lead to tragical results, should occasion offer. We know that the words he has muttered in our hearing only,

> If I can catch him once upon the hip,
> I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
>
> —I, iii, 47

still have a terrible significance for Antonio, though he knows it not.

There is one tie besides money which still binds Shylock to life, one human staff on which he still can lean—an only daughter, whom he can trust with the keeping of his ducats and his jewels, even to the ring which, above all his other treasures, he prizes as the gift of his dead wife in the far back days of his bachelor youth. Jessica alone is left him. Watchfully solicitous for her good conduct, confident of her integrity, he looks upon her as the support and comfort of his age, while he rears her in seclusion after the straightest sect of the Israelites. But we see no parental tenderness on the one hand, no filial love on the other. She sees Christian revelry and social life at a distance, and longs for its pleasures with all the longing of restrained youth. Even the jesting Launcelot is about to leave her, and to him she confesses—

> Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
> Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
>
> —II, iii, 215.

Naturally enough, she falls in love with one of the gilded youth of

Venice, a Christian, and requires but little persuasion to fly with him from her father's house, and make him still more gilded with her father's ducats.

At this point the career of Shylock becomes a tragedy within an impending tragedy. Hitherto his wrongs have been such as he has outwardly borne "with a patient shrug," but now these wrongs are but trifles to the calamity that has befallen him. The trusted daughter is a thief, has renounced her religion and her tribe, and has fled to be married to a Christian; even the precious ring, that sacred keepsake, is among the robber's spoils. To the Jewish mind these things make up the sum of all that can carry grief, shame, and a sense of outraged pride to the parental heart, and when he exclaims,

> I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin,
>
> —III, i, 92.

it is as much parental grief as mourning over his losses that is manifested in his ravings. The curse has fallen upon his nation; there are no sighs but of his breathing; no tears but of his shedding. Antonio and his friends are at once uppermost in his mind as the agents and abettors of this crowning wrong of all. And just at this moment, so portentous of revenge, comes the rumor of Antonio's ruin, the possibility of the forfeiture of the bond. The intention to enforce this forfeiture is now fixed beyond a doubt; countless ducats are as nothing to him when weighed against the pound of his enemy's flesh. It is still the same Shylock we have seen, only intensified by the terrible purpose in view, and by the maddening influences which have led to this purpose. We call it a murderous intent, and so it is, but to him it is a legalized sacrifice for his revenge, a legalized retribution for his wrongs. A Jewish oath is registered to perform the deadly act; an officer is bespoken; the keen intellect is now bent upon fortifying his legal position, the commanding will lends all its force to the carrying out of this terrible design. I have seen him represented on the stage, in the trial scene, as almost overwhelmed by excitement and passion as he whets his knife, or produces the balances jingling in his trembling hands. I believe this to be a false representation.

> What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

or

> My deeds upon my head!
> I crave the law
>
> —IV, i, 89, 206.

are words, among many others coming from his lips, which admit of but one interpretation. He is firm in the belief in his own right, and assured of his legal justification. The only mark of age to be portrayed here is dignity. His words carry with them a feeling of superiority over

the taunting Gratiano—really a feeling of equality with the Duke himself. When his own weapon, the letter of the law, is finally turned against him, then, and only then is he unmanned—completely and suddenly overwhelmed. From a dramatic point of view, it is the sudden extinction of the character, with all its grandeur of strength, and calls more for pity than for ridicule. Avaricious and revengeful though he was, he was more sinned against than sinning. Social ostracism had left him, as it leaves the Jew of to-day, in a position where money was his only power outside of his tribe, and money-getting or nothing must be his trade, plied with a patient thrift and intelligence naturally ripening into avarice as his store increases, and as age crystallizes his habits of mind and of life. Subtly and terribly revengeful he was, but unspeakably maddening was his provocation.

If the popular magazine literature of the day is to be taken as a guide in the study of Shakespeare's characters, we shall soon find ourselves between Scylla and Charybdis in our search for the Shylock of Shakespeare. We are either to degrade him into a clown, or to canonize him as a saint, and if we have carefully read the *Merchant of Venice*, we shall find either of these a very hard thing to do. Our Scylla may be found in *The Century* for March, 1885, and our Charybdis in *The Atlantic* for April, 1886.

In the *Century* article an eminent divine treats of *The Worship of Shakespeare* as a dangerous idolatry of the nineteenth century, and speaks with the zeal of one who has made an important discovery for the benefit of his race. The authorities are numerous and concurrent from different points of view, each of which may be designated by a substantive ending in *ism*. There is Taine, the "naturalist," Jones Very, the "spiritualist," a certain "supernaturalist," nameless, but having serious objections to quotations from Shakespeare in the sermons of clergymen; and last, but greatest, Emerson himself whom we all know to be a grand old optimist, though he is not so designated. But the Sage of Concord is only quoted at the point where, after a dozen or more pages of grand broadness of vision, he, singularly enough, adds some two pages of unexplainable narrowness. These four authorities, fortifying the author's own opinion form what might be called an alembic, or perhaps more properly a Shakespeareometer, by which it is finally determined that "to purely spiritual insight, he" (Shakespeare) "will ever seem defective." The one awful example of the lengths to which the worship of Shakespeare may lead is found in the modern stage representations of the character of Shylock. "As originally designed," says the author, "Shylock was a secondary and incidental personage, intended to represent the comical aspects of the situation." Irving's personation of the character leads to the following reflections:—

> Would not the author of the play open his eyes in astonishment if he could see it

acted in New York to-day. The picture of a Jew as cherishing pride of race, or any kind of personal pride, would strike him as inconceivably strange.

This view of *Shylock* appears to be evolved entirely from the author's inner consciousness, and is flashed upon us almost if not altogether as discovery by intuition.

The sole argument in its support is this :—

The Hebrew of Shakespeare's time was not in any respect the Hebrew of ours, and that it is preposterous to apply modern ideas of equity or of pity to the creations of three hundred years ago.

There are certain words to be uttered by Shylock, certain dramatic situations in which he is placed, which, in the author's mind, appear to have nothing to do with the startling conclusion he has reached. Would it not be well to set the works of Taine, Very, and even of Emerson, one side for future reference, and take up *The Merchant of Venice* for one more careful reading before we join in this opinion? After all, is not the play the thing? In the absence of any vestigetof the actual stage traditions of Shakespeare's day, it is a rather bold statement to say that Shylock was "originally designed" as the clown of the play, or something like it, that Shakespeare intended these grand utterances for the mouth of a stage mounteback, or that actions so terribly in earnest should be interpreted by the antics of buffoonery. We are not yet prepared to give up the Shylock of Macklin, of Edmund Kean, of Edwin Booth, of Irving, or to substitute the worship of isms for the worship of Shakespeare.

Taking up the *Atlantic* for April, 1886, we turn, with a feeling of relief, to an article entitled *Shylock* vs. *Antonio*. *A brief for the plaintiff on appeal.* This is, as its title implies, an *ex parte* statement of the case of Shylock. So far as a layman can discern it appears a perfect model of modern special pleading. As a recreation it may be harmless, if we can only keep in mind the fact that we are playing we are at court, and that we are not studying the dramatic merits of *The Merchant of Venice*. In pleadings of this kind, it is of course the sole object of the lawyer to prove that his client is entirely in the right, usually involving proof that everyone else connected with the case is entirely wrong; and so, of course Shylock is lauded to the skies, while Antonio is set down as a speculator of very dubious honesty, and the trial is characterized as an "illogical tangle of inconsistencies." In his zeal, the attorney for the plaintiff goes so far as to assert in reference to his client's original intention to enforce the forfeiture of the bond, that

if the transaction had only ended here (at the time the loan was first made) unconnected with the subsequent outrages to which he was subjected, it is not too much to infer that the forfeiture would not have been claimed.

But is there not "evidence" to the contrary? Is it not to be found

in his mutterings of hate already quoted? And if this is not enough let us hear what his daughter has heard from his own lips at a time when the episode was "unconnected with the subsequent outrages:"—

> When I was with him, I have heard him swear
> To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
> That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
> Than twenty times the value of the sum
> That he did owe him.
>
> —III, ii, 286.

This, Shylock has sworn, be it remembered, perhaps in that very oath he speaks of in the trial scene, the oath which would lay perjury upon his soul if he failed to exact the forfeiture of the bond.

No, we cannot canonize Shylock as a saint, any more readily than we can degrade him into a mirth-provoking clown. The attempt to do each of these two things has been productive of, or incidental to, two briliant articles from able pens in two leading periodicals. The effect is as startling as it is evanescent. We look in vain for resulting benefits in the way of new light or new help, and at last ask ourselves, do not such performances as these bear about the same relation to true Shakespearian scholarship which jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge, or shooting the Niagara Rapids in a cork jacket bear to true heroism?

Not even excepting Hamlet, there is no character in Shakespeare's plays which invites more theorizing than Shylock, and theorizing of the most dangerous and misleading kind, too, because, from the nature of the case, as we have just seen, the study is to fit the character to a preconceived theory, rather than to evolve a theory from the study of the character. Even when the latter course is faithfully undertaken, sympathy oftens get the better of judgment. For this reason, the actor's point of view is a vantage-ground in an estimate of Shylock, as, indeed, it is of any dramatic character. With theory as a means rather than an end of study, the actor has nothing to do. He is simply the mouth-piece and interpreter of the author, and his only care is faithfully to put himself in Shylock's place.

The first attempts to reproduce the plays of Shakespeare upon the stage after the re-opening of the theatres in the days of the Restoration, date back to the early part of the eighteenth century. The object at that time seems to have been merely to take Shakespeare's work as a suggestion or possibly a ground-work for something suited to the tastes of theatre-goers of the day. And so, such of the plays as saw the light at that time, appeared in such garbled, mangled, and distorted form that their original was hardly recognizable. No play seems to have suffered more by their treatment than *The Merchant of Venice*, and no character more than Shylock. Among many other additions and perversions, appears a musical masque entitled *Peleus and Thetis*, introducing a banqueting scene in which Shylock, seated at a separate

table, gives a toast to the god Money. In this character Doggett especially contrived to provoke the mirth of the audience, and the play, which had been improved in this way by Lord Lansdowne, held the boards, strangely enough, for two or three decades. But the times were ripening, happily, for something of a different nature from the drama of the Restoration. The night of the fifteenth of February, 1741, was a memorable one in the annals of the English stage. Charles Macklin was the hero of the night, and hero indeed he was, a pioneer in the revival of the drama of Shakespeare. Shylock with the great master's own words once again in his mouth, rendered with tragic force, supplanted, at last, the clown of the day. Like all Macklin's work, it was realistic to the last degree, even to the red hat which he discovered that the Jews of Venice were obliged by law to wear at the time of the story. And better than all, it was a marked success, a grand triumph, even said to have been pronounced by Pope to be the very "Jew that Shakespeare drew." From this time on, for nearly a century, more actors were probably marred than made in their attempts to rival Macklin's performance. In February again, the 26th of February, 1814, Edmund Kean, till then a poor, obscure, little man, was at last accorded the privilege of a *debut* on the London stage. In spite of all opposition, he insisted on appearing in the character of Shylock, in the performance of which Stephen Kemble and Huddart had but recently recorded sad failures. More electrifying, more magnetic than Macklin, Kean owes his fame to the character of his own choosing. It was an intuition of genius which led him to say to his manager, "Shylock or nothing." The manager was saved from impending financial ruin, which the actor's great and sudden success averted.

And so, down to our own day, the great actors still rival the actors of former days in their interpretation of this wonderful character. The adequately marked Judaism of Booth, the scholarly dignity and pride of Irving, furnish new inspirations to the student who like these great actors, will put himself in Shylock's place, and try to understand him.

When we reflect that the Jew of three centuries ago was an outlaw, banished from England by royal edict, the wonder is that Shakespeare could have caught and portrayed this faithful type of a race known only by name in his country. We are tempted to surmise that he went to Venice for his model. But in whatever way the type may have been caught, the portrayal should be set down as the most striking example of the catholicity of Shakespeare's genius. Rising above the prejudices of a day, he has made the Jew of his mimic world the Jew of the real world—a living type of humanity, coming fresher to us through the lapse of ages because bound by the same traditions of race now as ever.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

XIII. AMBROSE ECCLES.

Ambrose Eccles was born in Ireland, and received his education at the College of Dublin. Little is known concerning him except that he was a man of means, and that he lived at his country seat of Cronroe, where he died in 1809.

He edited three of Shakespeare's plays: *Cymbeline*, *King Lear*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. The two former were first published in Dublin in 1793, and afterwards in London, in 1801. *The Merchant of Venice* was published in Dublin in 1805.

King Lear and *Cymbeline* were issued together in two volumes. As to the reason why these two plays were selected, Eccles stated that "they have generally been judged inferior to few others in poetical excellence and beauty, they likewise appeared, in an eminent degree, to stand in need of that kind of assistance which it has been endeavoured to administer." He believed that the plays had not been properly edited, and that many of the scenes had become transposed through the carelessness of the "editors" of the First Folio. Thus Act I, scene iii, he made I,ii, in *King Lear*; and I,v, he made I,iv. Eleven changes of this kind he adopted in *King Lear*, and fifteen in *Cymbeline*. He adopted Jennens' "sketch of the play" in *King Lear*, and altered it to suit his own changes in the scenes. The notes are printed at the bottom of the page, and consist of a selection of those of former editors, and a goodly number of his own.

The three plays which Eccles published were well edited for the time when he lived, and contain much that is valuable.

XIV. ISAAC REED.

The parents of Isaac Reed were of humble origin, and resided in the parish of St. Dunstan's—in the West, London, where he was born. His father was a baker, and owing to delicate health Isaac's younger years were passed at home. He afterwards went to school at Streatham. He was articled as a clerk to the firm of Perrott and Hodgson, attorneys, and remained with them some time. Subsequently he was

assistant to Mr. Hoskins, a conveyancer, and continued with him for about a year, when he established himself in Gray's Inn, in the same profession. He devoted himself to literature also, however, and his first venture seems to have been the publication of the poetical works of the Hon. Lady Mary Wortley Montague in one volume duodecimo, in 1768. In 1773 he issued a collection of the Cambridge Prize Poems from 1750 to that time; and in 1777 commenced the publication of *The Repository: a Select Collection of Fugitive Pieces of Wit and Humour, in Prose and Verse, by the most eminent Writers.* This work was in four volumes in octavo, and the last volume was issued in 1783. In 1778 he issued an edition of Middleton's *Witch*, and in 1780 he edited *Dodsley's Old Plays*, in twelve volumes, octavo. This work also contained notes, and involved much labor.

In 1782 he issued *Dodsley's Collection of Poems, with Biographical Notes*, in six volumes octavo; and the same year *Biographia Dramatica* in two volumes octavo; and in 1783 he published *Pearch's Collection of Poems*, in four volumes octavo.

He had a large and valuable library, which was especially rich in old English literature. After his death the library was sold at auction, and the sale is referred to by Didbin, in his *Bibliomania.* He died January 5th, 1807, and was buried at Amwell.

His friend George Steevens had published two editions of Shakespeare, in 1773 and 1779, which had been all sold. The booksellers required another edition, and Steevens declined to again act as editor, but suggested Reed's name. In 1785 the work appeared in ten volumes octavo. The title page is as follows:

The Plays of William Shakespeare. In ten volumes. With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; to which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The Third Edition, Revised and augumented by the Editor of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ.

Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.

MULTA DIES, VARIUSQUE LABOR MUTABILIS ÆVI
RETULIT IN MELIUS, MULTOS ALTERNA REVISENS
LUSIT, ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT.
Virgil.

London: Printed for C. Bathurst, J. Rivington & Sons, T. Payne & Son, L. Davis, W. Owen, B. White & Son, T. Longman, B. Law, T. Bowles, J. Johnson, C. Dilly, J. Robson, G. G. J. & J. Robson, T. Cadell, H. L. Gardner, J. Nichols, J. Bew, W. Stuart, R. Baldwin, J. Murray, A. Strahan, T. Vernor, J. Barker, W. Lowndes, S. Hayes, G. & T. Wilkie, Scatcherd & Whitaker, T. J. Egerton, W. Fox, and E. Newbery.

MDCCLXXXV.

There is prefixed to Volume I. a well executed engraving from the Chandos portrait, by John Hall. It is however entirely unlike that

painting. The same plates of the Droeshout engraving, and Marshall's copy of it, which were used in Steevens' 1778 edition, are also in this volume. So is the plate of fac-similes of Shakespeare's autographs which was used in that edition.

There is first printed Reed's "Advertisement," which occupies four pages, and is dated November 10th, 1785; then comes Dr. Johnson's preface; which is followed by Steevens' "Advertisement" to the 1778 edition; then comes a list of ancient translations, etc.; and the dedication and preface of the First Folio are followed by the prefaces of Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton; then there is given Steevens' "Advertisement" to his "Twenty Plays." Rowe's life of Shakespeare comes next, and the grant of arms to the poet's father; his will, the Stratford Register extracts; commendatory poems; list of ancient editions of the poet's plays; works on the same; extracts from the books of the Stationers' Company; Malone's essay on the order of the plays, etc., follow. Then come the plays, which are printed in the order of the First Folio.

The work is mainly a reprint of Steevens' edition of 1778, and Reed's labors were not very heavy. In his "Advertisement" Reed remarks:

> Where the very great and various talents of the last Editor [Steevens], particularly for this Work, are considered, it will occasion much regret to find, that having superintended two Editions of his favourite Author through the press, he has at length declined the laborious office, and committed the care of the present Edition to one who laments with the rest of the world the secession of his predecessor; being conscious, as well of his own inferiority, as of the injury the publication will sustain by the change.
>
> As some alterations have been made in the present Edition, it may be thought necessary to point them out. These are of two kinds, additions and omissions.
>
> The additions are such as have been supplied by the last Editor, and the principal of the living Commentators. To mention these assistances, is sufficient to excite expectation; but to speak of anything in their praise will be superfluous to those who are acquainted with their former labours. Some remarks are also added from new Commentators, and some notices extracted from books which have been published in the course of a few years past.
>
> Of the omissions, the most important are some notes which have been demonstrated to be ill founded, and some which were supposed to add to the size of the volumes without increasing their value. It may probably have happened that a few are rejected which ought to have been retained; and in that case the present Editor, who has been the occasion of their removal, will feel some concern from the injustice of his proceeding. He is however inclined to believe that what he has omitted will be pardoned by the Reader; and that the liberty which he has taken will not be thought to have been licentiously indulged. In all events, that the censure may fall where it ought, he desires it to be understood that no person is answerable for any of those innovations but himself.
>
> It has been observed by the last Editor, that the multitude of instances which have been produced to exemplify particular words, and explain obsolete customs, may, when the point is once known to be established, be diminished by any future Editor, and, in conformity to this opinion, several questions, which were heretofore properly introduced, are now curtailed. Were an apology required on this occasion,

the present Editor might shelter himself under tha authority of Prior, who long ago said,

> That when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
> Four are as valid as four dozen.

The present Editor thinks it unnecessary to say anything of his own share in the Work, except that he undertook it in consequence of an application which was too flattering and too honourable to him to decline. He mentions this only to have it known that he did not intrude himself into the situation. He is not insensible, that the task would have been better executed by many other gentlemen, and particularly by some whose names appear to the notes. He has added but little to the bulk of the volumes from his own observations, having upon every occasion rather chosen to avoid a note, than to court the opportunity of inserting one. The liberty he has taken of omitting some remarks, he is confident, has been exercised without partiality; and therefore, trusting to the candour and indulgence of the public, will forbear to detain them any longer from the entertainment they may receive from the greatest Poet of this or any other nation.

In the above Reed gives a very fair account of his duty as editor of this edition. The work in nearly all particulars is a reprint of Steevens' 1778 edition. Reed added some notes of his own, which are signed "Editor." The fact of his having edited Dodsley's Old Plays, and his general familiarity with the old drama, was of the greatest assistance to him, as it enabled him to add to the illustration of Shakespeare's text in this direction.

In 1803, another edition, edited by Reed, appeared in twenty-one volumes octavo. The title page to Volume I. is as follows:

The Plays of William Shakespeare. In twenty-one volumes. With the corrections and illustrations of various commentators. To which are added notes, by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The fifth edition. Revised and augmented by Isaac Reed, with a glossarial index.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ.

Vet. Auct. apud. Suidam.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissolute Fabricks of other Poets, passes without Injury by the Adamant of SHAKESPEARE.

Dr. Johnson's Preface.

MULTA DIES, VARIUSQUE LABOR MUTABILIS ÆVI
RETULIT IN MELIUS, MULTOS ALTERNA REVISENS
LUSIT, ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT.
Virgil.

London: Printed for J. Johnson, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, W. J. & J. Richardson, J. Nichols & Son, F. & C. Rivington, T. Payne, R. Faulder, G. & J. Robinson, W. Lowndes, G. Wilkie, J. Scatcherd, T. Egerton, J. Walker, W. Clarke & Son, J. Barker & Son, D. Ogilvy & Son, Cuthell & Martin, R. Lea, P. Macqueen, J. Nunn, Lackington, Allen & Co., T. Kay, J. Deighton, J. White, W. Miller, Vernor & Hood, D. Walker, B. Crosby & Co., Longman & Rees, Cadell & Davies, T. Hurst, J. Harding, R. H. Evans, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, Blacks & Parry, R. Bent, J. Babcock, J. Asperne, and T. Ostell. 1803.

The title-pages to the other volumes merely have "The Plays of William Shakespeare," the number of the volume, and the contents, besides the names of the publishers as above and the place of publication and date.

There is prefixed to the first volume an engraving of the Felton portrait, by J. Neagle. It is fairly well done, but the expression is not as soft as in the original portrait. Neagle changed the stiff ruff somewhat, to make it look more like a linen collar, and the costume that he added is a plain black gown, entirely different from the Droeshout engraving.

There is a preface by Reed (which he calls an "Advertisement," and the preliminary matter is much the same as in the edition of 1785, with the exception that Malone's historical account of the English stage is reprinted entire, and the additions to it by Steevens' and Chalmers are also given. The plays are arranged very much in the order of the First Folio except that *Macbeth* precedes *King John* and that *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Comedy of Errors* follow *Othello*.

In his preface Reed tells us that this edition contains "the last improvements and corrections of Mr. Steevens, by whom it was prepared for the press." He further remarks that it "is faithfully printed from the copy given by Mr. Steevens to the proprietors of the preceding edition, in his life-time; with such additions as, it is presumed, he would have received had he lived to determine on them himself."

This edition is the foundation on which was built the variorum editions of 1813 and 1821. It contains nearly all the notes that are in the latter, and while the text is not as good as that of 1821, the book is for most purposes very nearly as valuable for reference as the edition of 1821, which has attained the distinction of being called "*the* variorum."

In 1813 this edition was reprinted in twenty-one volumes octavo, the proof-sheets being revised by Mr. Harris, librarian of the Royal Institution. Copies of it were also printed on large paper, in royal octavo. Prefixed to the first volume is an engraving of the Felton portrait, by W. Holl. It is fair, but the soft expression of the original has not been fully preserved.

As before stated Reed's services as editor consisted principally in adding notes from old English literature explanatory of his author's text. The text itself he did not meddle with. While he was somewhat obscured by the greater lights of his day, Steevens and Malone, still his services must not be overlooked, and the praise awarded to him which is his due.

J. PARKER NORRIS.

A SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE.

PREFATORY NOTE.—The aim of the following list of questions, or headings for consideration, is to be suggestive and to lead to a close and loving study of *The Merchant of Venice*. The questions do not pretend to be exhaustive of the play; the groups are probably not scientifically complete in themselves, and their sub-divisions may not follow in the logical order; in fact, the whole plan is tentative; but similar questions implying a like method of study in part have brought about good results in my own personal and professional experience; and hence these questions are offered, with some diffidence, to the readers of SHAKESPEARIANA and to lovers of Shakespeare.

The questions do not pretend, again, to lay down the law as to precisely what the analysis of the play reveals, as Shakespeare's distinct purpose and doctrine in writing it. *The Merchant of Venice* is a *work of Art*, thank Heaven! and as indestructible as the English tongue. It is true that *The Merchant of Venice* does deal, as Gervinus suggests, with Property and the Rights of Property as the basis of Society; but it also deals with Human Affections as the basis of Society; and Shylock is punished as much for his sins against these Rights of Affection as he is for his abuse of the Rights of Property. And yet we can hardly say that the theme of the play must, therefore, be the Rights of Property in conflict with the Rights of Affection; any more than we can say that the true theme is Education because it is through the knowledge which is power that Portia is enabled to save her husband's honor and his friend's life; nor yet that the lesson is Justice tempered with Mercy, which Shylock rejects and by which he is finally overcome. It teaches all of these things and much more besides; and it is a dangerous kind of criticism which undertakes to interpret the multiplicity of Shakespeare's human life by translating it into some one plan of Society or of Individuality. These questions, and those to follow on other plays, employ general terms, not to establish preconceived opinions but because it is extremely difficult to get along without general terms. I have no system of Shakespeare to expound. So much by way of prevention of misconception.

The cross-references and illustrations are confined to the play itself

and to Shakespeare's earlier work, because, in the endeavor to learn something of Shakespeare's own growth as well as of his works, it seems wise to take things in their due order; the later plays will come up hereafter. The chronological order of the plays adopted is that given in Professor Dowden's admirable *Shakspere Primer*, which is heartily commended, small as it is, as an agreeable and useful companion in Shakespeare study.

The important thing is first of all to read and study Shakespeare; not to read about him; not to read what his aim may, can, or must have been; but to read in Shakespeare's own words what he means. Let us use, however, the proper helps to understanding his words as he understood them. Thus may Shakespeare truly speak to the Shakespeare within us; thus may the spirit of his mighty genius be imparted—immeasurable benefit—to those eager to receive it. All the needful criticism will come in due time.

It is hard to conceive any greater blessing which could befall the American people than that, beginning in their school-days, they should learn to love and to read habitually all their lives the Plays of William Shakespeare.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.
Hollins Institute, Va.

(References are to the *Globe* edition.)

OUTLINE OF A SCHEME FOR A COURSE OF SHAKESPEARE STUDY.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

I. *The Merchant of Venice* as showing:—

1. Shakespeare's Presentation of *Man the Individual.*

   (*a*) The Various Individualities in the play.

   (*b*) Differences and Effects upon individuals of differences of Age, of Rank, of Social Station, *e. g.*, Antonio and Bassanio.

   (*c*) Effects of Differences of Race and of Race-influence in Beliefs, and in Education, *e. g.*, Shylock and Bassanio.

   (*d*) Consequences of Sex in further modifying such differences. Jessica and Portia.

2. Shakespeare's Presentation of *Man, the Social Being.*

   (*a*) Relations of legally constituted Society and of individual Members of Society to Property and to Law.

   Right of Property to Protection in conflict with Right of the Individual to Protection.

(*b*) Authority of Law and Custom.

Shylock, the alien, invincible as against Antonio the citizen, so long as Custom gives him what seems to be Law on his side.

(*c*) Relations between Higher and Lower Ranks.

The Feudal Society as compared with ours.

(*d*) Influences of long-standing Race-Prejudice.

Shylock, the rich merchant, in but not of his community.

3. Shakespeare's Presentation of *Woman.*

(*a*) Portia as a Type.

Is her intellect masculine?
A young man's Ideal of Womanhood?

(*b*) Jessica and Nerissa as Types.

As to Character and as to Position.

(*c*) All three as indicative of Shakespeare's Period as compared with our own.

4. Shakespeare's Presentation of *Mankind in General.*

(*a*) Man's Need of Affection for a fully developed Life, both in himself as an Individual and as a Social Being.

(*b*) Necessity for and Advantage of kindly, helpful Co-operation in the affairs of daily life, even in those partly or wholly selfish in aim.—In Union is Strength.

(*c*) Character-Progression towards noble Development through the healthy Affections,—Bassanio and Portia; towards ignoble Degradation through over-weening influence of mis-applied Intellect and unhealthy Passion,—Shylock.

(*d*) Dwarfing Effect upon Man's Intellect, as to Thought for himself; and upon Judgment, as to Action, for himself and for others; of Cherished Prejudice, and consequent Punishment both in Thought and in Social Relation.

(*e*) Wrong-doing and Wrong-suffering of Society proceeding from long continued Class or Race Oppression.

(*f*) Need of sound and humanizing Education both for the Individual and for Society.

(*g*) Bassanio, meaning well but acting thoughtlessly, well-nigh destroys his friend and his own peace of mind; Shylock, meaning ill and acting from thought rendered purblind by evil passion, over-reaches and ruins himself; Portia, acting upon the joint impulse of sound head and pure heart shows the Beauty and the Strength of self-development and unselfish devotion united.

II. *The Merchant of Venice* as compared with Shakespeare's *Earlier Work* as to—

1. (*a*) The Setting of the Story.—The Keynote struck.

Compare *Mer. of Ven.* with *L. L. L.* I. i.; *M. N. D.* I. i. and ii; *Two Gent of Ver.* I. i.; *Rich. III.* I. i.; *Rom. and Jul.* I. i. and iii.

(*b*) Selection of the Subject. Skill in combination of existing Materials. Originality?

Compare *Mer. of Ven.* with early *Hist. Plays*; *L. L. L.*; *M. N. D.*; *Com. of Er.*; *Rom. and Jul.*

(*c*) Issue of the Plot, and Means of bringing it about.

Compare *Mer. of Ven., V,* with last Acts of *L. L. L.*; *T. G. of Ver. Rich. III., Rom. and Jul., King John.*

2. (*a*) Types of Characters presented.

Various nationalities in various plays; Fairy-element in *M. N. D.*

(*b*) Characterization of *Dramatis Personæ.*

Superiority of *Mer. of Ven.* over earlier plays in Complexity of Character. Compare Portia and Juliet; Shylock and Richard III.; Launcelot and Launce (*T. G. of Ver.*)

(*c*) Means of Character Development, internal and external.

Autonio and Shylock use the same instrument wealth, to develop their natures in opposite directions. Their separate religious traditions make Shylock wiser about money them Antonio. In *Com. of Er.* accident alone decides which Dromio it is.

3. (*a*) Development of Plot by Characters.

In *Mer. of Ven.*, the plot grows out of the Characters: in earlier plays we find plot and characters largely dependent on incident and contrast.

(*b*) Handling of Secondary Groups of Characters.

Superior Skill shown in contrasting Gratiano and Nerissa, Lorenzo and Jessica with Bassanio and Portia as compared with lovers in *M. N. D.*

(*c*) Use of Secondary Plots.

The troubles of Lorenzo and Jessica add to the effect of the troubles of Bassanio and Portia; Bassanio's success with the Caskets heightens our anxiety for Antonio; the trick of Portia and Nerissa about the rings soothes us after the trial-scene and delights us when they reach Belmont. Compare with all this the less closely knit parts of *M. N. D.*

ANTONIO, THE MERCHANT.

To get a vivid impression of Shakespeare's presentation of any one of his characters, as an Individuality, the simplest, most direct way is to ask, with the Play in hand,—just as the good actor must do

when he seeks to know what appearance and qualities he should exhibit,—"What manner of man does Shakespeare show us he was?"

In the same way, for instance, asking what kind of a man was Antonio, one may follow him through the Play, noticing what he says, what others say of him, how different people and how different events affect him, and putting for consideration such questions as naturally arise.

I, i:—Why was he sad? Was his sadness a mood?—Something rooted in his disposition, or something springing from it? And why? What two causes of it are assigned by Salanio and Salarino? [8–40 and 46.] Did Antonio deny both of these? Do you think the departure of the rest as soon as Bassanio enters significant in any way? Did Gratiano understand Antonio aright in the inferences he seems to draw? [74–76, and 81–102.] How do Antonio and Bassanio take what he said? What did they have to say to each other? Did Antonio expect such a revelation as Bassanio made? [119–121.] Was Bassanio guarded at first? Does Antonio seem to feel he was? [153.] Does Bassanio's tone seem to change somewhat? If it does, where?—and how was it?—and what may it seem to signify of the relations of Antonio, Bassanio and Portia? How does Antonio receive Bassanio's full revelation?

I, iii: What does Shylock have to say of Antonio? How does Antonio speak and act before the Jew? How much of his speech and conduct may you attribute to race prejudice and what remains beyond this to show the innate disposition of the man? Why does Bassanio fear Shylock's bond more than Antonio does?

II, vi, 60–68: Has Antonio's appearance here any bearing on anything besides the conduct of the story?

III, i: Does the conversation of Salarino and Salanio throw any light on anything but the story, and on their own characters?—That is to say, on Antonio's character or his reputation?

III, ii: Is the letter to Bassanio the most intimate revelation given of Antonio's character. [317–324.] What does it lead Bassanio to say of his letter? [267–268.] Of him. [294–298.] Is this consistent with the other conclusions you have drawn?

III, iii, and IV, i: In the scene with the Jew and the jailor how does Antonio act? And what does he say in accepting the issue of events in this scene; and later in the Trial Scene? In urging Bassanio to give up the ring?

V, i: What value have Antonio's last words after the arrival in Belmont?

Welding these dramatic effects together, into what shape has Antonio's character grown before your eyes?

C. P.

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETIES.

It is desired to give, here, serially, account and report of the work of all Societies, Clubs and Classes engaged in studying or reading Shakespeare. Reports of work are wanted, prefaced by some account of the beginning and progress of each Society. Its history, that is to say, is wanted as well as its minutes, news of its studies, or of the investigations it may have made. Each Society, inclined to promote a plan looking to the general good, is invited to send the necessary data as to :

1. When it was formed?
2. How it was organized?—Constitution, or general rules?
3. By whom and where?
4. Its present list of numbers, designating officers.
5. Its way of working. Difficulties. Changes found advisable, and why. With observations on any of these points that may be thought of interest, and with report of work in hand.

THE MONTREAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.—The origin of the Shakespeare Club of Montreal was on this wise: "In 1873, '74 and '75,"—its Honorary Secretary, Mr. R. W. Boodle, writes, in reply to SHAKESPEARIANA's inquiry,—"I had belonged to a Shakespeare Club in Oxford University that met privately on Tuesday nights in different men's rooms. When I came to Canada I resolved to start a Club here in Montreal, but did not succeed in striking the right kind of men till the year 1882, in February, when four of us met, Messrs. H. Abbott, R. D. McGibbon, R. G. Goggs and myself, of whom only the first and last are now members of the Club. I was appointed Secretary, and have continued so ever since. The calendar I send of the Montreal Club explains its work." The first session (1882) was spent in studying *Romeo and Juliet*, *Measure for Measure*, and a *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "The Social Question suggested by the Play" "Angelo" and the "Ground tone of the Play" in *Measure for Measure*, receiving the attention of E. W. Arthy, R. G. Goggs and R. W. Boodle. Of Sessions II. (1882–83) and III. (1883–84) accounts are given in SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. I. pp.

26, 60, 93, 160 and 199. *Antony and Cleopatra* was the first play studied in the fourth session (1884–85), report thereon is given in SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. II, p. 49,; *Henry IV.*, parts I. and II., were then studied; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* followed, and "Falstaff," by the Rev. Canon Norman, and by J. S. McLennan; "The Percy Family and Hotspur," by W. McLennan; "Prince Hal," by E. Lafleur, and "Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford," by F. McLennan were the main divisions of the subject considered. The work done on the succeeding plays, *Othello* and *Twelfth Night* was indicated in reports given in SHAKESPEARIANA, Vol. II., pp. 399 and 597. The study of *Twelfth Night* opened, the following four plays concluded the work of Session V., (1885–86).

Cymbeline: "Introductory Remarks on the Play," C. H. Gould; "Jealousy in Shakespeare," E. W. Arthy; "Imogen," H. Abbott; "Posthumus," N. J. Rielle; "Two Notes on the Play," R. W. Boodle.

King Henry V: "General Remarks on the Play," Rev. Canon Norman; "Henry V," A. Parker; "Fluellen," F. T. Short.

Coriolanus: "Introductory Essay," F. T. Short; "General Remarks on the Play" Rev. Canon Norman; "Coriolanus," N. J. Rielle; "Tullus Aufidius," A. D. Nicolls; "Volumnia," C. A. Duclos.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "Valentine," W. de M. Marler. The following Essays were also read before the Club during the Session: "Falstaff's Nose: a *jeu d'esprit*," C. E. Moyse; "A Defence of Hamlet's *To be or not to be* against Goldsmith's criticism," Ven. Archd. Leach; "Shakespeare at Dead Hos' Crick," J. E. Logan; "The Development of the Shakespearian Drama," R W. Boodle.

The programme of work for the preseht session was printed in the August number of this Magazine. The Club is now engaged in studying *The Merchant of Venice.* Its general method of proceeding is to "read a play through, discussing it scene by scene, from every point of view. This takes from four to five evenings. (The work is varied by social pleasures. Several of our members are capital singers and pipes and Bacchus are not out of order.) Then, as recapitulation and summary, a series of essays or notes on the play follow. Our members, you will see by the rules, are limited, (to fifteen) and we have always a large number outside who want to come in at the first vacancy. Rule XI, (which reads: 'In the event of a member missing two meetings in succession, it shall be in the discretion of the Club to notify the Secretary to drop his name,') is strictly enforced against anyone who has not very strong claims on the score of ability as a worker or writer." It may be added that meetings are held weekly from the second Monday in September until May, each member in turn taking the chair. The Secretaryship and the Chairmanship are the only officers for which the Constitution provides. There

are now besides the fifteen regular members, seven honorary members, who have helped to make this Club distinguished for its faithful and enthusiastic work.

A San Francisco Shakespeare Class.—For some time past, Miss L. B. Easton has been conducting Shakespearian Class-work with marked success. The following account of the class she led during the past year, was in a letter, not intended for publication, but it contains so many suggestions likely to prove of great value in showing how to begin work of the same kind, or in pointing out some new path to pleasurable profit, that it is copied here.

* * "My class comprises about a dozen ladies, and we meet on one afternoon of each week; the lesson occupies nearly two hours, and we devote five hours to each play, one to each act.

The first half-hour is devoted to answering the questions given out at the previous lesson, each lady answering in turn. Each lady prepares only one question, and her question is different from those of the other ladies, but she has the benefit of hearing the others recite, and may prepare on all the questions if she wishes. The questions are general in their character; e. g. "Give an outline of Act. I," that is, tell the story of the play so far as it goes in that act. "When was the play written?" Is it in the first folio?' 'Second?' Third?' 'Give three quotations from Act I.' 'Paraphrase into English prose the passage from —to—.' 'Describe the moonlight garden scene,' *Merchant of Venice*, etc., etc. Few questions are given as to the meaning of the passages, that being left for me to take up. The questions for the following lesson having been given, we then open books, and now *my* work begins. I real aloud certain scenes, as chosen by the class, and then take up the whole act from the beginning, explaining, calling attention to beauties, asking opinions, comparing passages, and in fact throwing all possible light upon the act under consideration. We have animated discussions, and the time passes only too swiftly.

This is the *general* work of each act, but in addition to this we have the following:—

First, If the play be an historical one, I give an introductory talk from memory; for instance, in *Julius Cæsar*, I gave a brief outline of the main points in Roman history, down to the period when the play opens, (including a sketch of the political organization of Rome during the Republican Era,) and a brief outline of Cæsar's life.

Second, At the close of every play we have, (a) the placing of quotations given out at the previous lesson, each lady having three, and telling where the passage occurs, who says it, and under what circumstances; and, (b) each lady has one character to sum up, either from memory or from written notes, her idea of the character as drawn from the play (or from history), telling, or judging from, what he

says, what he does, and what others say about him. These characters are assigned when we begin the play, so that each lady is on the look-out for her particular one all the way through. Of course, this last lesson is the most interesting one of all, and much lively discussion is evoked.

For text-books the class use Rolfe principally, also Dowden's *Shakspere Primer*. I use Rolfe, Hudson, Thom, Cl. Press, Dowden's *Mind and Art*, and everything else I can lay my hands on.

Allow me to anticipate an objection that might be made to my giving only one question, and that a different one, to each lady. I can only answer that should I demand all the work from each one, the class would be very likely to go to pieces. Married ladies have so many claims upon their time, material, domestic, and social, that one has to handle them very gingerly, in order to obtain any results whatever. Especially in a city like this, with its great distances, out-of-door life, and kaleidoscopic change of population and interests. A long experience with classes of this kind suggests this as the very best course for me. My classes are always very enthusiastic, and seem especially pleased that they learn and remember so much." * *

THE DRAMA.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT'S SHYLOCK.—The studious, skilled, and fairly accompanied performances of *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Richard III*, and *The Merchant of Venice* which Mr. Barrett has given in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and will continue during the season, deserve the encouragement and attention of all readers of Shakespeare who care for their poet's highest gift,—the dramatic mirroring of human nature.

The Merchant of Venice is, strictly speaking, not the due title of Mr. Barrett's representation of that play. *Shylock* suits it better, for Shylock's part in it is the main interest, forced to stay in the front all through, not only by reason of Mr. Barrett's superior interpretation, but because the story is curtailed in its main flow towards Belmont and "fair Portia." The charming fifth act, which so ideally and joyously rounds out the comedy, is altogether cut, and only a ragged edge here and there, and a consciousness of inconsequence, in scenes not wholly dedicated to the Jew, remain vaguely to remind us of the perfact whole we miss. This is certainly not as it best would be, but appreciating the high average of support given, thanks evidently to Mr. Barrett's painstaking management, it would be churlish not to give thanks, in the face of this lack we feel, for an initial American representation, now, of a Shakespearian play not

propped up by the usual high star and cheap straw combination. As for the Jew, him we have and he is worth our gaze.

Tall, moving with slow strength across the boards in front of the scene that does duty for the Rialto, standing in a quietude almost statuesque in its pose, robed in his black Jewish gaberdine bordered with red, and marked with a red cross on the elbow, a black and yellow cap on his grey, bent head, his richly jewelled hands betraying the nervous eagerness of his nature as they clutch and twine upon his long knotted staff, with the withdrawn look of his strong featured face, and the reserved intelligence dwelling in his eyes, Lawrence Barrett's Shylock, it may be seen, wants neither dignity nor originality. The shabby meanness which he avoids in his dress he avoids also in his conduct and speech.

> Three thousand ducats; well,
>
> I, iii.

he says almost absently.

> Ay, sir; for three months,

repeats the young Venetian gallant, who looks frivolous by the side of him.

> *Shylock.*—For three months; well.
> *Bassanio.*—For the which,, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
> *Shylock.*—Antonio shall become bond; well,

he tells the words over slowly, monotonously, absently still, but no one would think him unattentive to their remotest possibility of meaning.

> May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

pursues the brave Bassanio half impatiently

"Three thousand ducats," returns Shylock, imperturbably, "for three months, and Antonio bound." The thought of Antonio bound is a sweet morsel under his tongue, but he rolls it out with no vulgar gusto, but meditatively as does he who makes calculations wisely on two sides and is not easily misled to injudicious hopes.

> Antonio is a good man,—

he continues with an accent of over-caution, which alone tells the tale of the thoughts he has been revolving, without the further explanation he vouchsafes in answer to Bassanio's quick question :—

> Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
> Ho, no, no, no, no, no; my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient yet his means are in supposition; he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, and a fourth for England, and other ventures he

hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land thieves, I mean pirates; and there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats: I think I may take his bond.

Be assured you may,—

Bassanio returns lightly,

I *will* be *assured* I may; and that I may be *assured*, I will *bethink* me,

answers Shylock with rather more emphasis and effect of being conscious of his interlocutors' actual presence than he has shown hitherto.

His next answer to Bassanio's invitation,—

If it please you to dine with us, &c.

is scarcely more impatient or louder in tone, it is merely gravely contemptuous.

***

To this low tone the key is pitched throughout. The Jew's purpose is kept under, though in hand, only ready in case the occasion calculated as possible shall come. In the speech,

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

I, iii, 101.

Mr. Barrett's rendering was pervaded with the subdued vehemence of a man whose sincerity, sensitively restrained by habits of caution and remembrance of many hurts helplessly received, allowed itself a guarded chance to have its say out in jnstification of himself to a man he bore "a lodged hate and a certain loathing." "For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe," he repeated with bitter weariness, significantly laying one hand upon his sleeve to show the red cross he wore there. Though Antonio had rated him often about his usances, these, the Jew's only permitted source of power had now caused the heedless Christian to bring suit to him. This alone was a kind of satisfaction to the Jew, only a lesser triumph than the one he gloats over when Tubal comforts his lament about his ducats and his daughter with the announcement that Antonio has had ill luck too. His nature is shown through it all not merely as revengeful, hard, and narrow; his hardness is shown as partly due to the shield his pride has made for his sensitiveness, his revenge is shown to be the issue of a malice grounded on a reasonable and well-thought-out grievance, from the Jews's point of view, toward Antonio:—

I will have the heart of him if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will.

III, i, 109.

Therefore, with all the repulsion we feel for Shylock's narrowness, his sordid mind, and the evil bias of his heart exhibited so miserably when he says,—

> The curse never fell upon our nation till now: I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would that my daughter were at my foot and the jewels in her ear! etc,—
>
> III, i, 72.

still, we are made to feel how unjustly he has been baited and badgered.

Mr. Barret also pictures before us a Shylock who restrains his eagerness this side of tremulousness, by so much the more heightening his intensity; who retains a dignity of old age in his outward guise and the dignity of a rooted purpose too wise to unfold itself abruptly even in the growing tightening of suspense in the trial scene.

It is, in a word, Mr. Barrett's glory in this part to have given us that Shakespearian refinement and truth of characterization which permits us to understand and to appreciate the peculiar justification and temptation the man had whose deed is yet repulsive and condemnable.

The nervelessness, the collapse of purpose, but not of the mind which has so quickly taken in the full bearing of his absolute defeat, almost seems worthy of the pity we are wont to give another aged sufferer, tottering King Lear, when Shylock begs the Duke, pausing often, with visible effort,

> I pray you give me leave to go from hence;
> I am not well; send the deed after me,
> And I will sign it.

"HAMLET" ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

The French Version of the greatest of Shakespearian Dramas, brought out, on Tuesday night, the 28th of Sept., at the Théâtre Français, is an old friend with a new face.

The adventures of the older version which was the joint product of the elder Dumas and M. Paul Meurice, are curious and interesting. It was read at the Français while Dumas was absent from Paris. The committee agreed to accept it with alterations. Dumas, when he heard this, was savage, and ironically complimented M. Buloz, the manager, on having agreed to accept Shakespeare—with corrections. The authors then had it played in a country theatre at St. Germain, the critics being invited. Everybody was enchanted. Rouvière made an admirable Hamlet; Ophelia being Mlle. Person, who had received lessons from Miss Smithson, the English actress, whom Berlioz married. Towards the end of 1847 *Hamlet* was played successfully

at the Théâtre Historique, and afterwards at the Odéon. In 1867 it was revived at the Gaîté by Mme. Judith.

The management of the Français, it is said, have long intended to give *Hamlet*, and in M. Perrin's time the dresses and costumes had been designed for that purpose. It was reserved, however, for M. Jules Claretie, himself a man of letters and an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, to superintend the realization of this long cherished project, with the aid too of the collaborator with Dumas, M. Paul Meurice, who survives and who has revised and altered the play so as to fit it for the classic boards of the Rue Richelieu.

The original aim of the authors was the bold one of improving *ce barbare* Shakespeare, and the great feature of their adaptation was to change the *dénouement*. Hamlet escaped the ordeal untouched by the poisoned foil, and, as the other *dramatis personæ* were expiring, the Ghost once more made his appearance, and, as it were, sat in judgment upon them. He pardoned his erring wife, bade Laertes be of good hope, and consigned the guilty King to everlasting perdition. Then Hamlet, confessing his want of firmness, asked his father what punishment was in store for him, to which the Ghost replied, "*Tu vivras*," and the curtain fell. There can be no doubt that this *dénouement* was powerfully effective, and it in no small degree contributed to the success of the piece, which was considerable, in spite of the street agitations which then prevailed, the preliminary rumblings of the storm which two months later swept away Louis Philippe's Throne.

In the version produced at the Français, according to the correspondent of the London *Standard*, the sensational *dénouement* is suppressed, and the curtain falls upon the last words of Hamlet; "*The rest is silence.*" Several other alterations have also been made, with the object of adhering more closely to the text of Shakespeare, some of which are decidedly for the better. Thus the tragedy now opens with the solemn scene on the platform of the Castle, between Bernardo, Marcellus, and Horatio, which Dumas and Meurice had struck out. The next scene, an interpolation of the French authors, thoroughly French in taste and treatment, might have been eliminated with advantage. In this scene, Hamlet, after showing himself deeply impressed at Horatio's description of the Ghost's appearance, and at the very time when he is looking forward to encounter the dread apparition, is made to indulge in a sentimental and playful flirtation with Ophelia, concluding with a formal declaration of love, and handing to her the sonnet, "Doubt thou the stars are fire."

Many of the subtle and fantastic lines and passages which tell on the English stage are omitted, which is a drawback in the estimation of British spectators of the adaptation. Thus, after the play, when the King calls for lights and goes away, Hamlet, instead of bursting into the exuberant joy at having sent the shaft home, which

Mr. Wilson Barrett is fond of displaying, and declaiming the lines, "Why, let the stricken deer go weep," simply says to Horatio, "Le crime est manifeste." There were similar eliminations in the part of Ophelia, which Mlle. Reichemberg well sustained. Thus the charming farewell "Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies," was merely "Bonsoir, bonsoir, ma chère dame." The play is got up on a scale of splendour seldom attempted at the Comédie Française. The palace interiors, with their rich tapestries and stained glass windows, are marvels of scenic art, and the costumes are gorgeous in the extreme. Mlle. Reichemberg, the Ophelia, is, unlike Sarah Bernhardt, content with but one dress, a delicate light pink with a broad trimming of white fur round the neck. In the mad scene of course she dresses in the orthodox white robes. The platform on which the Ghost appears is most picturesque. Of course, to all English playgoers the great attraction is the acting of the chief part, and his impersonation of Hamlet stamps M. Mounet-Sully as an artist of very high merit. He adopts the idea that Hamlet's madness is only simulated, and his treatment of some of the best known situations is original. This is especially the case in the famous "To be or not to be" monologue, which is not delivered at the audience, as is too frequently the case, but conveys the impression of being the meditation of a man communing with himself. It made a deep impression on the audience. He commences it standing, with his hand resting on the back of a chair, into which he presently sinks, and with the closing words throws his head back and shuts his eyes as in a dream. His acting in the play scene was also most powerful, and his exultation at the success of his stratagem was admirably expressed, and was uproariously applauded. The scene with his mother was also a fine a fine place of acting. He embraces her when she expresses repentance, and the pathos of his tone and manner created considerable emotion. In short, M. Sully's Hamlet stamps him as the great French tragedian of the present day. The veteran Got was an excellent Polonius, and Coquelin the younger provoked laughter in the grave-digging scene. One of the great attractions is the duel, which is admirably arranged, and of itself would secure a run for the piece.

The manner in which they play is put upon the stage, the care and talent with which even the minor parts are filled, are admirable; but a special tribute of praise must be paid to M. Maubant, whose noble presence gives great effect to the Royal Ghost. M. Meurice, as a translator, had a herculean task to perform and that he attempts to render Shakespeare into French Alexandrines does not lessen its difficulties. On the whole, it may be honestly stated that few sincere students of Shakespeare can witness the performance of *Hamlet* by the company of the first dramatic establishment in Europe without deriving the greatest satisfaction.

The principal *rôles* were personated as follows: Hamlet, M. Mounet-Sully; Polonius, M. Got.; Horatio, M. Baillet: the King, M. Silvain; the Ghost, M. Maubant; Gravedigger, M. Coquelin the younger; Ophelia, Mlle. Reichemberg; the Queen, Mme. Agar; while Mlle. Hadamard, who made the *debut* at the Français about a fortnight since, was the Player-Queen, called in the French version Baptista.

LITERARY NOTES

This autumn brings in a full harvest home of editions of Shakespeare, new, and old, or renewed. Houghton Mifflin & Co. announce a new issue, on somewhat thinner paper than before, and $2.00 cheaper than before, of their Riverside Shakespeare, edited by Richard Grant White. It was formerly published in two forms, it will be remembered, in three volumes at $7.50 (in cloth), and in six at $12.00. The new edition is also in six volumes, but the price is $10.00. The text and the notes of this edition hold unimpeached rank for their accurate care and for their insight, and the decrease in price will do good service if it brings this valuable edition closer to popular favor.

The Bankside Shakespeare. The Histories, Tragedies and Comedies of William Shakespeare, as presented at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, circa, 1591–1623. Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel pages with the first revised text of 1623, with Critical Introductions, will be published also by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This is the *edition de luxe* of the Plays which SHAKESPEARIANA announced in the September number the New York Shakespeare Society had in hand.

It is designed, its projectors say, by the arrangement of its text in parallel pages with the first folio text of Heminge and Condell, to illustrate the *growth* of a Shakespearian play. The critical introductions will be furnished by persons who have carefully investigated this field of Shakespeare study, and in every case will be exclusive of material within the range of the critical notices of other editions. The edition is limited to five hundred copies, the price of which to subscribers will be $2.50 a volume.

Each volume, printed on laid paper and bound in boards, uncut, will contain one play. The first play will be *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which is now in press. This play, it is announced, has been prepared under the direction of Mr. Appleton Morgan, whose special study for years has been the phenomena of this *building* of the Shakespeare plays from earlier and contemporary models, incidents and suggestions. *The Taming of the Shrew*, the second play of the

Series, will be considered in a similar way by Mr. Albert R. Frey of the Astor Library, *The Taming of a Shrew* the doubtful quarto of 1594 being contrasted with the text of the Play in the Folio. *Love's Labour's Lost* will be the third play issued.

The Fifth edition of the Dyce Shakespeare is now ready. The concluding tenth volume having been issued late in September, by Sonnenschein & Co., of London. (Price 9 s).

The Reader's Shakespeare is the name given an edition to be printed from the University Press types, of Oxford, published by Mr. Walter Smith, of London.

Its main features are an unexpurgated text, given with such emendations of doubtful or corrupt passages as seemed preferable after careful collection of standard editions; no notes; and the distinguishing of all extraneous matter from Shakespeare's own words by the printing of such interloping matter as is necessary in italics. The first volume, out last month, contained the five plays usually given first in standard editions. The second volume containing the succeeding five: *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Midsummer Nights' Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice* and *As You Like It* will be issued this month.

Vols. IV., V., Histories, Vols. VI.-VIII., Tragedies, and Vol. IX., Songs, Sonnets and Poems, will follow monthly. The price will be 6 s. a volume. Seventy-five copies on large paper, and numbered, price one guinea each volume, will be issued to subscribers only.

A re-issue of *Bowdler's Family Shakespeare* in twelve sixpenny monthly parts is announced by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., of London and New York. Mr. Podsnap's "Young Person" is especially cared for in this edition, it will be remembered, or as the announcement puts it, though "nothing is added to the original text, those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a family."

A new library edition, in two volumes, of the complete works of William Shakespeare, edited by Samuel Phelps, with notes, is published also by the same house.

Macbeth is the last issue of the cheap and excellent National Library. Cassell & Co. (price, 10 cts.)

The Annals of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare, written by J. C(undell), a descendant of one of his fellowes, to whom he bequeathed xxvi s. Viij apeece to buy them ringes. Illus. sm. post 8vo. clo. Price, 3*s.* 6*d.*, Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., of London, have nearly ready. Notices of various facts lately discovered, bearing on the history of the poet, are promised, with illustrations of Stratford-upon-Avon and of the London Play-houses of

the time. An Appendix will give a list of all the quarto editions of the plays and of the first folios. A few copies on larger paper will be issued, with photographs. Price, 5*s*. a volume.

Familiar Talks on Some of Shakespeare's Comedies, by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, was issued last month by Roberts Bros., of Boston.

The many exquisite songs scattered throughout the plays of Shakespeare, the less elegant, but scarcely less interesting series of droll catches, and the "taking" snatches of widely-known folk-songs that bubble out upon the merry lips of Shakespeare's clowns and wise men, rich as they are with reference to the folk-lore and the popular music of the time, have not yet been made to yield their full story. This is, perhaps, partly because exactly that of which Mr. Barrett's proposed new book treats, *The Historical Development of Glees and Part-Songs* has been hitherto neglected. Mr. William Alexander Barrett took his degree in the Science of Music from Oxford University, he is now Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and his training and bent have been such as to fit him for his chosen task which, at the point of its relation to Shakespearian Glees, is both a fresh and an interesting field. Longmans & Co., of London, announce this book as in the press. It will trace the growth of the Glee, an item of musical composition peculiarly English, from the earliest time, through the various forms of vocal music to its final state. It will include references to the old harmonists of the thirteenth century, the composers of the madrigals, Flemish, French, Italian and English, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the catches of the seventeenth century, the glee-writers of the eighteenth and part-song writers of the nineteenth centuries, with biographical sketches and critical notices of the several examples of which special mention will be made.

The Realms of gold. The Song Books of the Elizabethan Age selected and edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen will meet Mr. Barrett's History of Glees on congenial ground. It will be a dainty volume in cloth, small post 8vo, on hand-made paper, printed at the Chiswick press, the edition being limited to 500 copies and the type distributed. (Price 10s. 6d. net.)

The spacious Times of Queen Elizabeth offer us fuller echoes and new right royal riches through the important and scholarly task Mr. A. H. Bullen has made his peculiar labor of love. The Prospectus, dated Oct. 1886, of The New Edited and Complete Editions of the Elizabethan Dramatists received from the publisher, John C. Nimmo, 14 King William street, Strand, London, is itself an attractive setting forth of the work in hand. The volumes already issued are *The Works of Christopher Marlowe* in three volumes. *The Works of Thomas Middleton*, in eight volumes.

The Works of Thomas Marston, in three volumes, are now announced. In March 1887, will appear *The Works of Thomas Dekker*, in four volumes, and in the autumn, a year hence, a crowning labor, now in process, will find result in *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*. Massinger's part in these plays will be closely considered. And his own work and that other dramatists of this Period will be taken up in due order. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the American publishers of this series, the uniform price of which is 7s 6d. net, or $3 each volume. A Large Paper edition is also issued.

Another edition of the Best Plays, unexpurgated, of the Old Dramatists under the name of *The Mermaid Series*, edited by Havelock Ellis is planned for publication by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher who has lately assumed charge of the English edition of *The Century*. The series will be issued in half-crown monthly vols. post 8vo, each volume containing about 400 pp. The order of publication as proposed is as follows:

Marlowe, edited by Havelock Ellis, with a general introduction by J. A. Symonds; Massinger, edited by Arthur Symons; Middleton, with an introduction by A. C. Swinburne; Beaumont and Fletcher, 2 vols., edited by J. St. Loe Strachey; Webster and Cyril Tourneur, edited by J. A. Symonds; Shirley, by Edmund Gosse; Dekker, by Ernest Rhys; Arden of Feversham and other plays attributed to Shakespeare, by Arthur Symons; Heywood, by J. A. Symonds; Ford, by Havelock Ellis, to be followed by Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston, William Rowley, Field, Dryden, Otway, Lee Congreeve, &c.

Among other announcements of books of interest to the student of Shakespeare's Drama or of Shakespeare's Century are two volumes of the series of *English Worthies*, edited by Mr. Andrew Lang; *Garrick* by Mr. W. H. Pollock, and *Sir T. More*, by Mr. J. Cotter Morison. These will be issued during the present season, by Longmans. The last volume of this series, *Ben Jonson*, by Mr. J. A. Symonds, recently issued, follows worthily in the train of its predecessor, *Raleigh*, by Mr. Edmund Gosse, which was issued in July.

On such subjects as these, thanks to the loving research of scholars, the latest work, like the latest work on a scientific subject, is the most valuable for the student seeking the fullest information, and for knowledge both of Sir Walter Raleigh and of rare Ben Jonson, the altogether fresh data that such literary interpreters as Mr. Gosse and Mr. Symonds can bring into due relation with that of the old memoirs, is simply indispensable.

The volumes of this series are published in convenient crown octavo form, (price 2s. 6d. or 75 cents.)

Mr. J. A. Symond's study of Elizabethan times is bearing fruit abundantly this season. He adds to the volume on Ben Jonson,

noticed above, the Plays and Poems of Ben Jonson, Selected, with an introduction, to be ready by the last of this month, published by Walter Scott, of London. (Price, in cloth, 1 s.); and another volume on Sir Philip Sydney to be published later in the season by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of London and New York.

Two hundred and fifty copies of *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* By Reginald Scot, Esq.; Being a reprint of the first edition published in 1584. Edited with Notes, Glossary, and introduction, By Brinsley Nicholson, M. D., are issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, of London. This curious book is full of interest to students of quaint superstitions and of folk-lore, and scarcely less, it follows, to the student of Shakespeare. For, though Reginald Scot wrote to discover and expose the "coosenage" of sundry "bedivilments," his skepticism is as naive as the belief of his generation, and his book gives such a bodying forth of the conditions of his day and the feeling which prevailed at the close of the sixteenth century that to read it is to strike familiarly the very "tune of the time and habit of encounter" from which Shakespeare wrote.

Dr. Nicholson, in his valuable notes, has called attention to many kindred phrases and facts in Scot and in Shakespeare and has in many ways enhanced the worth of the book to scholars.

Professor Henry Morley's work in literary and historical criticism is of such a character that students will anticipate both profit and pleasure of the highest kind in his forthcoming work, *English Writers*, an attempt toward a history of English Literature. For many years past Professor Morley has had this work in contemplation, all his previous work,—not only in his position as Professor of English Literature in the University College, London, but also in the many other lines in which his scholarship and literary ability have been exercised,—contributing its efficacy toward making this result of his labor of especial value. Vol. I., which Cassell & Co. announce for publication in November, will embrace the period from the earliest time of literary growth in England to the reign of Alfred. This volume will be the first of a series of about twenty volumes, according to the original design, planned in 1864, to be issued half-yearly in November and May of each year. The whole is intended to form a continuous work, but as the volumes will be grouped in sections, each may be read as a distinct history of a period. (Vol. I., Cassell & Co., London and New York. 400 pp., crown, 8vo, price, 5 s.)

Society in the Elizabethan Ages, with several coloured plates derived from original drawings and documents, figures prominently among the announcements of new books in the press of Swan Sonnenschein & Co., of London. The work is by Hubert Hall, of Her Majesty's Public Record Office.

SHAKESPEARIANA IN CURRENT MAGAZINES AND PAPERS.—Professor Ernest Whitney, of Yale College, in the *New Englander* for October, *Article IV.—Shakspere's Julius Cæsar*, (pp. 862–867), makes out so clear a case against the present division of this Play that scarcely a point may be found for dissent from his conclusions.

The main considerations urged are as follows. "When Shakespeare wrote *Henry IV.* he was conscious of the excellence of his subject matter and the effective novelty of his method of treatment," and daring to combine what no one had thought of combining in a historical play,—the comic and the historic elements, "he produced the most entertaining of all dramatic productions." Resting easily upon his power he stretches out "through two delightful plays, matter which might have been compressed into one." Not yet did he know his power. But thenceforth, his work shows "a struggle to express all that seems worth expressing, and yet to keep within limits, to overmaster the "'plethora of thought,'" which almost over-masters him, and,—assured, by his past work, resulting in supremacy, of the wealth that lay potential within him'—"to hasten on to such subjects as awaited him in *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*," and the yet unwritten plays.

"Bearing in mind the double play of *Henry IV.*, or the trilogy of *Henry V.*, "it may be understood readily that when Shakespeare first thought of *Julius Cæsar* he may have intended to make at least two connected plays." Then, under pressure of his brewing plans, or perhaps of some demand to furnish a single play at short notice,

He rigidly condensed all his material into one play, yet not so rigidly but that part of his original plan is still apparent.

The fact that in this play there are three strong dramatic points,—the death of Cæsar, the infuriated yet "abjectly passive" passion of the multitude, and the deaths of Brutus and Cassius,—"challenges investigation." These three divisions are marked further.

With the assassination of Cæsar there disappear from the play, Artemidorus, Casca, Cicero, Cinna the conspirator, Decius Brutus, Flavius, Ligarius, Marullus, Metellus Cimber, Popilius Lena, Publius, Trebonius, the Soothsayer, Calpurnia, and Portia—all the characters thus far introduced except Antony, Brutus, Cassius, Lucius, and the citizens. At the second climax one new character, Cinna the poet, is introduced, but he and the whole body of citizens disappear from the play immediately. In the third part we have the vacant places filled with thirteen new characters, Cato, Claudius, Clitus, Dardanius, Lepidus, Lucillus, Messala, Octavius, Pindarus, Strato, Titinius, Varro, and Volumnius, and the opposing armies.

The drama then is naturally divided into two parts at the end of Act III., or into three parts by another break at the beginning of the second scene of Act III. The disregard of the unities of time and place is to be noticed. The action of the third part begins after an interval of about eighteen months, and the scene is shifted from Rome to Macedonia. Yet of all Shakespeare's tragedies *Julius Cæsar* is often pronounced the most perfect in composition. This is true and not true. Whether Shakespeare at first intended to make two, or possibly three plays on the subject, one may reasonably question.

As to the division of the play into acts :

There seems to be no dramatic or other reason for the present major division between Acts I. and II. There is no natural or dramatic break of importance until the end of Act II., Scene 2. But there is a strong reason for the inclusion of these first four scenes in one group. They form an act complete in itself, the effect of which is injured by the present partition. In this first act we are then shown the Roman people and their idol in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity. But jealousy and envy are there, and the conspiracy begins. The restless energy of Cassius, the close dependence of incident on incident in winning Brutus to the conspiracy, all these are too closely connected to be put in separate acts. The interest in Cassius' tirelessness, and the feeling of intense anxiety which is especially worked upon, is materially lessened by a full stop after Act I., Scene 3. There is no resting place reached until the end of the next scene: and most certainly the first act should terminate there. * * * When Brutus, "Cæsar's angel," is won over and assumes the leadership of the conspiracy against his dearest friend with the closing words of the act, "Follow me, then," you will feel that one stage in the development has been passed. The act is of ordinary length, and the change from Brutus to Cæsar is an important break. The minor conspiracy against Brutus has succeeded; we now follow the major conspiracy against Cæsar which begins here. * * *

In the second act, beginning at Act II., Scene 2, Cæsar is slowly drawn into the toils by fate overpowering will. The long anxiety of that slow-passing night, wherein the fates debated the future of all history, is protracted until one of the most impressive introdcctions in all literature is complete. We have hurried glimpses of parts of the city where agonizing dread of the day's issue is vividly imparted to us. In awful procession the events lead slowly on to the death. A climax is reached, the effect of which is harshly marred by the present awkward division between Acts II. and III. With the climax the act should close at the end of Act III., Scene 1. If Shakespeare ever intended to make of this portion a single play, on changing his plan the misplaced prominence of Cæsar's death needed "toning down;" and we might guess that the purpose of the long gradation of over two hundred lines which follows, was to bring us more agreeablv to the proper dramatic level.

With the next scene new dramatic action begins, and the break is important. This long scene and the next short one have a marked unity when taken together. Except a few words from a servant, the only speakers in the first are Brutus and Antony and the leaders of the populace. The other scene has sometimes puzzled commentators. A new character, Cinna the poet, is introduced only to be torn to pieces by the infuriated citizens. Critics have said its purpose is simply to show the pitch of frenzy to which the citizens have been wrought by Antony's rhetoric, and so it forms a fitting climax. But there seems to be a deeper intent. The debate between the two great factions immediately arising after the murder of Cæsar, has been carried on before a grand jury of the entire Roman people. The actions at the capital and forum have spread their influence throughout the masses, and their reasonless murder of Cinna the poet, only because he bears the name of a minor conspirator, only for their hatred of a name, is Shakespeare's grim travesty of the blind, senseless deed of Brutus and his followers, hacking the body of Cæsar only for their hatred of a name. They destroy the symbol, but the reality, the principle at the base of all, still lives. Cæsar is killed, but no sooner is he dead than the state would raise another Cæsar, ay, and go a step farther and make him king. As well kill Cinna the poet to destroy Cinna the conspirator. These two scenes should comprise one entire act. The further main divisions of the play are easily and naturally made, even Heminge and Condell did not mistake them.

A striking sign of the widespread interest felt in Shakespearian subjects is the fact that so many managing editors of newspapers,—a wily and knowing lot, whose nose for news and eye to the market is trained

to the service,—are willing to give so much space as they do, rather frequently, to discussion of that "dead issue" which "yet liveth," Shakespeare.

For instance, these articles have come casually to notice. The Terre Haute *Express*, of August 29th, devotes a column or more to an account of the Donnelly Cipher, with some accompanying information about the Drama and the theatrical customs of Shakespeare's day, interesting details, and generally speaking, correct, though the assertion that all the plays "written prior to and including the year when Shakespeare began to write" are "so bad that not one of them will bear reading a second time" is a sweeping assertion, in need of qualification. Mr. Horace B. Jones, of Terre Haute, is the writer.

In the Chicago *Times*, of September 4th, Colonel E. A. Calkins fills over two columns with an entertaining statement of his inquiries into the relations of Shakespeare and Sir William Davenant.

The Chicago *Tribune*, of September 13th, publishes nearly four columns of reporterial interview with Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, in which Mr. Donnelly's political fame and his Shakespearian reputation are brought out together, after the impartial way of praise, peculiar to the newswriter. As to the book, somebody called the other day, Mr. Donnelly's Crypto-game, little new information is given, save this,—the reporter says

> he saw Mr. Donnelly draw from their hiding place four large bundles of cleanly-written manuscript, neatly bandaged off into chapters. The writing is bold and clear—excellent copy for the printer. There are few erasures. Mr. Donnelly at once began to describe the form of his book. It will consist, he said, of four parts. The first part is intended to prove that Shakespeare could not possibly have written the plays; the second part to prove that Bacon did write them; the third part will consist of parallel passages from the plays and the works of Bacon, which will indicate identity of thought, style, composition, feeling, knowledge, purpose, and of language to express the same ideas; the fourth part contains a full elucidation of the cipher which, he says, will prove conclusively that Bacon claimed in the plays their authorship.
>
> The first part consists of chapters under the following headings: "The Learning of the Plays," "Shakespeare's (Reputed) Literary Character," "Shakespeare's Real Character," and "Incompatibility of the Plays with Shakespeare's Character."

A later issue, September 25th, of the same paper, referring to this article, gives a brief account of Mr. Donnelly's theory and of circumstances connected with the issue by Hemminge and Condell of the First Folio, quotes the specimen proof of the Cipher, now well known, as Mr. Donnelly makes it out of 2 *Henry* IV. and concludes with some adverse comment.

The Philadelphia *Times*, of October 2nd, prints a slashing column under the head, *Shakespearian Guessing*. This article is evidently the outcome of a cursory glance at a number of this magazine, from which it gleans some points, and it comments with spicy disdain

upon what it calls "Amateurdom." The writer is a wholesale dealer in his style and thought, utterly impatient of the unmaterial, who takes up his subject with his superior hand and sweeps "Baconian cranks" and writers of "twaddle," such "as Goethe, Schlegel, and Coleridge," alike into the limbo where should abide the personages unimportant to a man about town.

MISCELLANY.

RESTORATION OF THE HART TABLET.—On Tuesday last a meeting of the Church Restoration Committee was held at the Town-hall. There were present the Vicar (Rev. G. Arbuthnot) in the chair, Rev. F. Smith, Sir A. Hodgson, K. C. M. G., Messrs. C. E. Flower, E. Flower, G. W. Everard, J. Cox, W. C. Colbourne, J. Hill, J. J. Nason, R. M. Bird, T. Humphriss, and J. Morgan (local secretary).

The minutes of the meeting held on July 19th were read and signed. * * * * * * *

The question of the Hart tablet removal was brought before the meeting, and after a long discussion the following resolution was carried *nem con*:—"That the Restoration Committee regrets that the Hart memorial tablet should have been removed from the north wall of the church without their sanction or cognisance, and trust that it will be immediately restored." The tablet being in a very dilapidated condition in consequence of the action of the weather and the perishable nature of the stone, Sir Arthur Hodgson, generously offered to defray the cost of a brass tablet, to be placed immediately under the stone one, with an exact copy of the original inscription.

The offer was most cordially accepted.

Some minor business having been transacted, the meeting adjourned.

Yesterday, the above resolution was carried into effect, and the Hart tablet is now in its old place on the exterior of the north wall of the Parish Church.

The above notice, clipped from the *Stratford-on-Avon Herald*, for October 19th, shows how much easier it is to answer the Vicar of Stratford's question,—"Who is Mr. Sam Timmins?" as it was put in the letter quoted in the October SHAKESPEARIANA, than it has been to answer Mr. Timmin's prior question touching the removal of the Hart tablet,—"Who is the "some one" who give orders for such wreckage?" Thanks to Mr. Timmins' earnest and reasonable remonstrances, a wrong to all lovers of Shakespeare has been righted

before it was qnite too late, and thanks to the generous and public-spirited Mayor of Stratford, the damage already done, and irretrievably, is to be offset, so far as it may be, by the help of a brass facsimile of this tablet as it looked before its late unhappy adventures pending "restoration." The worn, time-stained stone and its spick and span modern companion will now hang together on the chancel wall, to tell future pilgrims to Shakespeare's shrine, with mute but striking eloquence, a curious bit of history. And these pilgrims hearing the story will join their thanks with those SHAKESPEARIANA gives now to the Shakespearian the Vicar did not know of, and the Mayor who is ever ready to come to the front and honorably make the best of a stiff circumstance.

Mr. F. Hawley, the librarian of *The Shakespeare Memorial*, writes SHAKESPEARIANA, under date of October 10th, that the recent agitation has been successful not only "in getting the Hart tablet restored to its original site on the wall of the church," but further "it has been decided by the Restoration Committee that no more unauthorized disturbances of Shakespearian relics are to be permitted." So far so good. Still, it might be well to make assurance doubly sure and take a bond of fate. As a writer signing himself "A Stratfordian" says in a recent letter to the London *Times*,—"while on the subject of the removal of memorial tablets, the committee might also inquire how many tombstones, railed vaults, etc., have disappeared from the chancel end of the graveyard during the present 'restoration.' Some clue to the number might be gained by an inspection of the great mass of broken slabs, palisades and curb-stones deposited like a heap of rubbish in the south corner of the churchyard. It is shocking to think that at the behest of the modern 'restorer' there should have been such wanton desecration of the memorials of the dead. With regard to the last restoration, which took place about half a century ago, the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings has reported that great damage was then done—'some of the most interesting old work being removed to make way for very inferior copies.' This shows the absolute necessity, as was pointed out by Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillips in your columns a few days ago, of placing Stratford Church under National control. It is still a most interesting and magnificent structure, some portions dating back from 600 to 700 years, and as the burial place of Shakespeare —the mightiest genius the world has ever produced—the church forms a fitting object of national care."

SELECTED REPRINTS.

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FORMING SUPPLEMENTS TO

SHAKESPEARIANA.

———:o:———

PART II.—PROLIGOMENA TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

[*Concluded.*]

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENICKE POET, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* brave; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heav'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Thespian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* cloudes his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out,

HUGH HOLLAND.

TO THE MEMORIE

OF THE DECEASED AUTHOUR MAISTER

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shake-speare, at length thy pious followes give
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy *Stratford* Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posterite
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodigie
That is not *Shake-speares*; ev'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as *Naso* said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Passions of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*:
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying *Romans* spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our *Shake-speare*, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

TO THE MEMORIE OF M. *W. SHAKE-SPEARE.*

WEE wondred (*Shake-speare*) that thou wentst so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

NOTE.

As was announced in the November number of SHAKESPEARIANA, Professor Thom has agreed to contribute his proposed course of Shakespeare Historical Reading, serially, to the School Department. The Course will consist of suggestions for a course of reading applied to those Plays of Shakespeare which treat of English history, and will be begun in the January number. *King John*, first, will be considered, followed successively by *Richard II*, *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, and *Henry VIII*. Contributions, notes, and various suggestions bearing on these Plays are desired from Teachers, Societies, and Special Students. That which is regularly to be offered in this Department not being meant to displace different or further treatment of the same topics, but to form a nucleus of subject-matter for auxiliary comment and for that more exhaustive consideration resultant from a many-sided observation of the given theme.

In accordance with a suggestion made by the Hon. Sec. of the Clifton Shakspere Society, which it seems good to follow, early notice of the succession of Plays included in the course is given, in the hope that time being allowed for preparation, some special studies may be made and offered.

From the introductory consideration of *The Merchant of Venice*,—chosen as an early yet masterly product of Shakespeare's dramatic workmanship, and as a play which presents few difficulties, is easily popular, and fitly representative,—it may not be found inconvenient, or out of order to pass on to the consideration of works of nearly the same period of the Dramatist's life, and of those earlier Plays in which he tried his strong prentice hand in the picturesque setting of homely traditions, and the re-arrangement of current Stage Histories: in this way seeking to get both the story of Shakespeare's growth and a view of his age and surroundings, before making further special study of great epoch-marking Plays.

In preparation for the course of Historical Reading to be entered upon with the new year, it would be well for Clubs and Classes interested to read in advance the Play of *King John* and some account of the times of John,—(Green's *Short History of the English People*, Freeman's *Outline Sketch*); of the Crusades,—(Cf. Guizot's *History of Civilization*, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, *Talisman*, *Count Robert of Paris*, Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, (translated by Frothingham); of the Feudal System, and of the Church,— (Cf. Guizot as above for both). Advice for further topical reading, in line with such study, and on prices of books, &c., will be given. Subscribers to SHAKESPEARIANA beyond the reach of large libraries are specially invited to make known their wants as to books, addressing all such inquiries to

School Department, SHAKESPEARIANA,

1104 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

IN MEMORIAM: C. M. INGLEBY.

1823.—1886.

Readers and students of Shakespeare, alike in America and Europe, have been familiar with the name of Dr. Ingleby for nearly thirty years, and will regret to hear of his death, when many years of loving labor seemed to lie before him. He had only recently completed and published an edition of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, to which he had given years of study and months of work to make it useful to Shakespeare students, and with the hope that he would be able to edit other Plays with the same knowledge, study, and care. The handsome quarto volume, printed as well as edited with conscientious fidelity, will be a memorial of one of the most learned and accurate Shakespearian scholars of our age. Shakespeare students in America are believed to be numerous enough and desirous enough to justify some sketch of Dr. Ingleby's life and work to appear in the pages of SHAKESPEARIANA, and these lines are written not merely as a memorial of a dear old friend, but at the Editor's request.

Clement Mansfield Ingleby was born at Edgbaston, (Birmingham, England,) on the 29th of October, 1823. His family had been long and honorably known for several generations. One of his uncles was a very famous surgeon, and his father one of the leading lawyers of the town. As a child he was very delicate and was not expected to survive, and the frailty of his health, all through his life, seriously limited the work which his intellect and industry and energy would have enabled him to devote to scientific and literary study. He was privately educated under the masters of the grammar school of King Edward VI, in Birmingham, and afterwards proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, (Eng.) where he devoted himself especially to mathematics, and where his name appeared in the second class of the Mathematical Tripos of 1847. He took his B.A degree in the same year, his M.A. in 1850, and his LL.D. in 1859.

On his return to Birmingham he took his share of the work in his father's office, and afterwards in the firm of Ingleby, Wragge & Ingleby. His ample leisure, so far as health allowed, was devoted to metaphysics as well as mathematics, but he soon began to give special attention to English literature, more especially to dramatic literature, and to the works of Shakespeare. His knowledge and love of these brought him into contact with the late Howard Staunton, to whose famous edition of Shakespeare he gave very valuable help. His first Shakespearian paper was read before a literary society in Birmingham in 1850. It was on the "Neology of Shakespeare," and was remarkable for its originality and minute criticism—characteristics which distinguished all his later works. The Staunton Shakespeare was a very valuable contribution to dramatic literature, for Staunton had studied the Elizabethan dramatic authors with extraordinary care, and was thus able to produce a very careful text—to elucidate many "dark passages," and to offer many unexhausted illustrations of references and allusions from his profound and extensive knowledge of the dramatists of the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The three volumes exerted a most important influence on English literature, and led to a sort of Shakespearian "revival" in which text and illustrations threw a flood of light and produced a new race of editors and commentators on Shakespeare's works.

During his residence in Birmingham Dr. Ingleby took an active part in literary and scientific institutions. He was a member of a Debating Society from which some of the best speakers of the day have sprung. He was a frequent contributor to a very early series of Local Notes and Queries, and was a member of a very remarkable little literary society—the "Syncretic Book Club,"—established to provide books of a learned, recondite, or heterodox character which ordinary libraries would not furnish.

His first published work was *Outlines of Theoretical Logic*, in 1850, and he published *An Introduction to Metaphysics*, in 1869, but the larger part of his literary work was in more popular and more pleasant fields, and Shakespeare and his works formed the principal subjects of his later labors.

The famous "Perkins Folio," discovered by the late J. Payne Collier, and made public in 1859, led to a long and angry controversy, in which Dr. Ingleby took an active part. He was a constant visitor to the Library of the British Museum, on very friendly terms with the late Sir Frederick Madden, and when the famous folio was deposited at the Museum for inspection he made a careful study of its pages and came to the conclusion, not only that the manuscript notes and corrections of the "Old Corrector" were modern forgeries, but suspiciously like, if not actually the work of the "discoverer" of the book. This opinion was shared by Sir F. Madden and Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton on the assumption that underneath the alleged antique

annotations some pencilled words in a modern handwriting were found by careful and microscopical examination. This sort of evidence appeared on nearly every page, and the conclusion was reached that Mr. J. Payne Collier was the author and forger, and other similar charges were brought against him, and the fierce fight produced a library of books and pamphlets; which, however, have long since passed out of sight, except to curious explorers of the nooks and corners of Shakespearian libraries. The controversy was one of the severest of modern times, and would make a remarkable chapter in a new edition of the "calamities and quarrels" of literary men. It need not be reopened now, and it may suffice to say that while the evidence of absolute modern origin and palpable forgery was overwhelming, it is improbable, if not impossible, that any one of the temperament and careless habits of John Payne Collier would ever have had the desire or the patience to devise and complete so elaborate a series of frauds.

In 1859, Dr. Ingleby published a small thin volume, *The Shakespeare Fabrications*, and in 1859 *A Complete View of the Shakespeare Controversy*, a large octavo volume in which he gave the results of many months of patient labor, research, and criticism. The volume is necessarily *ex parte*—a brief for the prosecution. It is courteous in style but fierce in logic, and the best, and in fact the only narrative of all the facts. A volume of similar size would be needful to give the "other side," and the controversy has died out, for the present, at any rate, until further facts *pro* or *contra* are found. After these two controversial works Dr. Ingleby devoted himself to critical and biographical studies of Shakespeare. In 1875 his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics* appeared, and two years before his pamphlet, *Was Thomas Lodge an Actor?* In 1877 he issued one of his best works for general readers, *Shakespeare, the Man and the Book*, Part I, and in 1881, Part II. These form a volume of rare critical value and literary interest, the result of many years of careful study and elaborate thought.

Another volume is even more widely known, *Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse*, issued first in 1874; and in a second edition in 1879, edited and augmented by some other "passages of praise" by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, whose rare knowledge of English books had restored some tributes of praise, which had not been included in the first issue. The work is quaint as to title, and happy as to design, and has been welcomed wherever it has been known as a fitting literary memorial of the "prayse" of Shakespeare which appeared during the "Centurie" after his death.

The Tercentenary of Shakespeare's Birth was celebrated in 1864, and Dr. Ingleby took an active part in the Festival at Birmingham. He had among other accomplishments and graces a passionate, as well as learned knowledge of music, and still more a voice of exquisite quality and infinite delicacy of expression. At that meeting, as often in private life, he sang some of the Shakespeare songs in a voice

so sweet, yet ringing, in a style so faultless and impressive and with a feeling so deep and sympathetic that "aged ears played truant at his words and younger ears were quite ravished" by his brilliant and silvery tones.

When the New Shakspere Society was established, Dr. Ingleby was one of its Vice-Presidents, and some important works were contributed by him—especially the *Shakespeare Allusion Books:* but unfortunately disputes arose and discussions ended in dissensions, and he left the Society some years ago.

He was an occasional contributor to many of the English periodicals and serials, *The Illustrated London News*, *Saturday Review*, *Once a Week*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Englishman's Magazine*, &c., &c. He wrote for the *British Controversionalist* a valuable series of papers on *Coleridge, the Poet and the Divine.* He also wrote for the same work, some papers on Francis Bacon, on De Quincey, and De-Morgan, on Sir W. R. Hamilton, (with whom he had a long and elaborate correspondence for many years), and he frequently, contributed mathematical papers to other serials, such as the Dublin magazine *Hibernia*, where several of his metaphysical and mathematical essays appeared.

The Royal Society of Literature elected him as a Fellow, and afterwards as a Vice-President, and he gave much attention to the work as well as many contributions and papers. One was *A Miracle Play of St. Cecilia*, another *On the M.S.S. of S. T. Coleridge*, another on the *Philosophy of Coleridge*, and others were on the *Authorship* of *Shakespeare*, and on *Shakespeare's Birthday.*

In 1880 he was invited by the Royal Society to investigate, with Mr. Cecil J. Monro, an attack by Dr. Sloman on the fame of Leibnitz, by a full examination of his valuable manuscripts, belonging to the society, and he prepared a very valuable report vindicating the honour and establishing the fame which had been so severely assailed.

Among the honors of his life he considered the recognition by the Weimar Shakespeare Society, probably the greatest, when he was chosen as one of the two English honorary members of that famous society which has issued the invaluable and most learned *Jahrbuch* for nearly twenty years. It is scarcely needful to say that Dr. Ingleby was on the most friendly and cordial terms with the great German Shakespearians, Dr. Nicholas Delius, of Bonn, Dr. Karl Elze, Prof. Dr. F. A. Leo, of Berlin, and many others.

After his removal from Birmingham, some thirty years ago, Dr. Ingleby went to reside at Valentines, Ilford, in Essex, near London—a stately mansion with a noble lawn, and park, a grand avenue of yew-trees, and famous gardens.

He was one of the members of the literary society of London—the Athenæum Club—and in its library, and his own pleasant library, at Ilford, his literary life was chiefly passed. His uncertain health

often checked his favorite pursuits, which were varied by occasional visits to his many friends. A serious rheumatic attack greatly weakened him in August and September. He seemed, however, to have recovered and to be likely to reach a green old age. The 19th of September he wrote a cheery letter quite in his old pleasant style; but on the 26th he died—honored and mourned by all who knew him best and longest. His cheerfulness and courtesy and kindness were extreme. He was a generous opponent, and a frank and candid friend. His manners were gracious, his temper unperturbable, and he met even a sarcasm with a smile. He was most patient and careful and conscientious, even over the smallest details. He had a bright and pleasant face, a kindly presence, a hearty laugh. Welcomed alike by children and by older folk, he probably never made an enemy and never lost a friend. Friendships of thirty years were never darkened, even by a passing cloud, and memories of the years that are gone will be ever cherished by all who knew one of the gentlest and kindliest of men.

SAM: TIMMINS.

WHY "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" WAS WRITTEN.

A CONJECTURE.

It seems strange that almost all of those who have made a study of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, should have accepted so readily the theory that it was intended to celebrate a wedding festival. The play seems to indicate that it was to be represented before Queen Elizabeth and her Court, and the history of the last fourteen years of her reign, which were the earliest of Shakespeare's literary career, show but two marriages of sufficiently prominent persons to have attracted the attention of the Court. The first was the marriage of Earl Essex with Lady Sidney, in 1590. The second was that of the Earl of Southampton with Elizabeth Vernon, in 1598. If the first was the occasion celebrated, it places the chronological arrangement of the play from four to six years too early, and deranges all the internal evidences used for fixing the date of the construction of this play, while if the last was the correct occasion, then the Meres' List was published before the play could have been known to the public.

As the play now stands, especially that part of it in which appears the graceful compliment to the Queen, we can hardly doubt that it was intended for representation at the Court theatre, with the expectation that the movable scenery and the improved machinery then being introduced, would make it possible to be properly represented, since the stationary scenes, and the ordinary arrangements of the *Globe* and the *Blackfriars* would necessarily have made it a miserable farce, if it had been there put upon the stage.

For a correct idea of the difference between the stages spoken of, refer to D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, article "Masque," and to William Gifford's Introduction to the Works of Ben Jonson, as evidence that at the end of, or just after the close of the reign of Elizabeth, these improvements were in use at the palace, while the quotations made by Sir Walter Scott, from a contemporaneous writer, show that a spectacular exhibition such as Shakespeare describes in this play, as part of Oberon's Vision, was in use as early as 1575, when Elizabeth was received at Kenilworth (not exceeding fourteen miles from Stratford, Shakespeare's home, when Shakespeare was a boy),

by the Earl of Leicester. It is not improbable that he saw this reception and described it from his recollections in this extract.

OBERON: Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maids music. (II, i. 148.)

This being almost literally in the same language as that used by the writer cited by Scott, (see Scott's *Kenilworth*), and was doubtless a description of the same scene, The Vision of Oberon, which immediately follows the extract just cited, and is as follows:

PUCK: I remember.
OBERON: That very time I saw—but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the West,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft,
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free—
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower.
Before milk-white, now purple within love's wounds,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

This could refer to no one save the Queen, and makes it almost certain that the whole play was designed for representation before her, and intended especially for her gratification, and thus it probably became the pioneer of the *Masques* in the hands of Ben Jonson and his contemporaries, of which class this play and *The Tempest*, are the only specimens of Shakespeare's construction, now known to exist. If it be accepted as true that *The Dream* was intended for Queen Elizabeth's gratification, it would be difficult to fix upon any marriage, so far as history throws any light, in which she was particularly interested, which this play was designed to celebrate. Her whole reign was a warfare against the marriage of her clergy and her courtiers, and the unhappy experience of her mother as a married woman, was well calculated to give her mind an antipathy against any rejoicing on such an occasion, and it may well be doubted whether this play, under all the circumstances—was intended to contribute to the pleasure of any such occasion, even if we confine ourselves to facts outside of the play itself. But when we recall the fact that the mortals described, and especially their loves, are made the objects of ridicule throughout the play it could hardly have been regarded as complimentary to any couple then newly married, or about to be united in marriage. For

these reasons we think it right to doubt as to the correctness of any wedding theory, as suggestive of this play. Also to hesitate as to accepting as correct any speculation as to the date of its composition based upon the time of the marriage of any courtier.

The essay of the Rev. N. J. Halpin (Vol. 14 Shakspere Society Publications) furnishes us a key, which, if properly used, may open a way to a correct solution of the doubt which has arisen, as to the design of this delightful drama. To those unable to procure this essay it is enough to say that it is sufficiently indicated in Mr. Hudson's edition (school edition) of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and in Gervinus' Commentaries, except that each of these imagine that allusions are to an illicit intercourse between Leicester and the Countess of Esssex, during the lifetime of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, the father of the Earl of Essex who was the favorite of Elizabeth. But we think under the circumstances this is scarcely correct, for after the death of Walter, Earl of Essex, Lettice, Countess of Essex, was married to Earl Leicester, while the young Earl of Essex was yet a boy of from twelve to fourteen years. It had been urged that this vision was in allusion to a flirtation, first by Leicester with Mary, Queen of Scots, and afterward with Elizabeth, and that Shakespeare constructed this play to call attention to a contrast between these two Queens. To combat this theory Mr. Halpin prepared his essay, and as his point of departure he confined himself to Oberon's Vision; as already cited, which he uses as the basis of his entire argument and theory. The mermaid on the dolphin's back brings to mind the former relations between Leicester and Elizabeth, during the youth of the Queen and the early manhood of the Earl, then become so well known as to be a part of English history, including his effort to secure her hand and share her throne, his failure in that scheme and his subsequent marriage with the Countess of Essex, the mother of Elizabeth's subsequent favorite. Thus he disposes of any supposed allusion to Mary, Queen of Scots, by showing that one less in rank than a Queen was the recipient of the heart and hand of the British Queen's youthful lover. To trace this allusion to the Countess of Essex, seems to have been the sole aim of Mr. Halpin, and if with him we stop here—we can fully sympathize with Mr. Hudson, when he says, "I am very willing to believe that Shakespeare often took hints, perhaps something more, than hints for his poetry, from the facts and doings of the time, nevertheless, I rather fail to see how any real good is to be gained towards understanding the part from such interpretations of his scenes, or from tracing out such definite relations between his workmanship and the persons, and particulars that may have come to his knowledge. For my part, I doubt whether the innermost sense of the play is any the clearer to me from this ingenious piece of explanation." Yet if we will but carry this investigation a very little farther, we think a flood of light

ill be thrown upon "these scenes" and "that darkness will be made ght, and crooked things straight." To do this, we have but to ance at the history of affairs that were then occurring around ese persons.

We accept it as true that Elizabeth dictated to Shakespeare the nstruction of a play which would represent Falstaff in love, for the ason that we love to consider our favorite poet, in intimate friendly lations with the great Queen, although really there is but little ridence to sustain this belief. And some, in the same spirit, and ithout any more evidence, claim a friendly relationship between arl Essex and Shakespeare, even asserting that the Earl was a patron the poet. Perhaps this claim is based upon this very drama—this ry Vision of Oberon—a want of faith in this claim has induced Mr. udson to doubt as to the whole of Mr. Halpin's theory, or at least to the good to be derived from its advancement. If, however, we ay presume that the poet, acted solely upon a desire to gratify lizabeth, and not Essex, the reasons for his want of faith will have sappeared. In other words if the design was to please her, and not e Earl, then there would be less difficulty in understanding the otive for this play. We have been striving to suggest that the poet tended to convey the idea that *The Dream* was to be exhibited fore the Court to please the Queen, by alluding to matters suggested r her early life, and her connection through Leicester, his wife, ountess of Essex—down to her son Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex, en save Elizabeth the only one alive alluded to in this vision. This en, presents Earl Essex before us as the one to fix our eyes upon. e have therefore but to search for some event connected with his e calculated to excite a desire on the Queen's part to compliment m, and if we can find such an event in most respects agreeing with e work of the poet and in no material respect discordant with it, think we have accomplished the object we have had in view, that to say, we have demonstrated that Mr. Halpin's theory leads to a earer idea of Shakespeare's object in constructing this play than any olding theory.

In 1588, Philip II King of Spain, sent out from his dominion a fleet uipped and manned in such a manner as to surpass any armament at ever floated on European waters. As evidence that the world so garded it, it has ever been called "the Spanish Armada." The ob- ct of this movement was to overwhelm and destroy the British Em- re—the barrier that protected Protestantism, in the world. But the od of Battle interposed, and that great enterprise was defeated by e wind and the waves of the sea, yet the terror occasioned by it, mong English speaking people has not yet been forgotten. Eight ars afterwards, it was known that the same sovereign, having the me object in view, was preparing another equally formidable fleet,

and all England was anxious to see this object defeated. On the first day of June, A.D. 1596, some English vessels, put to sea, destined for the Spanish coast, and at once sailed into the port of Cadiz, where Philip's preparations were being made, seized and burned all the shipping and material there gathered—captured the city, and before the mid-summer, were again in England. Thereby the hopes of Catholic Europe for the conquest of Prctestantism were crushed forever. The commander of that fleet, to whom was due the glory of this great victory, was Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex, favorite of Elizabeth, Queen of the English people.

Lord Macaulay speaks of this victory as, "the most brilliant military exploit, that was achieved by English arms, on the Continent during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim," (see essay on Bacon.) It could not be possible that an event so full of matter for rejoicing, to the Court and to the people of England, would be suffered to pass without some manifestation of pleasure, and although no record has been produced showing the character of it, we doubt not that everything was done which was necessary to show the hero that his good deed was properly appreciated. And what thing more appropriate for a conquering hero could be exhibited than the representation of the repose and the reward of the conqueror after the winning of his laurels?

The relation between the Queen and Essex in popular estimation seems to have been a peculiar one. By most of the historjans, he is spoken of as her lover, and the chroniclers of that period have done but little to indicate to the public mind the true light in which their relations to each other are to be regarded. The Queen was thirty-four years the senior of the Earl, and a little reflection cannot fail to convince the thoughtful reader that there was but a small portion of loverlike feeling between them, save that kind of affection which is often manifested by a childless old woman toward a youth that has happened to please her fancy. May it not have been that Elizabeth, delighted by the news of this great victory, and proud of the share of her favorite in it, suggested to Shakespeare the creation of a spectacular exhibition, or pageant, to greet Essex on his return to England, and the thought created thereby in the poet's mind, in connection with her manifested delight and his knowledge of their relations in the past, caused these allusions, to indicate to the world the persons intended, and for the purpose of pointing out the interpretation of *The Dream* of the future, which was the union of the conquering hero and the Virgin Queen—Theseus and Hippolyta? In his fancy their foes having been overcome and secure in their mutual love, they contentedly look upon the mad pranks of Puck, and sympathize in his exclamation, "Lord! What fools these mortals be," since only in a dream their difference in years, and Essex's

living wife could have been forgotten, as Ariadne* seems to have been but little of a stumbling block as to Theseus. Perhaps this very *Dream* may have caused the world to look upon these two in the light of lovers ever since its representation, and created a romantic feeling towards them among the narrators who tell, and the auditors who hear their story. The whole time—the beginning, the middle and the end of both the battle and the play, the short space between the end of spring, and the mid-summer of one season being broad enough to embrace it all—is so brief, that it seems but the passing of a rapid and shadowy dream, and that dream, at a season unalloyed by any evil, and therefore termed *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

After all, it is true that this is a mere conjecture. But is this not true, of all, or almost all, of the thirty-seven plays attributed to Shakespeare? Who knows the aim, or object of at best more than one, or two of them. He has taken no pains to tell the world why he wrote, or what he intended to teach. He has manifested no care that future ages should know why or wherefore he saw fit to amuse those who surrounded him. Less than one half he created was printed during his life, and it is a mere conjecture as to whether he concerned himself as to the existence of his dramas, beyond their representation on the stage. We have therefore, the mere plays, with neither a history nor a tradition worthy of credit connected with them. While in this matter Mr. Halpin has made almost a mathematical demonstration of his theory, that Queen Elizabeth and Lettice, Countess of Essex, were indicated by Oberon's vision, brought together by association with Earl Leicester. Taking this as a direction as to the course to be pursued, we have made but one step farther, to present the son of the latter still associated through these ancient ties with the Queen, and to designate one fact in his history, showing a glorious action in behalf of his Queen and his country, worthy to have been celebrated by this great poet. In taking this one step we think we but follow in the true path indicated by the entire play, and reach a conclusion in perfect harmony with both the poem and history.

JAMES W. ENGLISH.

* Oberon (II, i. 78–80.) suggests and enumerates to Titania, several impediments, in the way of Hippolyta's perfect happiness, if she did not relish *"warmed over affection,"* Theseus having already had four wives ahead of her.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCHYARD,

IN AUTUMN.

The water laps along the wall and sings
A lullaby to those who sleep engirt
By God's encircling arm. Above, the rooks
Chant a hoarse requiem o'er their summer joys
Of nest and nestling gone: a softer note—
The low, far distant murmur of the mill—
All these in harmony, and, over all
And dominating all, the sweetest chimes
That ever drop'd o'er river and o'er lea
Fall from the tapering spire of Avon's church,
Where sleep the illustrious dead; where lies the dust
Of him whose fame immortal liveth still,
And will live evermore; since for all time
All hearts, all eyes that weep, all lips that smile,
He spake with tongue of fire, and cunning art
To read in human nature like a book,
And tell the story to a listening world.
The Year rests from its labours: soon will sleep
With stirless, snow-clad breast, while dearth of leaves
Betrays the linnet's nest. But rest alone,
Not death is with us yet awhile, for see!
The scattered sunshine of the yellow leaves
Gives light and color 'mid the greys and browns,
And roses kiss the cross where "Dear child" lies,
As though they fain would say—"She is not dead
But sleepeth here, and we keep loving watch
Beside her till the dawn of God's own day."
Now stealeth on the hush of eventide—
The moor hen gliding to her osier bed
Ripples the water where the shadows sleep—
Shadows as perfect as the things they seem,
Like loving memories in a faithful heart.
The bells have ceased, and Robin sings good-night
In sad, sweet, plaintive song. Upon my heart
Falls, too, the hush and silence of deep peace,
And sight and sound are gathered unto this—
"Beyond the creeds of men, that libel God,
Beyond the discord of the many deeds
Done in the name of Christ, yet not of Him—
Beyond the wrangling and the strife of tongues,
For ever shines the blessed light of Truth."

Stratford-on-Avon. —MRS. R. S. DE COURCY LAFFAN.

A SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE.

SHYLOCK.

Illustration of Outline* for Study of the *Merchant of Venice*, cf. *Mer. of Ven.* (*Globe* edition) I, iii, 34–39, 49–53, 72–98, 162–171; II, v, 11–55, viii, 12–24; III, i, 22–136, ii, 274–292; iii, 1–24; IV, i, 1–400.

I. (*a*) The *Mer. of Ven.* as showing:—
1. (*b*) Differences of Age, of Rank, etc.
(*c*) Effects of Race in Education, etc.
2. (*a*) Relations of Society and of Individuals to Property and to Law.
(*b*) Authority of Law and of Custom.
(*d*) Influence of Race-Prejudice.
4. (*c*) Character-Progression towards Degradation through Misapplied Intellect and Unhealthy Passion.
(*a*) Dwarfing Effect upon Intellect of Cherished Prejudice.
(*e*) Wrong-doing of Society proceeding from Class or Race Oppression.
(*g*) Shylock, blinded by Passion, over-reaches and ruins himself.

Helps in Studying: Dowden's *Shakspere Primer;* Dowden's *Shakspere; His Mind and Art;* Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare;* Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar;* Rolfe's, or Hudson's, or the *Clarendon Press* edition of the *Merchant of Venice* with Introductions and Notes.

Applying some of these headings, as varying standpoints of observation, to the character and the career of Shylock, we observe so soon as we read what he says to Bassanio that he is either an older man than Bassanio or one whose experience has made him cautious beyond his years in lending even on the security of a man so well known to be "a good man" as Antonio (Cf. I. 3. 1–32); we find a few lines further on (ibid. 43–53, 107–111) that his acquaintance with Antonio as a business man is evidently of long standing, and that to the caution of the old trader he joins the suspicion and the habit of

* See SHAKESPEARIANA for November, 1886.

keen discrimination proceeding from his inherited predisposition and his actual experience as a Jew among hostile Christians. To the polite invitation implied in Bassanio's "If it please you to dine with us," his instant and bitter response is "Yes, to small pork"—in the imaginary fumes of which he scents an insult. It will be hard for this man to be kindly and just towards those with whom he can neither eat, nor drink, nor pray (ibid. 38, 39). And yet his help is needed. The three men, so different in race and creed, meet on the common ground of a commercial community, protected in their rights by the same common laws which guard Antonio's life against "the ancient grudge" of Shylock, and Shylock's gold against Antonio's fiercely contemptuous belief that Shylock has no just and equitable title to the ill-gotten treasure wrung by usurious exaction from the passing needs of his fellow-citizens. Whatever their motives, they both bow to the supremacy of the law; and yet Shylock is watching an opportunity of making this law which keeps him safe the instrument wherewith he is to catch Antonio upon the hip and hurl him to his destruction. Shylock's ingratitude to the Society which gives him a home and the opportunity of gratifying his avarice and laws shielding him while so doing, is yet more heinous; for, alien as he is, he has no claim to a legal *status* in this Society except the equitable claim of Custom (at least, so I understand the Custom referred to in III, ii, 280, III, iii, 26–31, and IV, i, 38–39) over-riding the letter of the law originally made for citizens alone, and guaranteeing legal redress for injury to rights of property to all the members of this Society, citizen and alien alike, experience having shown that otherwise the Society would be constantly suffering in its property interests from the rapacity or the dishonesty of its citizens. But in Shylock's haughty soul, gratitude for protection as a trader is entirely swallowed up in furious resentment for the injustice of lack of recognition as a man. The keen, unscrupulous money-lender, Shylock, is protected; he is profitable to the State: the proud, intellectual, vindictive Jew, Shylock, is reviled and spit upon (I, iii, 112–130); he is one of a feared and hated tribe of aliens.

With the failure of Antonio's argosies to come to port in due time, with his consequent inability to meet the obligation of his bond, comes Shylock's opportunity either for revenging himself on all Venice through Antonio, or of foregoing his revenge and, instead, of making friends with the "merchants, the duke himself, and the magnificoes of greatest port" (III, ii, 281–3. Antonio's opposition has "hindered him half a million;" to put, now, not only Antonio, but the duke and the magnificoes under lasting obligations would ensure him the gain of many millions, it would seem; to make friends would 'bless' him with untold 'thrift.' But common sense, business prudence, selfish interest, even his avarice, strong as it is, must give way to his thirst for revenge rendered irresistible by his pride of intellect which makes

him revolt at the idea of being "made a soft and dull-eyed fool, to shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield to Christian intercessors" (III, iii, 14–16). He is intoxicated with his feeling of superior intellectual ability to the great merchant, Antonio, whom, now fast within his clutches, he contemptuously describes as "the fool that lent out money gratis" (III, iii, 2). He exults, beholding Antonio's plight, that *he* never has been such a fool as to do that! And yet his keen penetrating mind, reeling with the tumult of passion within, fixing its gaze only on the goal toward which it seems to be moving resistlessly, fails to perceive in the shadow of his precious bond that same obstacle that already probably has deterred him from attempting to take on other Christians a revenge only less sweet than this on Antonio—Antonio over whom he is now gloating with a ferocity of delight too deep for noisy outbreak. That obstacle is the penalty denounced by law against the alien if "by direct or indirect attempts He seek the life of any citizen" (IV, i, 350–51. Hitherto he has avoided any penalty of law, because, his judgment being clear, he has always seen how to stop just short of it. He has lived by his head alone; he has long since put away his real affection in his wife's grave; he has never been a father to his daughter; he has hated the Christians; he has loved money; he has hoped for revenge; he has endured, waiting and watching. Now for the first time he asserts himself as a Jew who is also a Man and no longer a mere money machine; he proclaims himself human, championing the cause of justice, of society, of humanity. He does not know that bad passions have eaten the humanity out of him and left him nearly pure devil. He feels that he is a mighty force, as he thunders at the Duke for "justice and his bond;" and he is awful. Successful hitherto in crushing with his forfeitures such men as Antonio and others have not delivered from his power (III, iii, 21–24), his thirst for Antonio's blood keeps him from perceiving the difference and the danger to him in this particular forfeiture which goes beyond the ground of property, common to Antonio and himself, and attacks life, peculiar and sacred to each. He has refused thrice the sum of his bond, thereby declaring his aim to be no longer the property at stake but the penalty of the bond, thereby also changing the real nature of his suit and putting himself beyond the protection of Custom and within the penalty of the criminal law by virtually asking the Court to help him murder a citizen under the forms of a mere civil suit. This is what Bellario and Portia see plainly enough. Ordinarily, so would Shylock, but not now; for now he is fascinated, like a famished beast by this terrible blood penalty. His whole soul seems to be sharpening his knife; his whole mind seems absorbed in picturing how he will stab this knife into Antonio's breast—will draw its keen edge through the red flesh, making the blood spurt—will thurst his greedy fingers into the gaping wound, and, pressing it wider open, will cut deep down underneath

and pull out the quivering lump of raw flesh. Outwardly calm he is really beside himself. Clinging to the legal letter of his bond and what it gives, he no longer reflects on what it does not give; he hardens his heart against doubt as against remonstrance. The self-generated surge of passion sweeps him from his feet and blinds him, and when it lets him down, he is lost. To Portia's calmly judicial statement that, under the law, he himself is a criminal at the Duke's mercy (IV, i, 346–363), he makes no answer; like a flash of lightning reason returns and his cool, pitiless intellect shows him that his wealth and power are gone along with his revenge, that he is ruined, and that he has ruined himself. His punishment is complete. Henceforward "which way he flies is Hell: himself is Hell."

And yet after Shylock goes out of Court a broken man, we feel more sympathy with him than at any other time. For we see that his wrong-doing is in part the instinctive rebellion of his human nature against the wrong-doing of the Society around him, which has refused to recognize him fully as a man, because he happens to belong to a proscribed class in the community, and which, consequently, has taught him the lesson of hate and revenge from his cradle, and now crushes him for "bettering the instruction." Be it remembered however that this Society is not responsible for his choice of the bad, since it has also taught him the lesson of kindliness and mercy. It bore with him and protected him in the exercise of his rights, wicked though that exercise was: but when he attacked the life of its members, Society turned upon him and crushed him.

W. T. T.

SHAKESPEARE PRIZE EXAMINATION ON *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

1. When was the *Merchant of Venice* written, and when printed?
2. Is the present form the original, or probably a revised one?
3. How are the upward and downward limits of the date of the play fixed?
4. State briefly the method of determining the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays? Its value?
5. And where, according to this scheme, does the *Merchant of Venice* come?
6. With what earlier play is it compared in some particulars. On which play is it an advance?
7. Where did Shakespeare probably find the plot of the *Merchant of Venice*?
8. What are the main sources of the plot most resembling the *Merchant of Venice.*

9. What additional hints for his plot do the *Clarendon Press* editors think Shakespeare may have gotten elsewhere.

10. Wherein is Shakespeare's originality in the play? Can you illustrate from any other great author whom you have read?

Explain fully the *grammatical* usages in the following passages:

11. I, 1, 35.—*But even now* worth this, and nów, worth nothing. III, 2, 169–171.
12. I, 1, 93.—As *who* should say "I am Sir Oracle." I, 2, 45.
13. I, 1, 126.—Nor do I now make moan *to be abridged.* I, 1, 154; III, 1, 431.
14. I, 1, 148.—To shoot another arrow that *self* way.
15. I, 2, 100.—You *should* refuse to perform your father's will if you *should* refuse to accept him.
16. I, 3, 4.—For *the which* Antonio shall be bound.
17. I, 3, 7.—*May* you stead me?
18. I, 3, 146.—Seal me there *Your* single bond.
19. I, 3, 163.—Whose own hard *dealings teaches* them suspect.
20. II, 2, 124.—Put the liveries *to making.*
21. II, 4, 13.—Whiter than the paper it *writ* on Is the fair hand that *writ.*
22. II, 5, 52.—Perhaps I *will* return immediately.
23. II, 8, 33.—*You were best to tell* Antonio.
24. III, 2, 224.—If that the youth of my new interest. III, 3, 30.
25. III, 2, 230.—My purpose was not *to have seen* you here. V, 1, 204.
26. III, 2, 247.—Contents in yon same paper *that steals.*
27. IV, 1, 283.—A wife *Which* is as dear to me as life itself.
28. V, 1, 200.—Or half *her* worthiness *that* gave the ring.
29. V, 1, 201.—Or your own honor *to contain* the ring.

(*a*). Give other illustrations if you can and show by the meaning of *contain* the position of Latin derivatives in Elizabethan English as compared with Modern English.

(*b*). Causes of the great influx of Latin words during that period.

(*c*). Light thrown by the discussion upon Shakespeare's learning as a Latin scholar.

(*d*). Any other instance of a great author's use of words said to be *un*-English at *a transition* period of the language.

Explain in the following passages the Shakespearian meanings or usages unfamiliar or changed in Modern English; also any other matters:

30. I, 1, 11.—Or, as it were the *pageants* of the sea.
31. I, 1, 78–82.—

> Let me play the *fool.*
> With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
> And let my *liver* rather heat with wine
> Than my *heart cool* with mortifying groans. III, ii, 86.

32. I, 2, 142–3.—The *condition* of a saint and the *complexion* of a devil.
    III, 1, 32.—It is the *complexion* of them all to leave the dam.
33. I, 3, 42.—How like a *fawning publican* he looks.
34. I, 1, 113.—And spit upon my Jewish *gaberdine.*
25. II, 2, 110.—I have *set up my rest* to run away.
36. II, 2, 167.—Well, if any man in Italy have a *fairer table.*
37. II, 5, 43,—Will be worth a *Jewess' eye.*
38. III, 1, 93.—Would she were *hearsed* at my foot.
39. III, 1, 126.—It was my *turquoise;* I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor.
40. III, 2, 63.—Tell me where is *fancy* bred. Probable meaning of the song.
41. III, 2, 242.—That *royal merchant*, good Antonio.
42. IV, 1, 50–51.—*Affection*, mistress of *passion*, sways it to the mood.
43. IV, 1, 180.—You stand within his *danger*, do you not?
44. IV, 1, 254.—Nearest his heart. Those are the very words. I, 1, 3, 152.
45. IV, 1, 324–331.—Explain this speech of Portia.
46. IV, 1, 380–390.—Explain this speech of Antonio.
47. V, 1, 59.—Is thick inlaid with *patines* of bright gold, or, *patterns?*
48. V, 1, 61.—But in his *motion* like an angel sings.
49. V, 1, 109.—The *moon sleeps* with *Endymion.* Whence so many classical allusions in Shakespeare as compared with modern writers?
50. V, 1, 199.—If you had known the *virtue* of the ring.

ÆSTHETIC.

51. As its name suggests, what is the material, so to speak, of the *Merchant of Venice* as compared with some others of Shakespeare's plays?
52. Antonio's character and his part in the play.
53. Development of character in Bassanio.
54. Launcelot in himself and in his relation to others. The Launcelot element in *Hamlet;* in *Macbeth;* in *King Lear?*
55. Shylock in the early scenes of the play.
56. Is Shylock's love for his Religion and his Sacred Nation a genuine one as compared with Antonio's philanthropy? See his talk with Tubal, and Tubal's apparent feeling for him. Compare him briefly with Nathan the Wise?
57. Does Shylock already look forward to compassing Antonio's death when he proposes the pound of flesh forfeiture? Your reasons.
58. Compare Shylock and Macbeth as to the progression of their natures?

59. What is it in the characters themselves that enables Shakespeare to satisfy our ideas of retributive justice, while permitting Othello and Lear and Hamlet to perish, and yet letting Shylock and Iago live?

60. Jessica's character and conduct, particularly with reference to Shylock's influence and training, by contrast with Portia's home influence.

61. Compare the character-progression in Portia with Lady Macbeth; with Goneril, with Imogen.

62. Is Portia's intellect masculine in its grasp? How is it that she beats Shylock in their contest?

63. Is the Fifth Act necessary dramatically or not; and its relation to the rest of the play?

64. The Fifth Act as showing the working out of the principles of good and evil. Why does Antonio appear in it and Shylock not?

65. Compare the Fifth Act with the Fifth Acts of *Cymbeline*, *Lear*, and *Hamlet*, so as to show how good could triumph positively in the *Merchant of Venice* and *Cymbeline*, and only negatively in *King Lear* and *Hamlet*. Compare with final result in Tennyson's *Enid*.

66. How does Shakespeare set about delineating his chief characters as compared with other authors? Importance of his secondary personages in this particular.

67. What do you think of Shakespeare as an artist? Illustrate by his groupings of characters in *Merchant of Venice*: in *King Lear*.

68. By single scenes, and by contrast of scenes in *Merchant of Venice*; in *Macbeth*?

69. And by contrast of plots and of incidents in *Merchant of Venice*; in *King Lear*?

70. What seems to you Shakespeare's value as a Moralist? and do you regard him as having moral teaching distinctly in view in his works?

71. What is the ethical import, the life lesson of the *Merchant of Venice*?

72. Shakespeare's last plays as showing his general and personal view of life; his last years compared with Bacon's and Milton's.

73. What do you think of Shakespeare the man, and his own character-progression as shown in his works? Compare Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, Taine, and others.

Below are given some of the answers to these questions by Miss Bessie Porter Miller, which form a continuation of the Study of Shylock. W. T. T.

51. In others of his plays, such as *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello*, Shakespeare uses as his chief material human traits and passions, and the development and transformation of character caused

by their growth and action in individuals. Thus in *Macbeth*, we have an exposition of the power and evil of undue ambition; in *Romeo and Juliet*, of the nature and power of love; in *Othello*, of jealousy. But in the *Merchant of Venice*, there is an additional element in the material upon which he works. Here he treats of human beings with a view not only to their relative attitudes with regard to human emotions, but also with regard to what is perhaps a less elevated, but nevertheless an indisputable and necessary connecting force in civilized human society,—worldly possession. Employing this two-fold material, then, of passion and property, we would naturally expect, as is the case, to find in this play more lessons applicable to the every-day affairs of life than in almost any other of Shakespeare's plays.

55. In the first two scenes in which Shylock appears, he is as hard, as cold, and as keen as glittering steel. Throughout the play, the effects of his intensely active intellect are to be seen; for every word he utters hits the mark with a suddenness and an unerring precision that is at once startling and terrifying. But in these early scenes, before his passions are roused to activity, he is shown as the shrewd business-man, ready and willing to sacrifice anything for the sake of his idol, —money. In each one of the sudden moves he makes in I, 3,—in his rapid, but sure calculation of the relative value of mercantile ventures, in his quick perception of his advantage over the Christian who would borrow of him, in his shrewd defense of his use of the interest system, in the wily and plausible way in which he drives the proud merchant into the snare he has for him,—the acuteness of intellect and promptness of action which came so near making him the victor over Antonio are apparent. So in I, 5, the mean littlenesses into which avarice will betray a man are clearly shown, giving an additional hideousness to a picture already repulsive.

56. I do not think Shylock had a genuine love for anything but his gold. But beyond that, probably the nearest approach to affection of which he was capable was his feeling towards his nation. Even in the intensity of his antagonism to the rest of the world, he found himself inevitably associated with the other members of his tribe; and a position of partisanship being thus forced upon him, his intense pride caused him to assimilate as far as possible an emotion of loyalty naturally foreign to his nature. On the other hand, Antonio's philanthropy grows out of his own generous, kindly nature, the tendencies of his age alone preventing it from extending as far as the Jew himself. Shylock and Nathan the Wise stand at the opposite poles of national character;—Shylock embracing all that is most repulsive, Nathan all that is most noble among Jewish traits and Jewish characteristics. While Shylock's egotistical one-sidedness can

only be forced under protest to espouse the cause of his tribe, Nathan's large heartedness causes him to admit the whole world into his brotherhood.

57. I think not. As Shylock himself stated, Antonio had already hindered him from gaining half a million; and, prompted by business motives, his great object in exempting Antonio from the payment of interest was to place him under an obligation and so get him in his power. The condition of the pound of flesh was, I think, little more than a sudden thought, prompted by his animosity toward the Christian as affording, possibly, but not probably, a chance of feeding fat the ancient grudge he bore him. It was quite natural that he should, as Jessica declared, often express his desire for revenge upon his business-enemy without having the least belief that his opportunity for revenge would ever come. As it seems to me, the most cogent necessity for the presence of Jessica in the play is that her flight with a Christian lover may arouse the fiend within her father to the pitch requisite for the prosecution of Antonio.

58. In Macbeth, we have the history of the debasement and ruin of a soul which was at first, as human beings go, a noble one. In the case of Shylock, the debasement had already proceeded to a considerable extent; but the completing steps in that process, and his final ruin, were yet to be accomplished. The suggestion of a great crime comes to Macbeth and is allowed to linger there. It is received, not only with toleration, but with strong encouragement by his wife, the person who has the most influence with him; and with her aid and active co-operation, the irrevocable deed is committed. But though the deed is outwardly completed, its inward impress is a plague-spot which increases and spreads until the man's whole soul is black, and his spiritual peace forever destroyed. Crime after crime is perpetrated, one hallowed affection after another is weakened and dissolved, until finally, when he hears that his wife, goaded on by anguish and remorse, is dead, his only expression is one of selfish regret that it had not "come hereafter." The depth of his degradation has been reached; and he shortly after gives up the ghost, filled to the last with savage rage and disappointment, and utterly hopeless as to the life to come.

Shylock lacks much of the natural nobility of Macbeth, and many steps in his downward progress have already been taken before the opening of the play; but there is nevertheless a strong similarity in the progression which takes place in the two characters. In an evil moment, the thought comes to him of inserting within the bond between himself and the Christian the condition relative to the pound of flesh. Prepared by his former yieldings to evil promptings, he has not even a thought of resistance; and by a few cleverly turned sentences he gains the easy acquiescence of Antonio. The thought

of the forfeiture constantly recurs to him, and his nature grows more in harmony with it with every recurrence. His daughter's flight with one of Antonio's friends gives an added impulse to the purpose already shaping itself within him; and he becomes in mind, what he sought to become in deed,—a murderer. It is true that the completion of the deed is not allowed to become a reality; but his spiritual ruin is nevertheless final and complete.

59. The activity or inactivity of conscience, the distinguishing glory of Man. Its active working in Othello, Hamlet and Lear causes them to realize and to repent bitterly the wrong done by them, thus forming in itself the sharpest punishment which could be inflicted. So that, while it is in full accordance with retributive justice that they should perish, yet the mercy which is ever granted to those that truly repent is shown in the fact that death was the thing most desirable to them. Desdemona has met with her death at Othello's own hands; Cordelia has perished in the attempt to aid her father; and Ophelia has been brought to an untimely grave chiefly through Hamlet's treatment of her. Any one of these three men, to find happiness, must find it in the life hereafter; and in view of their deep repentance, it is the very refinement of retributive justice to keep them no longer in this world of suffering and sorrow. With Shylock and Iago the case is widely different. In the pride of individual strength and intellect, they have in malice afore-thought committed crimes the most heinous against their fellow-men; nor, even after their downfall does that same pride permit them to acknowledge or to strive to redress the evil which they have done. So that it becomes the truest justice and the most efficacious punishment to humble and to mock them before the eyes of all mankind, and to leave them to drag out a miserable existence in all the wretchedness and humiliation of conscious impotency.

B. P. M.

HINTS FOR STUDY.

In a useful and well considered little book called *Hints for Shakespeare-Study*, Exemplified in an analytical study of *Julius Cæsar*, (published by Dighton Bell & Co., Cambridge, 1884, 8vo. pamph. 63 pp.) Mrs. Mary Grafton Moberly offers help to students in the preparation of the Shakespeare work required by the Cambridge (England) Higher Local Examination for Women. Though the suggestions given are especially intended for candidates for this Examination, yet as Mrs. Moberly says in her preface, the work done on a Shakespeare-play for examination purposes and that done by students working independently of examinations, and with a less restrictive aim, should be very nearly identical, and there are many such students who may be glad

to hear of a method of study and avail themselves of helps which have stood the test "of practical and acknowled success amongst that class of students for whom originally they were intended."

The two aims in study of any book, the right understanding of its sense, and the higher appreciation of its purpose and beauty, cannot be widely separated. Mrs. Moberly urges her readers "to combine the processes of understanding and of appreciation from the very first by studying one act at a time in both ways," applying to it "first that study of word meanings, of grammatical difficulties, and of allusions which is necessary to enable you to grasp the accurate sense," passing on next to an examination of the musical form of the play, of its rhythm, metre, &c., and then, finally, devoting your best powers to a vivid realization of the scenes and characters which that act presents to you."

Not every one will agree in putting the attainment of the accurate sense before the receptive process, free from all conscious effort, which is involved in the appreciation of a play. In fact, it does not come first. An inspiring delight in the Beauty and even in the Art of the Play, as a symmetrical whole, comes to the thirsty Reader or the rapt Play-goer before the accurate sense is grasped, before pregnant distinctions between Modern and Elizabethan English and Customs are understood, before the significance of Classical or of Folk-lore allusions is made plain, and before the working of the delicate mechanicism of rhythm and metre is revealed. The sense is appropriated by means of the universal language which genius always uses, before the accurate sense is laid hold of by careful study and wider knowledge. It is the free, fresh pleasure found in the instinctive appreciation of the Plays which should stimulate the reader to become the student. His delight will not lessen, with careful, perhaps even tiresome examination of the parts that compose his pleasure; it will grow.

Mrs. Moberly, perhaps, would not mean to exclude the priority and use of this unsophisticated appreciation of Shakespeare. But in giving here an epitome of her excellent and thorough method of study so far as it may apply to *The Merchant of Venice*, or to other Plays, instead of to *Julius Cæsar* merely, it may be well to urge that the prior use of familiar reading and untutored liking be allowed their natural way in leading the reader from reading to study. In Shakespeare as in Religion, everyone has his inner revelation which it is well for the world that he should express and not well that he should impose. And so the present writer feels impelled to express but not impose a notion SHAKESPEARIANA has elsewhere advocated (see *A School of Shakespeare*, in October number) that some reading and general appreciation of the Plays should precede detailed study. For this reason; that rawly undertaken study, without the initial ground of liking being secured, and the aptitude of familiarity being established, is prone to misguide one to a pedantic plodding in by-paths in pursuit of

"base authority" for that which is Heaven-descended, though Earth-moulded

So the full perception of the dramatic power and the thought of the Play may not only round out and reward careful study, a precedent and growing inkling of it may surround your study like an atmosphere, and stimulate the breath of your understanding.

Mrs. Moberly makes three essential divisions of the study advised and calls attention successively to the Sense, to the Form, and to the Thought of the Play. That each of these involves the other, and in the Work itself goes to make a beautiful coherent Whole, you will not need to be advised if you have appreciated the Play at all in reading it, and you will feel it the more if in this light you study it, turning your consideration to the SENSE OF THE PLAY in examining *word meanings*, *grammatical peculiarities*, *allusions*, and *circumstances*, (Source, Date, and Historical background); to the FORM OF THE PLAY in examining *Rhythm*, and *Metre*; to the THOUGHT OF THE PLAY in seeking *its pivotal fact*, *the motives* bearing upon, *the consequences*, growing out from this central point.

In the study of the sense of the play it is advised that you "read the first scene slowly through without turning to the notes at all. As you read, underline in pencil each word, of the meaning of which you are doubtful,—or the derivation of which seems to promise a special interest,—or which seems to you to be used in a sense somewhat different from the usual modern sense conveyed by it." At the same time notice and mark down the margin puzzling combinations of words, and odd constructions which will require Grammar study. Then turning to the notes given in the Rolfe or Clarendon Press edition you use, and disregarding those which explain to you what seems to you entirely clear, select those which offer you a needed explanation. You will find, probably, that in reading you have neglected to underline some words that you needed to understand better.

You may find, also, that you have marked some not noticed in the notes, and of which you must seek explanation elsewhere. SHAKESPEARIANA would be glad to receive questions about any such points to publish here that they may receive the consideration of those interested in such study, and the explanation of those capable of giving the help required.

"In doing this word-work you will find," Mrs. Moberly continues, "that your underlined words fall naturally into two groups. To the first belong words whose derivation is interesting. These are mostly explained in the notes." If they fail to give you a derivation you may wish to find, you may hunt it out in an etymological dictionary, Chambers or Skeats,—or in the glossaries appended to the Clarendon Press editions of Chaucer, Milton, or other English Classics,—taking up this independent study of derivation, unless you have leisure to pursue it further,—only so far as the meaning of the

text seems to require it. The second group of underlined words, not made prominent by the giving of derivations, and not always noticed, is of great importance. These are words which are in constant modern use, and which convey a clear meaning yet do not now give the shade of meaning with which Shakespeare used them and by passing inconsiderately over this difference the force or beauty of his passages is lost. In referring to your notes for enlightenment on these two groups the caution Mrs. Moberly gives is worth heeding.

"Set to work to master mentally the sense of the useful notes, selecting that part of each explanation which really elucidates the meaning sought, nor less, nor more. Learn the derivation given. Nothing gives so firm a grasp over a word, as a knowledge of its root. Be careful too, to be able to give from memory just so much of the context of each underlined word, as is necessary to show its use in the text."

And so in taking up the study of grammatical peculiarities, for which study you will find Abbot's *Shakespearian Grammar* necessary, it will do you little or no good to read the rules and write down the information gained, you must master the sense, trust to your own intelligence, and having turned the hard sentence over and over in your mind along with the context, its meaning will dawn upon you, and you will be able to make an independent application of your rules.

As to allusions, mythological or historical, it will prove a wholesome and interesting task for you to hunt out and place these points. Mrs. Moberly wisely urges you not to "neglect to do so, through want of clearly realizing what you know. It is so easy to mistake a vague idea of a fact for clear knowledge of it! And there is a very large class of students whose early education has never furnished them with any *general* knowledge of History and Literature," and who need to attain to the culture supplied by just such thorough study. "Your best plan is to make a separate list of allusions quoted from the play, leaving a few lines below each, to be filled in, *from memory*" of the information given in the notes, "with those further explanations which are the result of your own research. The bearing of these allusions on the text is often exceedingly forcible. When you have really mastered them, you will be surprised to find how much insight and power of realization you have gained.

In the study of the Form of the Play,—its rhythm, "the pleasant harmonious recurrence of accented syllables," and its metre, "the measuring or arranging of a rhythmical passage into ordered divisions, as a melody is divided into bars,"—a musical ear, the practice of reading aloud with a good reader, and the study of the principles and laws of scansion, all may aid toward giving you a sense of the varied harmony and strength of Shakespeare's blank verse.

Having acquired some knowledge of scansion and put it into practice by scanning some lines of the Play, it would be incalculably valuable to you to learn passages by heart. "There are so many

beautiful speeches, which, having been studied both as to sense and form, can be learnt by heart with ease and delight. Such knowledge of them is most useful in fixing in your mind the results of your hard work and in saturating you with the beauty of the Play. Nothing will so impress you with the beauty of its form, as this learning by heart and then repeating aloud the passages learnt. All mechanical helps towards good reading will be furnished by the study of scansion." But just as beautiful play in music requires, over and above mechanical knowledge of the value of notes and of rests, of bars and of accent, &c., intelligent and emotional rendering of the composition played,—"so beautiful reading conveys by a thousand shades of time and tone, that full appreciation of the thought of the verse read which must underlie the knowledge of its structure."

To this knowledge of the thought of the play all your technical work must lead you and prepare you, if your study is "to become a fertilizing power for ever after in your intellectual and moral life." Here you must work independently of rules, for what you want is your own vivid impression of the play to show you to the utmost the living characterization, the deep significance of speech, the environment and picturesque dramatization of the acts of the men and women in whom Shakespeare put the breath of life, to make you feel the rush and preparation of events towards the central point of the dramatic order, and to carry you on with a "myriad minded," enjoyment, possessing all it sees, through the resolving parts of the shifting scenes to the rich, resultant close.

The relation of the Play to other work of Shakespeare, its place in history, its source in other literature, only remains to be studied. "Begin with considering the date of the play, and put Date as your first heading for this study of circumstances. Underneath, put down what the date is and the reasons for assigning it. Take great care not to transcribe wholesale the books you consult. Do not write at once. Read through what you have to read first; then mentally arrange your facts as compactly and logically as you can, then finally *note* them down in condensed form."

Treat the information you may gain as to the source of the play, or the relation the play may have with real history, in the same manner. Read first, and then make your notes." If you would like to see for yourself how Shakespeare worked life into quaint and crude models the materials are all made ready for you by Professor Morley in the cheap little paper covered edition of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which *The Adventures of Giannetto*, Alexander Silvayn's story, *Gernutus* the *Jew of Venice*, and the passages in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, the *Confessio Amantis*, and the *Decameron*, are given side by side with the pages of that gay and sad, significant and light minded, tragical and all-bewitching comedy which is so pervaded with the youthful, but confident and masterly Art of the Poet within sight of his conquered domain.

C. P.

CORRESPONDENCE.

> And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought.
> —*Mer. of Ven.* III, ii, 8.

Is there any generally accepted interpretation of this line? This question came up when reading *The Merchant of Venice*, some time ago, with a class composed chiefly of young women from 15 to 18 years of age. They differed among themselves as to the exact import of the line, and we could find no note on it in any of the half-dozen annotated editions to which we had access. Perhaps some of your readers might be interested in a short account of our discussion on the matter.

The first interpretation offered was that Portia loved Bassanio, but felt herself restrained from telling him so by maidenly modesty and social conventionality. This view was supported by a reference to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda in the *Tempest*, III, i. Miranda feels the restraining force of "bashful cunning" as she calls it, as much as Portia; but not being a society lady like the latter, is untrammeled by the further bond of conventionality, and so is able at last to break through the one restraint and say—

> Hence, bashful cunning!
> And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
> I am your wife, if you will marry me.

A second suggestion was that the meaning might be, "a maiden speaks just what she thinks,—tells the plain unvarnished truth. This was considered to fit in well with the previous line,

> But lest you should not understand me well.

"And yet why shouldn't you understand me. I'm telling you the simple honest truth." It was objected to this view that, a few lines above, Portia had told Bassanio.

> There's something tells me, but it is not love,
> I would not lose you.

Whereas it is quite apparent from her whole speech, and from her conduct throughout the scene, that she is passionately in love with

him. A more general objection was ungallantly insinuated in the question, Does a maiden's tongue always speak just what is in her thought? It was decided to leave this to the arbitrament of Poetic authority. On the side of the yeas only one quotation was forthcoming,—Rosalind's.

> Do you not know that I am a woman?
> When I think I must speak.
> —*As You Like It*, III, ii, 263.

The implication being that what she speaks is the exact counter part of what she thinks. On the other side, Chaucer, Byron, and Allan Ramsay were called into court. From *The Gentle Shepherd* was quoted—

> When maidens, innocently young,
> Say often what they never mean;
> Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
> But tent the language o'their e'en.

Negative certainly, but so sweetly and daintly put as to be almost, if not quite complimentary to the maidens. Byron testified that—

> The charming creatures lie with such a grace
> There's nothing more becoming to the face.

Almost semi-complimentary also. But the Wife of Bath blurted out with down-right sledge-hammer ruthlessness,

> Half so boldely can ther no man
> Sweren and lyen as a woman can.

The proposer of the question then offered Scott as a witness to the truthfulness of the maidens.

> Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
> When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

This of course was instantly met and offset by David's testimony that,—

> All men are liars.

The third interpretation given of the line was that Portia thinks thoughts which she would like Bassanio to know, but is unable to clothe them in speech, feeling like the Laureate,

> Oh that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me.—

And that perhaps she is even a little lovingly angry with him at not being able to divine these thoughts without the intervention of speech. The proposer of this view thought that there should have been as close and perfect sympathy of soul between the lovers as was between Tennyson and young Hallam, when—

Thought leapt out to wed with thought,
Ere thought could wed itself with speech,

that he should have been able to read her thoughts as clearly as Venus did those of Adonis when—

His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

We had to finish our discussion just as we began it—with the question—Is there any generally accepted interpretation of this line?

A. CAMERON.

Civil as an orange.
—*Much Ado*, II, i, 304.

Will readers of SHAKESPEARIANA kindly throw some light on this phrase?

Medford, Massachusetts. A. G.

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETIES.

It is desired to give here, serially, account and report of the work of all Societies, Clubs and Classes engaged in studying or reading Shakespeare. Reports of work are wanted, prefaced by some account of the beginning and progress of each Society. Its history, that is to say, is wanted as well as its minutes, news of its studies, or of the investigations it may have made. Each Society, inclined to promote a plan looking to the general good, is invited to send the necessary data as to :

1. When it was formed ?
2. How it was organized ?—Constitution, or general rules ?
3. By whom and where ?
4. Its present list of numbers, designating officers.
5. Its way of working. Difficulties. Changes found advisable, and why. With observations on any of these points that may be thought of interest, and with report of work in hand.

THE CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—Since its formation in 1879, the Clifton Shakspere Society of Clifton, near Bristol, England, has followed steadily a systematic course of reading and study, and has been able to accomplish thereby, as is well-known, a full measure of good and useful work. That it has been enabled to exert so fair an influence is due, doubtless, to its persistency in putting into practice the very spirit of the motto prefixed to the Programme of its Eleventh Session :

> "I profess not talking; only this—
> Let each Man do his best."
>
> —*1 Hen. IV:* V, ii, 72.

The Clifton Society now numbers twenty-five members and seven associates, and by its rules can not pass this limit. There are besides five corresponding members, the number being limited to six. Mr. H. O. Halliwell-Phillipps is the fifth member, he having been chosen within the present year. Members of this class, without being subject to the payment of the usual entrance fee and subscription, are invited to join in the work of the Club by sending occasional communications to be read at the Critical meetings. This is a valuable feature of

Club-work, and indicates a way to bring in a breath of fresh air from the outer world, for which the ordinary, insulated Club would be the better.

The Rules and By-Laws have been already given in this Magazine, (Vol. I. p. 93), but the provision made in them for preparing future work, for the government of the Library and for informal discussion, though they are very simple, are suggestive and are repeated here as worthy the attention of other Clubs. There are two meetings a month, at the first, the play is read in parts; at the second, papers on it are read and criticism offered. The rule reads:—

At the last meeting in each Session the work for the next Session shall be arranged.

The Secretary, twelve days before the reading, shall send to each member a form for selecting the cast of the parts in the play to be read. The cast of the parts shall be made by the Secretary from the returns forwarded by the members. The Secretary shall, at least five days before the evening for reading give to each member and associate notice of the meeting with a copy of the final cast.

* * * * * * * *

The Library fund, formed and maintained by donations from members and others, shall be managed by a Committee, consisting of one lady and two gentlemen with the President and Secretary as members *ex-officio*. From this fund no book shall be purchased for the Society without the approval of three members of the Committee.

The books and publications belonging to the Society shall be kept at the Secretary's house. Each member and associate shall he provided with a catalogue of the Library, and shall be able to obtain any book required, recording the loan in a register kept for the purpose.

* * * * * * * *

When time permits after the disposal of the papers and discussion thereon, or in the absence of any paper, the criticism of the play shall be conducted in the following manner: Taking scene by scene, the reader of each part, shall be asked to bring before the Society any difficulty, or interesting point met with in the reading of that particular part. At the close of the discussion which may arise from this, any other person may call attention to points in that particular part not introduced by its reader. If the reader of the part should be absent or should not start any point for discussion, the part may be then dealt with by the Society generally.

The scheme of work followed during eight Sessions, 76–83 was as given below. Mr. L. M. Griffiths, Hon. Sec. of the Society says of it, "The scheme can be repeated indefinitely. It will be ever fresh. Our introduction of Non-Shakespearian Plays of the period was a great success. New plays (Non-Shakespearian) that are in our plan are very easily obtained. Those by known authors are in *British Dramatists*, edited by Keltie and published by Nimmo of Edinburgh at 5*s*. The doubtful plays are in one of the Tauchnitz volumes, 1*s*. 6*d*. or 2*s*.

	I.	*II.*	*III.*	*IV.*
Oct.	*Tit. And.*	*Mid N. D.*	*Richard II.*	*Henry V.*
Nov.	*Campaspe.*	*Faustus.*	*The Lond. Prodigal.*	*Cromwell.*
Dec.	*1 Henry VI.*	*2 Henry VI.*	*John.*	*Tam. of Shr.*
Jan.	*Love's Lab.*	*3 Henry VI.*	*Mer. of Ven.*	*Merry Wives.*
Feb.	*King David.*	*Friar Bacon.*	*Edward III.*	*Ant. and Mellida.*
Mar.	*Com. of Err.*	*Richard III,*	*1 Henry IV.*	*Much Ado.*
Apr.	*Two Gent. of Ver.*	*Romeo and Juliet.*	*2 Henry IV.*	*Poems and Sonnets.*
May.	*Locrine.*	*Edward II.*	*Every Man in His Humor.*	*Antonio's Revenge.*

	V.	VI.	VII.	VIII.
Oct.	*As You Like It.*	*All's Well.*	*Macbeth.*	*Cymbeline.*
Nov.	*Woman Killed with Kindness.*	*Alchemist.*	*Knight of the Burning Pestle.*	*Duke of Milan.*
Dec.	*Twelfth Night.*	*Meas. for Meas.*	*Ant. and Cleo.*	*Tempest.*
Jan.	*Julius Cæsar.*	*Tro. & Cress.*	*Cor.*	*Winter Tale.*
Feb.	*Yorkshire Trag.*	*Philaster.*	*Duchess of Malfi.*	*Birth of Merlin.*
Mar.	*Hamlet.*	*Othello.*	*Timon.*	*Henry VIII.*
Apr.	*Hamlet.*	*Lear.*	*Pericles.*	*Noble Kinsman.*
May.	*Epicene.*	*King & No King.*	*Virgin-Martyr.*	*New Way to Pay Old Debts.*

The Reading Tables made out on each play before it is taken up for study are a valuable adjunct of the Society's work. Doubtless it would be of service to many students if it were practicable to reproduce them all here. But some of these have been given already with other reports of the Society's work, which appeared in Vol. I. pp. 59, 93, 128, 159, 200, and 238, and in Vol. II. pp. 48, 61, 147, 189, 305, and 598. And the space at command now permits the appearance here of but one of these tables of past work, that of the Eleventh Session, 85–86.

RICHARD III. October 24, 1885.

1. The Quartos of *Richard III* were pirated copies of Shakespeare's text which appears in the 1623 Folio.
2. There is no justification for the disregard of historic truth in *Richard III.*
3. The continuity of the character of Richard in *3 Henry VI* and *Richard III* proves that the two plays were by the same author.

CAMPASPE. November 28, 1885.

1. Lyly's work is marred by the way in which he used his superficial learning to curry favor with Queen and Court.
2. Dramatic literature is indebted to Lyly for the introduction of vivacious prose-dialogue.
3. The songs in *Campaspe* are better than anything of the kind ever written by Shakespeare.

ROMEO AND JULIET. December 19, 1885.

1. Internal evidence proves that the original draft of *Romeo and Juliet* was written as early as 1591.
2. It is a weighty testimony to the massive healthiness of Shakespeare's characters, that, among the heroes of his plays, Romeo alone falls a victim to love.
3. The nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* has her original in Marlowe's *Dido*.

LOCRINE. January 23, 1886.

1. The 'dumb-show' of *Locrine* fixes the date of its production.
2. *Locrine* was written by Peele as a mock-heroic travesty in ridicule of Greene's work.
3. The comic scenes in *Locrine* are undeniably Shakespeare's.

RICHARD II. February 27, 1886.

1. *Richard II* was written by Shakespeare in two parts, the first of which was the play seen by Dr. Simon Forman.
2. Shakespeare wrote *Richard II* as a warning against the Court-Party favoured by Elizabeth.
3. *Richard II* is the most admirable of the purely historical plays.

FAUSTUS. March 27, 1886.

1. Marlowe took the plot of *Faustus* from Spies' *Historia* brought from Germany by one of the English actors.
2. Of the additions to *Faustus* by Dekker, Bird, and Rowley, those by Dekker are indistinguishable from Marlowe's own writing.
3. *Faustus* is a dramatic failure.

JOHN. April 17, 1886.

1. For the outline of *John*, Shakespeare was solely indebted to the *Troublesome Raigne*, to the author of which belongs the great merit of presenting an intelligent dramatic record of that period.
2. In *John*, Shakespeare altered history to make the play a protest against foreign intervention in the political troubles of England in his own day.
3. James Gurney's character is a striking instance of Shakespeare's power in very small matters.

EDWARD II. May 22, 1886.

1. *Edward II*, at the time of its production, was the masterpiece of history-plays.
2. The attacks made by Nash and Greene upon Marlowe show that his influence upon dramatic verse is commonly over-estimated.
3. The death-scene of Edward II moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern.

These lists of subjects for reading and discussion in connection with the play studied, are "meant only to be suggestive and not at all to lay down any limit to the subjects to be brought forward."

The past month has been spent in studying *The Merchant of Venice*. The propositions chosen for a study and discussion were :—

1. The Influence of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* is clearly seen in *The Merchant of Venice*.
2. Shakespeare was induced to take up the Story of *The Merchant of Venice* by his own money lending habit.
3. The sympathy which is aroused on behalf of Shylock is merely adventitious.

The following are the plays and proposition arranged for the study of the rest of the present Session.

KING DAVID. November 27, 1886.

1. Peele's early work was over-paid by Nash, who thereby hoped to depreciate Marlowe.
2. *King David*, with nothing to recommend it but harmonious versification, strikingly displays Peele's lack of power of invention.
3. Peele's writings largely influenced Milton.

1 HENRY IV. December 18, 1886.

1. In *1 Henry IV* Shakespeare introduces the wild pastime only to show out more clearly the virtue of serious business.
1. *1 Henry IV* is Shakespeare's finest play so far as characterisation is concerned.
3. In the representation of the Prince in *1 Henry IV* Shakespeare meant to describe himself.

FRIAR BACON. January 28, 1887.

1. Of the Elizabethan dramatists Greene alone had the literary Characteristics of Shakespeare.
2. Margaret in *Friar Bacon* is the finest delineation of woman-character in the pre-Shakespearian drama.
3. Greene's references to Shakespeare show no more than a protest against the admission of an uneducated man amongst University play-wrights.

2 HENRY IV. February 26, 1887.

1. Shakespeare wrote *2 Henry IV* to show that state-hypocrisy and plebeian cheating, being one and the same thing, are equally disastrous in their results.
2. Animosity against the Commons is the inspiring thought of *2 Henry IV*.
3. The changes made in connection with the names of Oldcastle and Falstaff prove that Shakespeare's sympathies were with the Protestant party.

THE LONDON PRODIGAL. March 26, 1887.

1. As it can be shown that *Faire Em* is by Shakespeare, *The London Prodigal* must also be ascribed to him.
2. The plot of *The London Prodigal* tells the story of a rivalship between Peele, Marlowe, and Greene for the office of poet to the Queen's theatre.
3. The fact that Shakespeare acted in *The London Prodigal* and in other plays, was enough to excite the indignation of Nash and Greene at this degradation of an author's position.

HENRY V. April 23, 1887.

1. The Quarto of *Henry V* is a pirated copy of Shakespeare's work, which for stage-purposes he had shortened from the original play as it appears in the Folio.
2. *Henry V* contains a manifesto of the political scheme of the friends of Essex.
3. Henry V is Shakespeare's ideal of highest manhood.

EDWARD III. May 28, 1887.

1. The varying proportion of rhyme-lines to verse-lines in *Edward III* shows that 1, ii—ii, ii is the only part written by Shakespeare.
2. In *Edward III*, the chief part of which must have been written by Peele, the mode of treating history is un-Shakespearian.
3. Shakespeare's gallery of female characters is incomplete without the Countess of Salisbury.

The Critical Meetings, when these propostions are considered, are preceded, it should be remembered, each by another Meeting, when the Play given is read, and the parts cast discussed, and "two of the characters in each play are chosen for critical comment by the Society generally." It is further arranged :—

"That those who take special interest in any of the undermentioned subjects should, from time to time, bring forward reports on one or more of them.

Æsthetic Criticism, Anachronisms, Animals, Arts and Sciences, Biblical and Religious Allusions, Classical and Mythical Allusions, Coins, Weights, and Measures, Demonology and Witchcraft, Dress and Social Customs, Early Dramatic Representations, Fine Art, Geography, Grammar, Historical References, Law and Heraldry, Meats and Drinks, Medicine and Surgery, Metre and Authorship, Music and Ballads, Oaths and Exclamations, Personal Histories, Plants, Play-craft, Puns and Jests, Rare Words and Phrases, Satire and Irony, Similes and Metaphors, Sources and History, Sports and Pastimes, Trade and Commerce, Tradition and Folk-lore, Various Readings.

MONTREAL SHAKESPEARE CLUB.—Nov. 2, Essay Night. Subject: *Hamlet.* (1) Mr. W. de M. Marler opened the evening with a paper upon the "Character of Hamlet." After glancing at the early difficulties of interpretation, which first received a probable solution from the genius of Goethe, the essayist developed his own view of the hero. Possessed originally of a noble, intellectual and emotional, though unpractical nature, the death of his father, the misconduct of his mother and his uncle's crime had reduced him to the state in which he appears incapable of action, though not in truth mad. The tragedy is the history of his failure. (2) Mr. N. T. Rielle followed with "Hamlet and Hamlet's Uncle." The character of Hamlet with all its inconsistences is the most lifelike in fiction; the play, the best known thing in the language. Like nature we must take it as it is without cavilling. In the occasional strains of commonplace at which we are offended, we have work of the nature of Schubert's music and Wordsworth's poetry. Nature too is sometimes uninteresting. As for Claudius, his was a noble and great nature ruined by his love for Gertrude, as Launcelot's was by his love for Guinevere. To Hamlet alone he appeared weak and contemptible. (3) Mr. F. T. Short read a paper upon "Ophelia" in which he brought out her lonely girlhood at the farm, her unprotected maidenhood in the Court, where she was naturally drawn to the Prince whose position was not unlike hers. She consents to act the spy on Hamlet in the hope of recovering her lover. The attempt fails, her father is slain, and her reason gives way. Madness comes to her as a relief. (4) Mr. A. D. Parker then took up his parable upon "Polonius." Hamlet's was a life with a great variety of correspondences, an endeavour to break through the chain of sentimentality by which it was bound. He is a man living in an environment of shams, in which the Ghost is the only reality. Hence his bitterness, his constant struggles with his surroundings typified on one of its sides by Polonius. (5) The evening concluded with notes by Mr. C. H. Gould upon Hamlet's supposed contribution to the play, and by the secretary (Mr. R. W. Boodle) upon the change of rapiers in the fencing scene.

AN INDIANA SHAKESPEARE CLASS.—A letter received from F. C. Hicks, Principal of the High School of La Porte, Indiana, after expressing the interest he feels in the *School*, and in the prospect thus opened for profitable union of Shakespeare societies in their kindred studies, through SHAKESPEARIANA, he asks whether his class will be considered "worthy of a place in the list." A cordial yes, and a place here for the few words he gives, as he says, "about what has been done here with us in the way of a beginning" it is hoped will assure him on this point.

He writes: "Since my first work in teaching I have had a class in Shakespeare, and have had the experience, so often mentioned in your pages by older and wise ones, i.e. that there is no author whose

works can be so successfully studied, even in the high school as Shakespeare's.

The senior class in the high school here, consisting of fourteen members—eleven ladies and three gentlemen—has organized itself into a class for the study of Shakespeare. They met last evening, (the 3d of Nov.) have elected officers, adopted a constitution, and ordered Rolfe's edition of the *Merchant of Venice*."

Further report of work done or questions as to difficulties encountered will be welcome.

LITERARY NOTES

Familiar Talks on Some of Shakespeare's Comedies.—By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, Boston:—Roberts Brothers, 1886, (445 pp. clo. 16 mo. $2.00), is a series of easy-going essays in æsthetic criticism which were delivered before a Women's Reading class in Baltimore. For similar clubs, and for students not so bent upon Shakespearian opportunities for specialistic erudition that they see nothing of Shakespearian opportunities for talking over and putting in new lights his various portraiture of all sorts and conditions of men, Mrs. Latimer's book will be found entertaining, sometimes original, occasionally naive, and often suggestive.

The Winter's Tale, The Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream, Taming of the Shrew, Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, The Merchant of Venice, and *Cymbeline,* are the charming sources from whence the stream of discriptive characterization is fed. Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hudson, Dowden, Mrs. Jameson, and Lady Martin and the few other writers, who have taken up the thankless branch of critical interpretation, too often despised because its glory is its inexactness, and its dependence is upon a personal bias, swayed only by the degree of openness to the Dramatists' power, these notable writers, of course, have done much to lead Mrs. Latimer's study, but they have not hindered her from getting and giving an impression quite her own, and this appears in a personal, feminine, light and quite modern touch, and makes the attractiveness of her book, One of the freshest chapters is given to the *Taming of the Shrew.* That outrageously extravagant Play is made almost intelligible, and though the criticism which so represents it may seem a little wayward, it does not prove to be far-fetched, but based upon an unusual attempt to bring out the subtler points of dramatic characterization which the usual reading is too inactive to make significant. The Chapter on *The Winter's Tale* is one of the most justly appreciative. Her conception of the dramatic relation of Leontes and Hermione, tallies well

with the plot, which is moved by the interaction of this relation. Leontes is thus *le mari difficile*, whose moody readiness to suspect some hidden slight, the queenly, gracious-natured Hermione has always on her mind and seeks continually to satisfy, till on its final outrageous out-break, she has done with him utterly and through fifteen years of utter silence and seclusion assures herself first that in dignity and justice, she may forgive an altered man before she lets her return to life console his fading years. The chapter on *The Merchant of Venice* is in several instances less happy. It is odd enough certainly that it should have ever occurred to any one to wish Portia had married Antonio, and though the implication that Antonio is worth more sympathy than he generally gets is not without its value, what she says directly of him, however, does not go very deep. "Antonio is simply the rich man, generous, but without wide-spreading sympathies, Portia is different. Her heart is throbbing with sympathies; the distribution of her money will go hand in hand with warm feelings. Whatever befals her, she will walk through life scattering blessings as she goes. Bassanio is greatly her inferior. He has led the life of a gay, good-natured, spendthrift, though he is both a Scholar and a Soldier; and there is far better stuff in him than at first appears. Antonio has discerned his better nature, Portia brings it into action, and we part from him with an assured hope that he is purged of his early weaknesses, —remembering like-wise Becky Sharp's reflection, that it it is easy to be good on £3000 a year.

Each character does something for which it has to present excuses; each wrong has something right in it; each right has something wrong. Antonio's higher nature is stirred within him at sight of the cruel grasping of the Jew. He treats the unbeliever with contumely, —there his fault lies. Bassanio the true friend and gentlemanly lover, is reckless in his use of money, even squandering in a farewell banquet to his friends, part of the three thousand ducats barrowed for other uses. Jessica, with all the excuses we can make for her, is a dishonest, disobedient, treacherous daughter. Nerissa, faithful as she is, is pert; Gratiano is devoted to his friends, but vulgar in his nature and loose of tongue; Shylock has the wrongs of his race to retaliate upon the Christians,—all have flaws except the peerless Portia."

Othello and Desdemona:—Their Characters and the Manner of Desdemona's Death With a notice of Calderon's debt to Shakespeare. A Study. By Dr. Ellits, Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., '87. (clo., 12 mo., 82 pp., $1.00.)

Desdemona dead has excited, curiously enough, more study and discussion than Desdemona living. In such a back-handed way does criticism set to work to indicate more clearly for the general appreciation the living qualities of a true but delicate characterization. So, the conflicting opinions respecting the manner of the death of Shake-

speare's graceful Griselda, being none of them in entire accord with Dr. Ellits's conclusions, so he explains in his Prologue, have led him to make a new study of the victims in that "wondrous pitiful" story of *Othello*.

His examination of the play leads him to describe the Moor very much as Booth personates him; an able, self-poised man, strong and tender, not sensually-minded nor easily jealous, who stricken to the heart with belief of his wife's falsity, became "an honorable murderer." Naught he did "in hate, but all in honor," in accordance with the Oriental, Mohammedan notion of honor which assumes the right to administer its own code against conjugal infidelity.

But though this view of Othello's character is point by point deducible from the text, it is yet a question whether the text does not show his normal nature so thwarted in its course and suffering from the stinging suspicions planted in it by a friend he thought honest, "that but seemed to be so," and his constant mind so wrenched and warped from his honorable purpose, that there were many moments, such as those Salvini terribly pictures, when "Chaos was come again" and when "perplexed in the extreme," he was impelled to call that intent murder which he had thought a sacrifice.

For the ill-fated Desdemona, Dr. Ellits is a staunch apologist. He remembers against her none of her amiable weaknesses; he passes in silence over the tragically timorous fib she told about the handkerchief; and he has nothing but admiration to yield her as to the highest womanly ideal. "In the supreme moment of her life, refused all mercy by the stern and blind justice of her husbsnd, and dying by his hand, she is true to the simplicity of her nature and the constancy of her love. She was not like Joan of Arc, a heroine and a martyr in the cause of political and religious zeal; she was one of those nobler and more numerous victims of fate, who, with serene patience and loving smiles accept their sentence with scarcely a protest or a murmur, and kiss the hand that executes it."

Charming and pure she was, and piteously lovely, yet was she such "a very simplicity woman" that her limitations will prevent her from taking the large and queenly place in most people's minds which Portia, Hermione or Imogen may hold. But Dr. Ellits well says "the depth and tenacity of her virtue" Othello fails to comprehend. The absoluteness of her trust in love put her beyond Othello's shallow guess of her; and how justly rigorous is his woe when he learns that not her love but his was tainted with insufficiency, that not she but he was false.

In considering minutely the probable manner of Desdemona's death, Dr. Ellits follows the line of expert witnesses called to the stand in the Variorum *Othello*. He quotes Othello's words,

> Here lies your niece, whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped—

to show that "no other mode of death could require the use of both

hands, except suffocation by pressure on the chest and mouth." A long list of medical authorities on cases of suffocation and resuscitation, and on experiments thereupon, follow, which go to show that the precise point where death holds absolute sway is generally hard to determine in such instances, and he concludes that "suffocation is the only mode of death consistent with the closing scene of Desdemona's life. She was young, tender, fragile, and in the highest degree sensitive, and therefore, overwhelmed by the dreadful indictment brought against her. Hence, "while her youth and delicacy of organization rendered her apt to succumb rapidly to the mode of violence employed by Othello, they also caused her to exhibit more quickly the signs of death, which we are entitled also to suppose were magnified by fainting, which might delay but could not prevent the ending of the tragedy, Out of these elements, partly physical and partly psychical, in Desdemona, and admitting Othello's ignorance of the mechanism of the death he was inflicting, it is not only possible but consistent with probability that after a period of apparent death, Desdemona may have temporarily recovered consciousness and the power of speech, as Shakespeare represents her to have done."

The dozen concluding plays of this little book, point out some likenesses between Calderon's *El Medico de su Honra* (or *The Physician of his own Honor*)—as translated into French by M. Dumas Hinard in 1841,—and Shakespeare's *Othello*.

Because Othello says

> Put out the light, and then—Put out the light.—

and Don Gutierre says

> Put out the light! I will approach her in a double darkness, deprived of this torch's light, and of the light of my reason.—

and because of a few other more or less obvious parallelisms, he would have it believed that Calderon borrowed from Shakespeare. It may well be. Such literary comparisons are always of interest, but there is generally much of the human nature common to all lands and tongues back of them to explain such small likenesses, and this is unfortunately always more obvious to everybody else than to the revealer of the clue-end of a new theory.

The volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* just issued contains under Shakespeare, a life by the Editor, Professor Spencer Baynes and a select bibliography by Mr. H. R. Tedder.

So late and carefully prepared a bibliography as this is, will be gratefully received by Shakespeare students, Mr. Tedder in the course of his work has had many points of classification to consider, the fruit of which consideration he gave to the Library Association of the United Kingdom in a useful paper on *The Classification of Shakespeareana* read before the ninth annual meeting of the Association, held

in London, from the 28th of Sept. to the 1st of Oct. The mass of literature connected with Shakespeare it is estimated would amount to not fewer than 10,000 volumes. These it was proposed to divide into works of Shakespeare and works on Shakespeare, Biography under the second divison should be sub-divided into general and special works. Under the latter would appear titles of books, pamphlets, review articles, &c., for instance, on the autograph, birth-day, bones, crab-tree, deer-stealing, arms and genealogy, etc. etc.

Many notes of great Shakespearian interest long since have marked the issues of *The Stratford-on-Avon Herald.* Of late, Mr. J. Hill's able papers, published serially, on Shakespeare's Plays, traditionally considered, and other frequent and valuable Shakespearian contributions the readers of the *Herald* have learned to look for regularly. This being the case, a Shakespearian department has grown naturally enough to be a distinguishing feature of the weekly paper of Shakespeare's native town. And on the 1st of October the *Herald* began the regular issue in its columns of a special department, *Warwickshire Notes and Shakespearana.* The American SHAKESPEARIANA is glad to give greeting and good wishes across the seas to a publication newly started, though in the elder country. to do honor not to Stratford's greatest citizen alone, but to England's and to America's master poet.

The first article in the first issue of *Shakespearana and Warwickshire Notes*, it may be noted, was an extract from SHAKESPEARIANA for September, namely, a note, kindly sent this magazine by Professor James D. Butler, of Madison, Wisconsin. SHAKESPEARIANA is ready to find in this an omen of fellowship and is glad to further the friendly interchange by quoting in turn some Stratford notes that are too tempting for scissors to resist.

Famous Plays will be the title of a book Mr. Fitzgerald Malloy has in Press concerning plays, players, and playwrights from the Restoration period to the production of *The Lady of Lyons*. It will be published by Messrs Ward & Downey of London.

Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, it is announced by the Syndics of the Clarendon Press, will be the next Play issued under the editorship of Mr. W. Aldis Wright.

A new biography of Mrs. Siddons, by Mrs. Kennard, is announced by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., of London, to be included in their Eminent Women Series.

The Life and Life-Work of Samuel Phelps, Comedian, by W. May Phelps and John Forbes-Robertson, is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., of London. (demy 8vo, with portraits, cloth extra. 12 s.).

The Church and the Stage By William Henry Hudson, is printed by Messrs. Trübner & Co., of London.

A new dramatic history by Mr. William Andrews, F.R.H.S., of Hull, England, is announced among coming books. It will deal mainly with the early English drama. *The Dawn of the English Drama* in the *Home Chimes*, for September, is by the same author.

Famous First Representations, by H. Sutherland Edwards, Messrs. Chapman & Hall will have ready soon.

MISCELLANY.

WILSON BARRETT ON HAMLET'S AGE.—A Mr. A. Van Wart, having in the columns of a Sheffield paper objected to Mr. Wilson Barrett's conception of the age of Hamlet, Mr. Barrett has written the following letter in reply:—Sir,—Will you permit me the space in your next issue to answer the objections of your correspondent, Mr. Albert Van Wart, to my conception of Hamlet's age. I am glad to learn from him that he has so carefully studied the tragedy of Hamlet; but for this love which he shows for the play, I should not have troubled him or your readers with this letter. If he is as sincere in his respect for Shakespeare, as his letter leads me to believe, he will thank me for helping him to a further understanding of the poet's meaning. As Mr. Van Wart says, I am perfectly aware that the monarchy of Denmark was elective. The fact that the monarchy was elective is in my favour, for if Hamlet had been thirty years old, being, as he undoubtedly was, "beloved of the distracted multitude," the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form, the beloved son of a beloved king, no persuasive eloquence of the usurper, Claudius, could ever have won from him the throne which he had but to ask for to immediately obtain. But the fact that he was in his minority, as I assert, gave Claudius the opportunity, which he availed himself of, in Hamlet's absence at school, to seize the crown.

In the dumb show of the play, which Hamlet instructs the players to perform, Shakespeare writes: *Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison* in the King's ear, and exit, thereby implying that the crown was stolen. Furthermore, Hamlet himself tells his mother in the closet scene that Claudius is "a vice of kings, a cut-purse of the empire and the rule, that from a shelf the precious diadem STOLE and put it in his pocket." Surely, Shakespeare intended by this to imply that the crown had been stolen from the

legitimate heir of the murdered king, heir both by succession and by election, had he been of age, his eldest and only son Hamlet.

I have already stated that the lines generally spoken by the grave-digger about Yorick's skull are not Shakespeare's; that they do not appear in the early edition; that they were put in for the accommodation of Mr. Burbage.

The words, I have been sexton here, MAN AND BOY, 30 years, have been for generations calmly spoken by actors made up to look 60 years of age at least. Allowing that he was a boy of 16 years of age when he began to dig the graves, this would only make him a man of 46. None of these lines in the least degree fit in either with the rest of the text or with the accepted conception of the grave-digger, which has probably existed since the play was first produced under Shakespeare's direction. I say that these lines together with another line equally absurd uttered by the Queen, "Our son is fat and scant of breath," were interpolated by the clown, who was saying much more than Shakespeare had set down for him as the clowns did even in those days (to the evident annoyance of Shakespeare), expressly to oblige Mr. Burbage, and to apologize for his inability to look the youthful prince, and for his middle-aged, fat, and unwieldy person. As rapidly as I can I will run over what Shakespeare himself says on the subject of Hamlet's age, even at the risk of being charged with a repetition of argument. So essential to the proper understanding of his play did Shakespeare himself think the question of Hamlet's youth that he repeated *ad nauseam* throughout the play when speaking of Hamlet, that he is young. Why students and commentators will so obstinately close their eyes and understanding to what the poet himself asserts so directly passes my comprehension. I beg of Mr. Van Wart to think over the following quotations as carefully as I have done. Young Horatio in the first scene of the play alludes to the Prince as "Young Hamlet." The king says "in going back to school in Wittenberg." Hamlet, later on, speaking of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, alludes to them as "my two schoolfellows." It is uncertain whether school or college. To Horatio he says "fellow-student; I know you are no truant." Young Laertes alludes to Hamlet's love—"A violet in the youth of primy nature." Forward (namely precocious). Nay more he tells his sister that Hamlet's mind is as yet unformed, and, further that he has not yet done growing.

> For nature crescent does not grow alone
> In thews and bulk, but as this temple waxes,
> The inward service of the mind and soul
> Grows wide withal.

Are we to believe that at the age of thirty Hamlet had not done growing, that his mind was unformed? Polonius says to his daughter, this young girl of eighteen years—"For Lord Hamlet, believe so

much in him that he is *young.*" Would he say this of a man of thirty? The ghost of his father says—"Freeze thy *young* blood," and "Know thou, noble youth." Do these words seem to apply to a man of thirty? The King says to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—"That, being of so young days brought up with him, and sith so neighbour'd to his youth." Hamlet says, in appealing to the same two schoolfellows. "By the constancy of our youth," and calls them good lads. The King in speaking to the Queen alludes to him as "this mad young man." Is it within the bounds of reason to suppose that Shakespeare in all these passages, putting aside the internal evidence of the play itself, could possibly have been speaking of a man of 30? Surely not. At all times Shakespeare takes the utmost care to suggest in his dialogue the appearance and age of his characters. He makes Othello say, "I have declined into the vale of years." He speaks of the young Orlando, "the young Romeo," "the young Mercutio." He makes Macbeth say of himself, "I have fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, and that which should accompany old age," and so on *ad infinitum.*

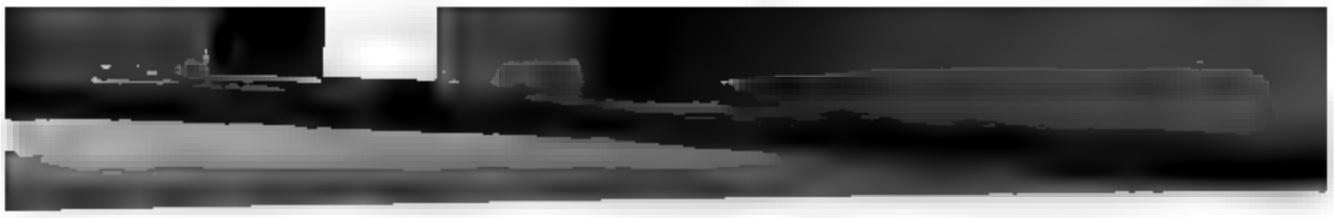
I have no hesitation in saying that I respect Shakespeare's own opinions as to the age and appearance of his characters more than those of any commentator upon his works the world has yet produced, and I cannot be led to believe that with his unparalleled wealth of language he was unable to find any other word than "young" to describe so glorious and important a creation as Hamlet if he intended him to be a man of thirty.—Birmingham *Mail.*

THE MANAGER OF THE DRURY LANE ON SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—At the Mayorial Banquet given in the Town Hall of Stratford-on-Avon, on the night of the 22d of Oct., Mr. Augustus Harris the well-known London Manager responded to the toast of "The Visitors." The covers were laid for two hundred, and many distinguished guests honored Sir Arthur Hodgson's annual Civic Banquet. Mr. Harris's response was equal to the importance of the occasion and was received with appreciation.

He remarked that they were approaching "the witching hour of night when churchyards yawn," and that he had no intention of giving them a speech long enough to induce them to follow that example. (Laughter.) He must say, however, that it was with the greatest pleasure he came down to Stratford to partake of the hospitality of their worthy Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson—(applause)—for he felt a deep interest in everything pertaining to the classic town, with its rich and historical associations. He had the honor only a few months ago of receiving Sir Arthur at the head of a distinguished party of Indian and Colonial visitors on the occasion of their visit to the old house in Drury Lane—(applause)—and he little thought that in so short a time he should again have the pleasure of meeting him. He (Mr. Harris) made the confession with shame that this was the first

time he had come down to see the tomb of that great poet whose works were held in such great admiration all the world over, and whose marvellous plays had been so often produced on the boards which he had the honor to control in London. It seemed to him that he owed a sort of apology to that great spirit which had departed, but which still lived, and ever would live, as long as Englishmen could speak or read his work. (Applause.) He owed an apology for not always producing Shakespeare's plays upon the boards of Drury Lane; but at the same time he thought that he could plead some justification. He felt that during the time he had been manager of the old house he had contributed his little quota towards the production in an adequate manner of some of the great poet's works. (Hear, hear.) He could refer with feelings of pride to the wonderful performances of the Meiningen Company, to the representations of *Julius Cæsar* and *Twelfth Night*, and of some other of their great poet's plays, all of which, he ventured to say, were put upon the stage in such a manner as to cause delight in every true lover of Shakespeare. (Applause.) He had also, during the seven or eight years he had been at Drury Lane, arranged other Shakespearian productions, but unfortunately the large size of the theatre and the comparatively small number of playgoers precluded the hope that Shakespeare's plays could be continuously represented there. Something was required to fill the house nightly. With a smaller theatre he felt that the conditions would be different. However, he had every reasons to believe that the plays, Shakespearian and others, which had been produced in the old house had not only satisfied the British people as a whole, but satisfied the more exacting portion of it—those persons living in the birthplace of the poet, whom he had always looked upon as the custodians of all that related to the name and fame of the great dramatist. (Applause.) Mr. Harris, in conclusion, spoke of the pleasure with which he had that day visited the handsome little theatre erected in honor of Shakespeare in the poet's own town. They all knew that it was mainly owing to the munificence of their townsman Mr. Charles Flower—(cheers)—that the erection of that theatre was due, and every visitor to Stratford and the whole of its inhabitants he thought owed a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Flower for the noble manner in which he had come forward to honour and to perpetuate the memory of their illustrious fellow-townsman, William Shakespeare, (Applause.)

LODOVYK GREVILL.—Perhaps the most remarkable man connected with Stratford-upon-Avon in Shakespeare's youthful days was Lodovyk Grevyll, whose career of reckless extravagance ended with murder and forgery. Belonging to the distinguished Grevill family, his branch had long held the Manor House of Milcote, which this spendthrift possessed together with the extensive manor and estates of Alveston. Fired with the project of erecting a castle upon the hill near Milcote, he expended all his resources on his scheme. He called his castle



"Mount Grevyll," and removed into it from the Manor House. Brought to the verge of ruin he murdered a well-to-do farmer, named Webb, whose will he afterwards forged. I am able to give some particulars of his Alveston estates, but shall be glad to learn if anything is known of Webb, his victim. He resided in Oxfordshire. Possibly he was one of the family of substantial farmers of that name in the neighbourhood of Stratford, relatives of Robert Arden's second wife, her brother Alexander marrying Arden's daughter, the sister of William Shakespeare's mother. The subject appears to me worth investigation.—J. Hill, in Stratford *Shakspearana and Warwickshire Notes*.

THE WORK OF THE MEMORIAL LIBRARIAN.—Mr. F. Hawley, the librarian and curator of the Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon, has compiled a Rhyme Index to Shakespeare's Poems and Plays, and seeks a publisher for it. He gives every word used by Shakespeare in rhyme, and all the words with which it rhymes; first in modern spelling, then in the spelling of the best quarto or first folio, and adds a third column with his suggested Shakespearian pronunciation. He does not agree in many points with Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, whose treatment of Shakespeare's rhymes in his "Early English Pronunciation" is the standard authority on the subject, or with Mr. Henry Sweet, who, by the way, is now revising and greatly enlarging his "History of English Sounds." Another piece of work Mr. Hawley in which is engaged is the formation of a representative committee to ask for subscriptions of money and donations of books for the Shakespeare Library in the Memorial Buildings. Very few books, pamphlets, playbills, and drawings have yet been presented. The library has no original or facsimile quartos, and wants very many editions, both of Shakespeare's works and of his separate plays.—*The Academy*.

A TRADITION BEARING ON MACBETH.—"A Scot" writes:—You are quite right in your surmise that there are Scotchmen living who trace their descent to the companions of Macbeth. In the old parish kirk of Kirriemuir, which is three miles distant from Glamis Castle, the scene of Duncan's murder, there is a stone bearing this inscription, "Erected to Donald McKay, bowler to King Malcolm." The stone is now disfigured, and much broken, but when I first saw it, it was not only legible, but showed a carved figure of a man—presumably Donald McKay—pointing a weapon, suspiciously like a gun, at a bird. A local antiquary, named James Donald, tried to discover the history of this stone, about which he has written a ballad. All he could discover, however, was that the McKays of a neighbouring farm called Whiteburns, claimed descent from King Malcolm's "bowler" on the strength of it. The stone was a tradition in Kirriemuir a hundred years ago.—*Midland Counties Herald*, Birmingham.

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SELECTED NOTES

ON

PRECEDING PARTS I AND II,

OF THE

Selected Reprints.

[To be Continued.]

NOTES.

TYPOGRAPHICAL.—To prevent any possible misconception, it should be explained here, as has been said elsewhere, (in October number *A School of Shakespeare*, p. 460,) that in the preceding Reprints and in others to follow, though in general form the look of the page may suggest the appearance of the original, there is no attempt made to give the old types. For the long s, for v for u, and u for v, I for J, and so on, for quaint initial letters, head-pieces and tail-pieces, one must refer to the original or facsimile editions. The matter, the spelling, and the punctuation, only, is it intended to reproduce here.

THE FIRST FOLIO, AND THE QUARTOS.—After Shakespeare's Plays had proved successful at the Play-houses and his name was in all men's mouths, unscrupulous and enterprising printers began to make capital for themselves out of his fame by selling cheap six-penny copies of many of his Dramas.

These copies of single Plays published in quarto form, known as the "Quartos," continued to be issued surreptitiously during Shakespeare's life-time, and were the only publications of the Plays extant until the issue of the first Folio. Shakespeare himself, having sold the pieces he made to the Theatrical Companies, doubtless, had no exclusive right to them, and he seems to have considered himself in honor bound to relinquish in them any further special property than that secured by their representation on the Stage for which they were made.

It has also been observed that as a member of the Theatrical Companies it was to his interest as well as to their's, not to make their Stage Novelties less fresh to their play-going public.

Similar instances of the neglect of Dramatists, to edit their works are not wanting. Thomas Heywood in his preface to *The English Traveller*, at the same time noting that this play was "one among two hundred and twenty in which he had an entire hand, or at the least a main finger," goes on to explain why his plays were never collected, and says, "One reason is that many of them, by shifting and changing of companies, have been negligently lost. Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their pecu-

liar profit to have them come in print; and a third that it was never any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read." Middleton was similarly careless of his best work, which remained unpublished till after his death; and in his dedication of *The Witch* to Thos. Holmes, Esq., he explains how it was "not without much difficulty, upon 'a taste of (his friend's) desire,' that he had recovered this play unto his own hands."

The matter for these catch-penny issues had, probably, doubtful authority. It was obtained occasionally from the M.S. playbooks, or by bribing actors to supply their parts, or by taking down the words of the play during its performance, or writing them up from data more or less scanty and inaccurate.

In some such ways, by hook or by crook, sometimes very fair copies and sometimes manifestly bad ones, were made up, to be cried in the streets and hawked about the city. To the better attract attention, and to give criers an imposing mouthful of words to call aloud, long sensational titles often were added.

After Shakespeare's death and even after the publication of the First Folio, Quarto editions of separate plays—none, however, of any new play—continued to appear, some of these later ones being issued under the editorship of Davenant, of Betterton, and of Dryden.

Shakespeare's widow, who survived her husband, seven years, it is supposed, may have had a right to claim a share in the property and profit of a collected edition of the plays. At any rate, it was not until her death in 1623 that Shakespeare's fellow-actors and fellow proprietors of the Blackfriars and the Globe brought out the first collected edition of Shakespeare's Works, the Folio of 1623.

"The First Folio Edition of Shakespeare," writes Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in his preface to the reduced fac simile reprint of the First Folio, "is the most interesting and valuable book in the whole range of English literature. There is no work in that literature at all approaching near to it in critical value. When it is mentioned that this volume is the sole authority for the texts of such master-pieces, as the *Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony & Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline*, *As You Like It*, and *The Winter's Tale*—were the rest of the book waste-paper, enough will have been said to confirm its unrivalled importance. And its value increases every day, for day by day it is more clearly ascertained that many of the subtler meanings of passages in the works of Shakespeare depend upon minute indications and peculiarities which are alone to be traced in the original printed text.

A few of the dramas in the First Folio were possibly edited from Shakespeare's original manuscripts. This may be conjectured to have been probably the case with some of the author's latest productions,

single copies of which might have sufficed for some years for the necessity of the theatres; but there can be no doubt that most of the autographs of the plays had been lost some time before the writer's decease, many possibly having been destroyed by the fire at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613. The editors of the Folio, however, boldly assert that they 'have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view, cured and perfect of their limbs and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them,' &c. This evidently is meant to imply that the whole of the volume was carefully edited from the author's manuscripts, whereas it is certain that in several instances Heminge and Condell used printed copies of the old quarto editions, in which were certain manuscript alterations, some of the latter being valuable, but others the reverse, Horne Tooke, indeed, inconsiderately followed by numerous others, goes so far as to say, that 'the First Folio is the only edition worth regarding;' adding—'it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given *literatim* according to the First Folio, which is now become so scarce aed dear, that few persons can obtain it; for, by the presumptious license of the dwarfish commentators, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text which that Folio assuredly contains, notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press:' Horne Tooke was not so well read as were the commentators, none of whom could have exhibited such an entire ignorance of the value of the Quartos. Everyone, however, who has really studied the question, must admit that his opinion is correct in regard to no inconsiderable portion of the Folio volume, and that, even in those cases in which the text of the Quartos are on the whole to be preferred, no student of Shakespeare could possibly dispense with incessant references to the collective edition. The value of the First Folio is so unequivocal, that there is no necessity for the wildest partizan to resort to exaggeration."

[*To be Continued.*]

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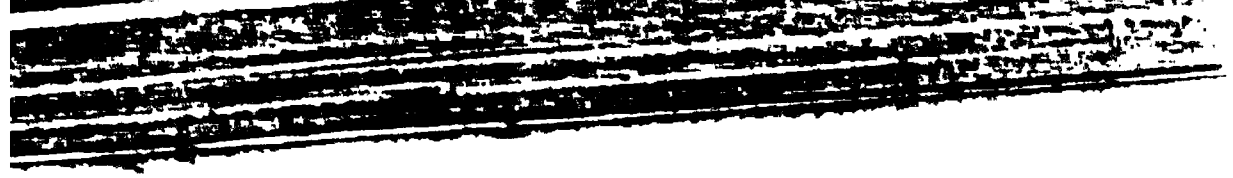

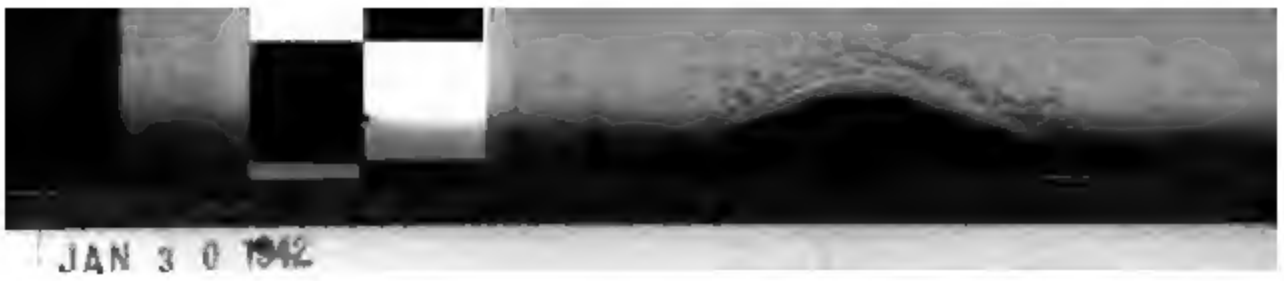

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